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MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL

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OF THE LATE

JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL,

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

NOTES OF HIS ITALIAN JOURNEY,

AND

FUGITIVE POEMS.

Ipswich:

PRINTED, FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY, BY

WILLIAM HUNT, STEAM PRESS, TAVERN STREET.

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III 74

Introduction.

THE following Memoir of our much loved and lamented Friend, JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL, has been compiled from various papers, collected and in part arranged by his excellent wife, whose earnest and prayerful desire has been that this sketch of one whose talents and time were consecrated from early youth to the service of his Saviour and Redeemer may prove as an help and encouragement to youth of the present generation; and that they, seeing in it the blessings which have attended his humble and watchful walk before God, not only in spiritual but in temporal prosperity, may take a little courage, and setting up like him their Ebenezer, may be concerned to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 1, 2.)

The Memoir opens with extracts from a short notice of our much valued Friend, written by his Nephew, Alfred Corder, who thus begins :—

"Prompted by affection, and in return for many obligations conferred upon me, I would aid in writing the life of my beloved Uncle, JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL,—a man who by his sound understanding and instructive conversation has in no small degree enlivened the social circle, and one whose friendship was justly esteemed and valued."

The Italian journal has been given in full, in the belief that its simplicity, refinement, and research, cannot fail to charm the reader. The expressions of the time when it was written, with the spelling then in use, have been retained, from the desire to present our dear Friend as much as possible as he was in the social circle; always remembering that these notes of travel were only intended for his immediate Friends, and not at any time prepared for more public perusal.

PINETOFT,
12th mo., *21st*, 1869.

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MEMOIR.

Memoir of John Talwin Shewell.

CHAPTER I.

His early life and first religious impressions—his letter to his brother—his self-denial and reward.

THE subject of this memoir was born 26th of 1st mo., 1782, in Old London Street, Tower Hill, within the compass of the parish of Old Hallows, Staining, in the city of London. His father was Thomas Shewell, of the Stock Exchange, eldest son of Edward and Sarah Shewell, of Camberwell; his mother was Ann, youngest daughter of John and Elizabeth Talwin, of Royston. About four years subsequent to the birth of his eldest son, his father withdrew from business, and by the advice of his relations retired to the Rectory House of Ickleford, in Hertfordshire, the birth-place of his sister, Sarah Shewell. In the seclusion of this quiet village the elder children passed their infancy. Their parents' residence was a commodious brick house adjoining the churchyard, which in after years I saw, and obtained permission to peep within the garden: but, alas!

> "'Tis now a history little known,—
> That once we called the pastoral house our own."

Thomas Shewell continued to reside at Ickleford till the early part of the year 1790, when, for the greater convenience of training his children, he removed to a house in Hitchen, situated at the upper end of Tile House Street. John Talwin Shewell commenced his education at the neighbouring Grammar School, at that time superintended by a Welshman, named Evans, a very severe master, and one who spared not the rod. Here a nucleus of useful learning was formed, which by continual accretion became a mine of intellectual wealth to himself and his acquaintance. It mattered little that the air of Hitchen was salubrious and the surrounding country agreeable, for the bustle and excitement of London still possessed charms for the mind of Thomas Shewell. Accordingly, in the year 1793, he returned with his wife and family, to the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and settled at Mile End. Here he enjoyed a large circle of acquaintance: and I must break the thread of my narrative, while I offer a tribute of respect to the memory of one of them. The late Edward Wilkinson, of Bow, was a man well versed in the learning of the schools, a sincere friend, and ever a welcome guest at the table of his father: endowed by nature with a genius for making charades, he often amused his parties with these productions, and was also the author of various poetical effusions, amongst others, his "Infancy," and his poem on "Wisdom" may be read with pleasure. Dr. Wilkinson had two daughters, Priscilla and Fanny, who were married to the brothers Ricardo, gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion. It was considered by many as a singular event, and highly displeasing to the fathers on both sides, by reason of their religious scruples. Change of residence rendered it needful to select another seminary for my uncle. It so happened while Elizabeth Talwin, his mother's aunt, was visiting at

their house, John Perry being present, described with much earnestness the efforts that were making at Ipswich, by William Candler, to establish a real good Friend's school, to be under the oversight of a committee; all this seemed to make a great impression upon aunt Talwin, who being "a religiously minded person, and one who desired the best things," she generously offered to bear all the expense should her great-nephew be entered as a scholar: but there he resolutely refused to go, for he dreaded the surveillance of the worthy elders. There had long been a school in Wandsworth, attended by the sons of "Friends," conducted by John Latimer Moreton, a descendant of good Bishop Latimer; and after his decease, several gentlemen of fortune agreed to support Henry Wilkinson, his usher, as the new master. This individual was not a member of the Society of Friends, and "had but too little religion." This place was chosen by my uncle's parent's in lieu of Ipswich, and here he obtained a competent knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian. Though a mere child he had a great love for polite literature, and evinced an excellent judgment in the choice of books, by selecting from Lackington's catalogue Dodsley's Collection of Poems, for which he paid the sum of one guinea; but after so large an outlay it was long ere another purchase was effected.

Four years later, J. T. Shewell wrote the following lines in the much prized work, Dodsley's collection of Poems.

J. T. Shewell. Ejus Liber, A.D. 1799.

THOUGHTS.

True fame is his whose candid mind,
Replete with every virtuous lore,
Leaves folly's faithless goal behind,—
The boast of pride, the pomp of power.

Such be my lot: from vices free,
If doomed life's varied vale to tread;
By friendship, truth, sincerity
If blest, no latent fear I dread.

I court no plume from flattery's wing
My laureate trophies to entwine;
Be joys from genuine worth that spring,
And self-approving conscience, mine.

The silver medal awarded to him as Optimus Compositionis is still in possession of his affectionate wife.

We are now arrived at an era fraught with events of the greatest consequence to the Shewell family; and after the lapse of years, checkered by alternations of joy and sorrow, we may still advert to it with satisfaction, and remember it with gratitude.

Through the kindness of the late Dykes Alexander, of Ipswich, John Talwin Shewell was introduced to the notice of Isaac and Mary Liversidge, worthy Friends, who were in a respectable position. Here my uncle was placed in the year 1796; but the accomplished and intelligent youth, fresh from a fashionable academy, evinced little liking for his master's business. This his new patrons for a while excused; for they discovered in him such a combination of talents as soon begot in their minds a great regard for their young friend.

It would appear, from his own account, that his love of books led him at seasons into what may be termed literary excesses; but in consequence of some religious counsel, extended by a judicious friend, he determined to exclude exceptionable works from his course of study, reserving only Addison's "Cato," which for a time he retained, but, eventually yielding to impressions of duty, relinquished this also. My uncle occasionally would write verses; but in this employment he received little encouragement

from his master, who would say, "John, don't be a poet; for poets die in garrets." His earliest production now extant is here given, and was written when about fourteen years of age, whilst on a visit to his grandfather, Edward Shewell, at Camberwell House, with his cousin Richard Brewster:—

TO A FLY.

Poor little, idle, fluttering, thing,
Whom I a captive prisoner hold:
Perhaps a squire, perhaps a king,
Thou reignest in thy country bold.

Now taken by the sugary sweet,
Thou must, alas, till death repine;
For here 'tis doomed thy fate to meet,
And languish out in chains of mine.

In this small box of paper square,
Thou must for life confinéd be:
Thy food shall be my daily care,
Although deprived of liberty.

But hark! Humanity exclaims,
"What right hast thou to hurt a fly?"
Go, then: thy liberty regain!
Poor, harmless thing, thou shalt not die.

Isaac Liversidge was very diligent in his outward calling, lively and facetious in conversation, and took great delight in his horses "Harry" and "Bounce," fine animals that ran in his elegant curricle. We have good reason to speak well of I. and M. Liversidge, who, in their love and kindness to my uncle, were ever ready to entertain his brothers and sisters, who were all, I believe, in their turn, for a time at least, fostered beneath their roof. William Shewell, a high-spirited boy, who died when about

eight years old, was an especial favourite. On Joseph Shewell being about to be apprenticed to I. L., my uncle, then in the seventeenth year of his age, wrote the following excellent letter, to which is appended this remark, made many years after: "This letter having been so long written, and the ink pale, would have been scarcely legible; but the happy mother of such a son had copied, and thus preserved it. Its fragments are still most carefully preserved, and prized by the loving brother to whom the lines were penned."

"*Ipswich, August* 31*st*, 1799.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"In answer to thy letter, which I may tell thee I took kind, am now sitting down to write; yet thou must not expect a relation of occurrences, entertaining only for the moment, and with the moment flown: but as thou art likely to be shortly, as it were, entering upon a miniature stage of life, I would endeavour to inculcate a few useful and homely lessons, such as my own small share of experience has taught me to draw from the daily recurring circumstances it has been my lot to share in. I truly congratulate thee, my dear Joe, upon thy approaching union to a family where the softer virtues of domestic felicity bear so large a sway, where thou wilt meet with every indulgence that endearing kindness can bestow; but thou wilt remember that these disinterested kind offices only deepen the debt which nothing but a constant and willing adherence to the duties of our station can ever repay. Thou wilt consider thyself called upon, not only to learn the art of thy profession, perhaps the only source of thy subsistence for thy future life, but to perform with strict scrupulosity every command of him to whom thou hast chosen to surrender the years of thy life between childhood and independence. Thou must endeavour to anticipate every

just wish, and do all that in thy power lies conducive to the interests of his affairs, and his well-doing in worldly matters. If ever an idea of disobedience to an order, justly and conscientiously imposed, springs up in thy mind, learn to check it, lest it prove a source of ultimate trouble, that may cause the tear of repentance to flow too late. I am sure, my dear Brother, thy own share of prudence and discretion will teach thee to submit every wish and desire of thy own to the superior will of thy governor. Let them also teach thee to know that the situation of an apprentice possesses not—what the sanguine ideas of youth may represent it—by any means a license for pleasures and indulgences, but rather requires an indefatigable exertion of industry and attention, as well as an unwearied diligence, in the discharge of the important duties of its station.

"Thus far, my dear Joseph, have I endeavoured to state my ideas upon the particular part of thy conduct and devices; but there is a general line of behaviour and principles, which we must make it an absolute duty to pursue, if we would pass through the world with conscious satisfaction to ourselves and respect in the eyes of mankind in general; and this inestimable rule will finally conduce to our domestic repose, if we suffer neither passion nor indiscretion to seduce us from its peaceful paths. To make virtue the guide of our actions, to shun with careful avoidance the allurements and pleasures and the intoxicating effects of pernicious examples, 'to do as we would be done by,' to make all our dealings with an integrity that will bear the scrutinizing eye of justice, constitute some of the noblest efforts of humanity. Keeping these in view, we shall experience delicious self-complacency, honoured with the approbation of the just, which the applause of an unthinking multitude can never bestow. Review, then, in thy just entering on the stage of life, these little precepts,

inculcated by fraternal love; consider with delight thou wilt soon enter under the immediate guidance of those who will shield thee from every temptation, though they cannot form the character of thy mind; and resolve by the most exemplary conduct to merit the good opinion they now and may hereafter entertain of thee.

"Excuse, my dear Brother, this epistolary advice, which, if thou thinkest dull, insipid, and unentertaining, I have written in vain: yet I could not, from motives of false delicacy, hold back what appeared to me to be a duty to write; and I hope thou wilt strive in some measure to conform thyself to its rules. I may now tell thee I shall receive thee with the greatest pleasure on thy arrival, and hope the meeting will prove mutually satisfactory. I will do all in my power lies to make 'thy yoke easy and thy burden light,' which, with thy own endeavours, will, I doubt not, prove highly gratifying to thy future master. In the meantime, with dear love, I remain,

"Thy affectionate Brother,

"JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL."

About the same time these verses were penned, which give a little insight into the earnest workings of his mind:—

Deign, Lord, in realms of endless light
To hear my fervent prayer;
Involve me not in darkest night,
Where none but sinners are.

Oh, let me tread my steps aright,
Directed by Thy care;
Thy holy precepts never slight,
And still of sin beware!

When living, let me by Thy might,
  Thy righteous will declare;
When dead, be raised to regions bright,
  As our forefathers were.

Rejoicing in the glorious sight,
  Oh, Lord, transport me where,
'Midst hosts of angels, robed in white,
  Such bliss I hope to share.

It would seem, from the testimony of various individuals, that Isaac Liversidge was careful and anxious about the business, even to the injury of his own health; and in the year 1802, while in the prime of his life, death laid the head of this family low. John Talwin Shewell was still a minor, and had as yet acquired but a slight knowledge of business: he, moreover, understood nothing of book-keeping. Once during his illness his master revived sufficiently to post the ledger; but now it was sadly in arrear, and it cost my uncle a great effort to continue the work. However, amidst many tears, it was accomplished; and his reward was not withheld. Mary Liversidge, now a widow, was thoroughly satisfied with the conduct of her young Friend, and resolved at once to take him into partnership. The arrangement was soon made; and for thirteen years they carried on the business conjointly, with great success.

That life which only can endure,
Is holy, innocent, and pure;
And souls intent on future bliss,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think amiss.

"Watch and pray," my Saviour cries;
And "Watch," assenting Faith replies:
Unless we guard our post with care,
The foe assails us everywhere.

For while we slumber in our cell,
And fondly dream that all is well,
He plies us with envenomed darts,
And shakes the fortress of our hearts!

Captain of my salvation, hear!
Preserve me in Thy holy fear,
And arm me with that armour well,
Which can defy the powers of hell!

CHAPTER II.

His inner life, with extracts from his private papers.

WE now see the bright and active youth at the head of a flourishing establishment, enjoying the confidence of those with whom he dwelt, and his first step placed on the ladder of advancement, which, through prayer and watchfulness, ultimately led to that position in society, in which he was made a blessing to those around, training them up in the path of intellectual improvement, integrity, and truth; his influence being based on the solid foundation: "Love to God and man."

John Talwin Shewell having reached this position through his own endeavours, unassisted by family influence, let us draw aside the veil, and view, for our own instruction, the working of his heart and its deep searchings, then known only to the ever-present Saviour. It may help to cheer and invigorate us in our onward path. We see him prosperous, cheerful, and respected, a companion sought for his intellectual acquirements and refined taste; yet he is still a minor. Whence does this strength proceed? Turning to a manuscript written in these early years of his life, we read:—

"Through how many painful probations must the Christian traveller go, through how many crosses, through how much self-denial. But let us recollect that as the Captain of our

salvation was made perfect through suffering, so must we who follow Him. If we would reign with Christ, we must suffer with Him, we must seek and serve Him. We must seek and serve Him above all things, and reckon nothing too dear or too near to part with for His sake.

"Father of mercies, when I behold the many painful instances of degeneracy that surround me on every side, 'What is it,' saith my soul, 'that prevents me from being swallowed up in the general vortex?' It is only by Thy grace I am what I am; it is Thy bountiful goodness alone that prevents my feet from falling.

"Oh, in my passage 'through a perilous world, so full of tempting snares and fond delusions,' may Thine everlasting arms be perpetually underneath for my support in the ways of salvation, in the blessed prospect, through righteousness, of sharing the sublime pleasures of eternity, when the sufferings, the distresses, and the errors of time shall be finally accomplished in death. Oh, benign Author of all good, when will that glorious period arrive, 'that my impatient soul shall make a near approach to Thee?'"

A well-spent life of innocence, integrity, and virtue never ends; the departure of a soul so richly qualified is merely a transition from works to rewards.

Again we find, in the warmth of his first love to his new-found Saviour, J. T. S. writes:—

"What are the chiefest joys, pleasures, and gratifications of time, when compared to that joy unspeakable and full of glory which religion enables us to look for hereafter? Does not the voice of Wisdom silently reach me, that they are altogether lighter than vanity, 'that they are utterly unworthy of engaging the affections of an immortal Spirit, whose views and hopes are

bent towards an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away:' a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Cease, then, O my soul, to seek for permanent repose in this land of inquietude and tears, whose sublimest prospects terminate in vanity, and whose most refined joys are mingled with vexation of spirit. Oh, my Heavenly Father, I acknowledge my manifold iniquities before Thee; surely I am utterly unworthy of Thy parental regard. It is only Thy mercy that supports me; withdraw Thy aid, and I sink into nothing."

As his self-examination proceeds, and his sense of sin deepens, we find the youthful pilgrim exclaiming:—

"Oh, my Heavenly Father, much I fear that my heart becomes daily more and more alienated from Thee. I am lulled into a fatal forgetfulness of Thy goodness, and of Thy mercies in times past. What am I, O Lord, that Thou art pleased to permit me longer to exist? I am worthless in Thy sight; and what words can picture the deep distress and anguish of my soul, under the heart-rending thought of the loss of Thy good presence and favour for ever? Most miserable eternally must I be if I forsake Thy covenants, if I turn again to folly, and cease to remember my Creator, whose abundant love has indeed called me from the dark valley of the shadow of death to the blessed participation of life and light. Everlasting praises to that incommunicable name, without whose merciful intervention the enemy of my soul's salvation had indeed triumphed over this poor frail, shaken tabernacle of clay. Dare I indeed intreat of Thee, benign Author of my life and of every good thing I enjoy here, that Thou wouldst be graciously pleased to spare me the anguish, the shame, the unutterable confusion of a guilty conscience, which is truly the depth of hell to my soul. Oh, preserve the future tenor of my life in Thy holy fear, and then, though Thou art pleased to

lead me in the tried path of affliction and sorrow, I know, that at my final close, I shall joy 'in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of my salvation.'

"Those that sow in tears shall reap in joy. They who go out mourning, having precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. May such be my happy experience, when, at the close of a wearisome day, I hope to lay down my head in peace, is the sincere desire of my soul."

At times a cloud overshadowed these seasons of earnest prayer and refreshing from the Lord; and many a youthful heart can sympathize with him in the following painful experience:—

"Oh, my true and only Guide, in this dark night of apostacy and infidelity, my soul craves Thy aid. Dispel, I pray Thee, gloomy shades, stamp my belief, confirm my faith, strengthen my heart, enable me to pierce through the obscurity that the unfaithful world would fain throw around the refulgency of the Gospel, direct my poor feeble understanding to the arising of that beaming star, that can alone point the way to the humble dwelling of Christ Jesus. 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps:' in spite of all our understanding and prudence, if our reliance is not on Divine wisdom for support and direction, we shall assuredly err from the faith, and like the state spoken of by the Apostle, suffer 'a piercing through with many sorrows.' But the just shall live by faith; and the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

And again he writes:—

"O Goodness, ancient and new, how shall I thank Thee sufficiently for Thy renewed visitations of love to my soul? What shall I render to my God for all His benefits towards me? Have compassion on me, O God; for I am feeble to obey, and mighty to rebel."

Ever on the watch-tower and feeling his weakness, he exclaims, after a time of trial:—

"How have I suffered my spirit to be ruffled! How have I suffered wrath to be stirred up in my mind, forgetting Christian meekness, moderation, and forbearance!"

But we now pass over much of his memoranda, and again pause at paragraphs written on the death of his kind friend and employer, Isaac Liversidge, when J. T. S.'s sense of duty led him, even with tears, to bend his mind to work for which he had little knowledge and less taste. His integrity and conscientiousness were, under these circumstances, not the less striking:—

"*25th Dec.*, 1802.

"When friends are parted from us by the bitter stroke of death, when the ties that united kindred souls are seemingly dissolved, and anxious fondness in vain endeavours to re-animate the sinking clay, may we not learn an awful lesson of mortality? Do not our very tears alarm us, and point to our own dissolution? How giddy, how unthinking we are! We see the dearly beloved and expiring friend, we follow to the grave the lamented relative, we are swallowed up in our own distress, and forget that the very next summons may be ours.

"Are we in the bloom of youth? Do not let us flatter ourselves with many years to come. How many mournful examples do we daily see of the uncertainty of time! The aged must go in course. To the middle-aged and the youth, the messenger of death too often comes unlooked for, and consequently finds them unprepared. Dear fellow mortals, let us consider we are only probationary in this valley of tears. As we sow, so must we reap. Only those who have done well can awaken to the

resurrection of life; for even our benignant Master has declared, through the Apostle, 'that the wages of sin is death.'"

On his joining the business as partner, a promotion won by his good conduct, our loved friend does not congratulate himself on his own powers, but lays this, his first earthly crown, at the foot of the cross, asking for the continuance of that help and strength, without which all is, as it were, dust and ashes. Can we wonder at his prosperity? Will it not rather create in us the humble prayerful desire to go and do likewise, as says the Apostle (Phil. iii. 16). Let us walk by the same rule, and mind the same things.

The following resolutions, written by J. T. Shewell, between his eighteenth and nineteenth year, may perhaps appropriately close this chapter:—

"To preserve an unblemished life and conversation, and to maintain that perpetual watchfulness so essential to the Christian warfare.

"Not to be puffed up with self-righteousness; but to think humbly of ourselves and our actions, even in our most exalted moments.

"Not to be too solicitous for the good things of this life, and to reckon them all for nothing when weighed with life eternal.

"To avoid idleness as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin.

"To choose diligence and industry in our several callings, and to shake off indolent and luxurious habits, which have a tendency to enervate the mind, and to relax the spirit of devotion.

"Not to be too anxious about future events, but be willing to cast all our hopes on the bosom of eternal Providence.

"To put all confidence in the mercy and goodness of God, and not to be overmuch cast down by tribulations which His wisdom oftentimes permits to afflict us for some gracious, though to us unknown, end.

"To remember that we must all die; to call to mind that the great and awful day which shall bring every work into judgment is near at hand; to reflect that even the very next summons may be ours, and that a very narrow space separates us from a boundless eternity. Oh, how needful to recollect that 'as the tree falls, so it lies;' for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither we are going.

"So to walk always before the Lord, that when His awful summons arrives it may find us watching; 'for man knoweth not his own time.'

"To temper our friendships with prudence and tenderness, with religious caution, and to render all our creaturely affections subservient to the pure love of God—Hard!

"To avoid an ostentatious parade of religion, and never be ashamed of acknowledging its influence.

"To be diligent in the attendance of religious meetings, and the necessary duties of the Church, and not to admit frivolous excuses of absence.

"To curb the restless flights and imaginations, and to avoid the perusal of such books as tend to vitiate the taste and unnerve the mind.

"To endeavour by a conduct uniformly circumspect and virtuous to bring honour rather than reproach upon the profession of truth.

"Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Phil. iv.)

Go then, Christian traveller, nobly persevere to the end; for remember, that crowns all,—remember that the severest pangs of time, sorrows and distresses, must soon, very soon, be swallowed up in a boundless eternity. Oh, when that awful day arrives, how delicious will it be for us if we have passed the time of our sojourning here in fear, if we have desired the righteousness of God above all things, and His ways beyond our chiefest joys; for it is declared, that very "precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Oh, may we all, by an uniform acquiescence to His Holy will, experience a real growth in the truth, a striking deep root in the glorious prospects of life eternal, so shall we experience at our latter end the work of righteousness to be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.

ENTER IN AT THE STRAIT GATE.

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way
To life eternal; and the carnal mind
Turns from this truth,—too proudly turns away,
A broader and an easier path to find.

For, oh, full oft for earth's alluring toys
Sublimer, purer happiness we miss;
And whilst engrossed by evanescent joys,
Lose the bright prospect of enduring bliss.

That broader way is decked with many a flower
To charm the senses and delight the eye,
Which fascinate by their delusive power,
And lead the soul into captivity.

But when, repentant, struggling to be free,
Struck with dire anguish and appalling fear,
The wretching sinner cries for help from Thee,—
Oh, God of mercy, be not slow to hear!

And as the shadow of a mighty rock
Screens the faint traveller from the noontide ray,
Outspread Thy banner o'er the little flock
Won by Thy love to seek the narrow way.

Thou gracious Father, knowest they are frail:
Protect them in temptation's trying hour;
And make them, when its fiery darts assail,
Even more than conquerors by Thy mighty power.

Give them to hope, through Jesus' pardoning love,
That all their sins in mercy are forgiven;
And grant them every earthly gift above,
A blessed foretaste of the joys of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

Success in business—poetical and literary tastes—social circle—Earlham Bible Society.

MANHOOD with its responsibilities now opened on our friend; and his nephew writes,—Although the pressing duties of every day life necessarily absorbed much time and attention, my uncle found opportunities for the cultivation of his mental powers.

The year 1808 he ushered into the world a quarto pamphlet, with a little tribute (see "Fugitive Poems") to the memory of William Cowper, author of "The Task," and other poems, occasioned by the perusal of his works, and the memoir of his life by Hayley.

This work was printed at Ipswich, by the late John Raw, a man of literary taste and qualified to appreciate its beauty. The first edition being rapidly exhausted, the publisher advertised a second. It would seem that the modesty of the author had not allowed his name to appear, and from the mode of wording the title page, a superficial observer would perchance imagine that Hayley was the writer of the piece; however the possibility of mistake was precluded in the second impression, and the well-known initials, J. T. S., were added. Ann Shewell, delighted with the attainments of her eldest son, exerted every effort to obtain a wide circulation for his poem, which was much read and admired. His talents were not however confined

to the higher walks of poetry, but were alike attuned to the cheerfulness of youth and the gravity of age.

In the bright circle which ever assembled on 12th night at Mary Liversidge's, when ancient custom and festive mirth were the innocent order of the evening, J. T. S. was a welcome guest; he never forgot "his mite" towards the general entertainment, and one of his little lively pieces has been preserved, drawn from the old game of characters, and addressed to the amiable hostess.

Hail to the circle round the sparkling fire,
The festive circle innocently gay,
Whose social warmth we value and admire;
Whose soothing friendship drives dull care away.

Still may the feet of unremitting time
Hither in annual course your steps convey;
May fears nor cares molest your early prime,
And may the sun that beams a morning ray
With mild effulgence gild your closing day.

A few lines copied from the memoir drawn up for the Annual Monitor, may not be unsuitable here, as given a slight sketch of the social and domestic circle in which he long exerted a genial and beneficial influence.

"The intellectual tone of the establishment, and its great respectability induced parents to be anxious to send their sons to be there initiated into business habits, and many young men were under his (J. T. S.'s) care, whose influential positions in early life testified to the benefit they had derived under his roof, several of whom became approved ministers in the Society of Friends.

"Few now remain who remember him in early life; but the

following information gives some idea of the warm feeling those who knew him best entertained for his society; and one who recollects his social gatherings, states,—that he was always 'much given to hospitality.' On such occasions, besides his own intellectual conversation, he would come stored with some piece of poetry:

> For poetry he had a relish,
> And always was ready to quote
> Some maxim or thought, to embellish
> The truth he desired to promote;

some information new and valuable; some book which, when as in those days books were scarce, was a boon not to be lightly prized; and above all he always led the conversation to some point of profitable instruction, not only for this but for another world; and to know that J. T. Shewell would be present, was to young friends a guarantee that such an evening would be a pleasant and satisfactory one.

"When the work of J. J. Gurney on the "Peculiarities of Friends" was published, it was proposed by the junior members at Ipswich, that a meeting for reading it socially should be held at the houses of Friends. At these gatherings our dear friend entered with heart and hand; his observations, remarks, and at the close of the evening, his supplications were such as to exercise an influence on his hearers. In the mind of the writer of this they will ever live, with thankful feelings for the great privilege of being present at them."

J. T. S. had, when on a visit at Aldeburgh, the agreeable society of Joseph John Gurney, when the proceedings of the then rather recently formed British and Foreign Bible Society were detailed in their social walks along the beach, in a manner

which awoke a deep interest in the mind of the subject of this memoir; and on his return from a visit to Earlham he began to exert himself in the good cause, encountering opposition and difficulties. The following is an extract from a letter to Mary Liversidge, written at this time.

"*Ipswich, 9th mo.*, 13, 1811.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"As it does not seem likely that I can meet thee again at Aldeburgh, without incurring much fatigue to but little purpose, I am desirous of devoting a few minutes this evening to conversing in this way, particularly as you will, I am sure, be anxious to hear the result of our Norfolk journey. In a word, it has been most satisfactory, and we have returned, much encouraged, to 'do likewise.' The mail got into Norwich by twelve o'clock; but as we had to take a slight refreshment, we did not go to St. Andrew's Hall till a few minutes after. When we entered, the Foreign Secretary, Steinkoff, was opening the business of the meeting, which he did with much simple and pathetic eloquence; and was followed by his valued colleagues, the Revds. John Owen and Joseph Hughes, whose impressive persuasions were listened to with delight and attention by an assembled company of more than five hundred persons. The resolutions were then moved by the venerable Bishop of the Diocese (Bathurst), and carried unanimously, and a liberal sum, both in donations and subscriptions, collected upon the spot. The union of all denominations of Christians in the great and glorious work, was very interesting, and has left an impression upon the minds of most present which will not soon be effaced.

"At five o'clock, we adjourned to Earlham, to dinner, when we sat down to a most bountiful entertainment, thirty-three or four

in number,—a mixture of all sects, of many of different persuasions, eminent for their parts, their piety, and their virtues. No words can adequately express the enjoyment that reigned, so pure in its nature and object as to produce a feeling somewhat like a foretaste of that blessed communion which the just of all generations shall finally partake of. On the cloth being removed, Elizabeth Fry knelt down in supplication, in the most sweet and impressive manner imploring the Divine blessing for the present company, for the peculiar labours of the day, and for the general promotion of truth on the earth: and on her rising, the secretary, Owen, observed, in a solemn manner, 'Now of a truth I perceive that God is no Respecter of persons; but that in every age and nation, those who fear Him and work righteousness, are accepted of Him:' and the conversation becoming more general, flowed on in so pleasing and edifying a strain, as surely 'had less of earth in it than heaven,' insomuch that the wine and dessert were kept back, and the servants dismissed for half an hour, that nothing might interrupt the soul-refreshing current. The like was never witnessed by most of us before; for there was converse such as it behoves man to maintain, and such as heaven approves, and we were anxious not to lose any portion of such interesting and instructive communications. After tea, and about ten o'clock, most of the company remaining, we again assembled, and that chapter of Isaiah was read which begins, 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;' after which, in his usual affectionate and simple manner, the Foreign Secretary, Steinkoff, knelt down in extempore supplication, and we all retired to rest.

"John Head is more warmed with the subject than myself, and I am afraid I have set it before you in feeble terms.

"Samuel Hoare and Louisa were both there, Joseph Fry and wife, also Catharine, Joseph, Rachel, Daniel, and Priscilla. In all her movements, she is the nearest to 'Lucilla' I ever saw in person and in manners, in benevolence, in piety. We left this interesting group with some regret, mingled with a belief that the hand which appears to guide them in different ways, no doubt for purposes of His own glory, will conduct them to peace and happiness, as His wisdom sees the best; though they do not 'walk by the same rule,' they 'mind the same thing,' and appear all equally earnest to follow their Guide and Pattern in simplicity and lowliness of mind."

Again returning to his nephew's narrative, we read: "It was not long ere the good people of Ipswich united together, and established an Auxiliary Society in their own town. The Rev. Thomas Cobbold, Incumbent of St. Mary-le-Tower, offered to the Committee the use of that church for the purpose of holding a meeting; but his intention was frustrated by Captain Studd, and other parishioners, for they feared the consequences of so novel a precedent. Ipswich possessed at that time no public room of sufficient size to accommodate a large assembly. There was indeed the old Shire Hall, erected in 1698; but before that could be rendered available, it was needful to gain the consent of some number of the County Magistrates. The Committee, at this painful crisis, had but few hours to spare; however, by the co-operation of several warm-hearted gentlemen, who, at once mounting their horses, rode to the houses of those in authority, and made earnest personal application, the desired point was carried; and uncomfortable as the arrangements of the Shire Hall were for a meeting of this kind, it was with thankful hearts that the friends of the noble cause peeped over the witness boxes, in which they were almost concealed: and so was

the first meeting of the now flourishing East Suffolk Auxiliary Bible Society held."

On this occasion, at the close of an eloquent speech, the Rev. John Owen, lifting his arm, and swinging it with his characteristic fervour, exclaimed, "I don't care whether it is a brother with a hat, or a brother without one; this is a day in which we will all rejoice." The little plant confided to the Committee that day, has since, under its fostering care, become a noble tree. It still flourishes, and spreads its associated branches far and wide.

The gentlemen forming the Committee breakfasted at J. T. Shewell's house in Tavern Street, where, in his large drawing room, a grave and reverential party surrounded the table. The old room had oft resounded with innocent mirth; but never before was a company in that apartment who could plead so important a business. Amongst other guests, was the Rev. Joseph Julian, of Trimley, who read a portion of Scripture, selecting the tenth chapter of Acts, as a compliment to Lieutenant Edward, now General Sir Edward, Sabine, who came to give his support to the cause. The latter proved a most agreeable and amiable coadjutor, and there subsisted between himself and the subject of this memoir a sincere and cordial friendship, which lasted through the remainder of J. T. S.'s life, and proved a sunbeam on his path.

The following anecdote, as related many years afterwards, and preserved by his affectionate wife, may not be inappropriate here:—

Edward Sabine, a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery, was then stationed in the barracks at Woodbridge, and hearing of the proposed formation of a Bible Auxiliary at Ipswich, wrote to offer his assistance, adding that he had men and horses under his command, whose services he willingly offered in the

good cause. This was very encouraging, and a deputation was appointed to call upon the young officer: J. T. S., the late John Head, and Benjamin King. On entering the barrack-yard, the Friends fully realized the remarkable errand upon which they were embarked; J. T. S. remarking, "As we passed over that white exercising ground, whilst the sun beat down upon our heads, our knees almost smote together." This feeling may be fully accounted for, when we reflect that the military in those days were notorious for their reckless conduct; and so foreign to all antecedent was a genuine Bible supporter in the army, that the deputation could not but fear a hoax. On entering the young soldier's apartment, the words "all right" arose in their trembling minds. All fear was set at rest. The Captain, it is true, was not there to receive them; but the Bible, and Bible Society Reports, etc., on his table, cheered their drooping spirits, and prepared them for the engaging bright young officer, who soon after entered the room, with a warm welcome on his lips. On hearing these anxious doubts related fifty years later, at the Jubilee Meeting of this Society, the distinguished General, now President of the Royal Society, could hardly forbear a smile, so little did he dream of the effort it had been to the devoted three to pay that visit which was the commencement of a life-long and highly valued friendship, and the inauguration of a noble work. So earnestly did the gallant Captain aid, and Colonel Fraser, who afterwards highly distinguished himself in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, join in the canvass of Woodbridge, assisted by J. T. S., and others, that the early minutes of the Society afford large testimony to their success, both in Bibles sold and money collected.

How great was the contrast to this first assembly, when, in 1861, at the Jubilee Meeting, the Corn Hall was crowded with

an attentive and interested audience; General Sabine and J. T. Shewell alone remaining of that first Committee to witness and rejoice in the large success of this now popular Society. The following touching Address was then issued, recalling these early difficulties and trials:—

"*Address of the Committee of the East Suffolk Auxiliary Bible Society to the Jubilee Meeting, held at the Corn Exchange, Ipswich, on the 15th of April*, 1861.

"The Meeting convened this day is intended to mark the entrance of the East Suffolk Bible Society upon its year of Jubilee; and in conformity with the resolution passed at the last Annual Meeting, we would express our earnest desire that the very interesting occasion which brings us together may serve to animate all our minds to fresh diligence in the glorious work in which we are engaged: viz., the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, to the remotest regions of the habitable globe.

"We recur, with feelings of gratitude and tenderness, to that eventful day when, in December, 1811, a few warm-hearted and generous-minded men (most of whom have now entered into their rest) were banded together to form, in Suffolk, an Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and who planted their *then* infant Institution in the old Shire Hall, in Ipswich, amidst much open and secret opposition, but watered by tears of sympathy, and nurtured by many prayers. Compared with such an assembly as the present, they were a small company, and could only hope for a moderate share of success in their Christian undertaking; yet (wonderful to relate) they were enabled, at their first Anniversary, to present a list of subscriptions and donations, amounting to upwards of £2,500, and a sale of Bibles

and Testaments commensurate therewith, which has gone on gradually increasing, until the amount raised from the commencement to the present time has reached the munificent sum of £55,862, and the distribution of the Holy Scriptures to 188,236 copies, comparatively but few of which would probably have been brought into circulation, but for the labours of this Auxiliary; and we have further demonstated our interest in the Parent Society, when in its own year of Jubilee, by raising for it, on that occasion, a distinct fund of more that £300.

"On such an occasion as the present, we naturally turn to the great changes that fifty years have made amongst the first founders of this Society. Four Bishops of the Diocese have filled in succession the office of President to this Auxiliary, and given it their patronage and support; and sincerely do we desire that the present occupant of the Episcopal See may be long spared to carry out the many works of faith and labours of love, which so eminently mark his character. Of the long and honourable list of Vice-Presidents with which we commenced, not one survives. Of the two Treasurers originally recorded, Dykes Alexander and James Oakes, Esqrs., both, after a lengthened period of faithful service, have departed this life. Of the first Committee for the Eastern and Western Divisions, but one remains (viz., Major-General Sabine), to whom, while resident in this county, our Society was indebted for much important assistance, at a period when both sympathy and help were invaluable. Of the Secretaries originally appointed, but two remain, both of whom continue steady in their attachment to this great and good cause: one of them, the Rev. William Edge, is Pesident to the Bildeston Bible Association; and the other, Mr. John Talwin Shewell, still retains his office. In like manner, the Officers and Committee of the Parent Society,

established in London in 1804, have all passed away, including the three first Secretaries, Owen, Hughes, and Steinkoff, the last of whom died in 1859. They were all present at the first formation of this Auxiliary, and in strains of vivid and persuasive eloquence, never to be forgotten by those who heard them, were enabled, happily and successfully, to promote the great objects for which that meeting was convened. Nor should we omit gratefully to commemorate how, then and in after days, our hearts were cheered and animated in our onward course, by the warm and impressive addresses of a Julian; by the zealous example of a John Head, surrendering the evening of life's busy day to the honourable service of the Bible Society; by an Atkinson, with simplicity of mind and purpose, holding fast by the records of eternal life; by a Charlesworth, with patient perseverance, devoting many long years of his time and talent to the dissemination of Gospel truth; by a Clarkson, the long-tried friend of enslaved and suffering humanity, combining, with his ceaseless exertions in that great cause, a steady attachment to the free circulation of the sacred page; and although last, yet not least, in our catalogue of worthies, by the Christian virtue, the prayerful spirit, and the self-denying labours of a Nottidge, who loved and served your Society much, and whose name is still held in just veneration amongst us.

"But although the original founders of the Parent Society, and in most instances those also of this Auxiliary, have been removed by death, it is a pleasing circumstance, and worthy of grateful record, that the descendants of many of these pious and worthy men are still to be found amongst the most constant and active supporters of this Institution.

"Your Auxiliary has derived great assistance from the Bible Association, established by the ladies of Ipswich, through whose

instrumentality £2,574 have been added to its funds, and 6,818 copies of the Holy Scriptures to its distribution. Its labours are continued with noiseless and untiring assiduity, rendered doubly valuable by being all performed free of expense to the Society. A Colporteur has been several times employed (chiefly in the rural districts) to ascertain the local wants in regard to the Scriptures, and to supply them; by which means many hundred additional copies have been put into circulation.

"We rejoice in the belief that our numerous Branch Societies and Bible Associations continue, under the Divine blessing, to exercise a salutary influence in the county by promoting, with other desirable objects, a feeling of love and good-will amongst the different denominations of Christians; and that the Anniversary Meetings, so regularly held, independent of their primary objects, have been blessed to very many who have attended them, by directing their thoughts to that inestimable volume, which, as the Apostle assures us, 'is given by inspiration of God,' and 'is able to make men wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus.'

"Signed, on behalf of the Committee,

"JOHN T. SHEWELL,
"W. W. WOODHOUSE, } *Secretaries.*"

J. T. Shewell continued in the office of Secretary until the year 1864, when failing health compelled him to resign a position which he had filled, and ever felt it a privilege to fill, for fifty-two years. His interest in the cause continued unabated, as his address to the Rushmere Bible Meeting, held under a tent in the grounds of Richard Janson, Esq., fully testifies:—

"*Pinetoft, 6th mo.*, 1865.

"DEAR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS,

"Although I can never expect to attend another meeting of the Bible Society, which the declining state of my health prevents my now doing, I feel inclined, through the respected Chairman (Robt. Ransome, Esq.) of this evening, to salute the members of the Rushmere Bible Association, and to encourage them to future exertions in this great and good work. I can thankfully acknowledge that it has been through the rich mercy of Almighty God that my mind in early life was directed to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and that I have been enabled since, through the long course of my life, to endeavour to promote the advancement of a cause of such universal benevolence; which amidst all the feebleness of declining life I still value, as especially calculated, through the Divine blessing, to convey the truths of the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Dear friends now assembled, accept the warmest wishes of your poor fellow labourer, in the assured belief that you will never have reason to repent of your efforts to spread through our own and distant lands, the knowledge of the glorious truths upon which our hopes of salvation rest, remembering that 'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the name of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'

"JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL."

A few of the early notices of the Ipswich Bible Society, copied from their first minute book, may prove interesting to the present supporters of this noble institution.

"*First Meeting of the Bible Society in Ipswich, held at the Town Hall, December* 10*th*, 1811.

"Lieut. Edward Sabine having, in consequence of the Establishment of a branch Bible Society at Woodbridge, resigned the agency of the Society in that town:

"Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to Lieut. Edward Sabine, for the important services which he has rendered to the Society in Woodbridge and its vicinity, and particularly for the grace, the ability, and the discretion with which he has fulfilled the duties of its agent, previous to the establishment of a branch Bible Society in that place."

"*Committe Meeting, Jan.* 10*th*, 1812.

"Reported, that Messrs. Edge and Shewell had canvassed the town of Woodbridge, accompanied by Major Fraser and Lieut. Sabine, Royal Horse Artillery, and that they had obtained £26."

Again,

"*May* 13*th*, 1813.

"This Committee has now been officially informed of the death of one of its members, Mr. John Head; an event which took place suddenly, on the night immediately succeeding the last meeting, whereby the British and Foreign Bible Society is deprived of an active and liberal benefactor, and this committee of a diligent, faithful, and judicious co-adjutor."

"*Committee Meeting, Feb.* 17*th*, 1815.

"This committee has now been informed that Mr. Benjamin King, one of its members, after attending our last sitting, was, on his return home in the evening, suddenly deprived of life, by a stroke of apoplexy.

"In adverting to the loss the town has sustained in the removal

of this upright and benevolent character, we commemorate, with feelings of grateful respect, his active exertions on every occasion connected with the interests of the community at large, and more particularly his useful services in this committee, in every department of which his zeal and ability, his judgment and discretion were eminently and equally conspicuous. . . ."

"*May 21st*, 1813.

"This committee is informed that it has sustained another loss by the promotion of Lieut., now Captain, Sabine, and his consequent removal to his station in Canada.

"The committee feel incompetent to express how much the Suffolk Auxiliary Bible Society is indebted, from the earliest period of its establishment, to the exertions of his pious, liberal, and enlightened mind, as well as to bear a sufficient testimony to that zeal, tempered with judgment, and that firmness regulated by discretion, for which he was so much distinguished throughout all his proceedings in their common cause."

We are thus introduced to a few of those noble-minded men who toiled with heart and hand to establish the Ipswich Auxiliary Bible Society, earnest in their labour even to the last day of their earthly term. May we not exclaim, as we peruse these papers, in the words of Longfellow's "Psalm of life"—

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not as they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

" Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to day.

" Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

" In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle:
Be a hero in the strife!

" Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead:
Act,—act in the living present;
Heart within and God o'erhead!

" Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

" Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

" Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

Lines addressed by J. T. Shewell to Lieutenant Edward Sabine, on his return from a voyage in the Arctic regions, in which he accompanied Captain Parry.

Oh, friend beloved, when erst in life's gay spring
I saw thy high and brilliant powers expand,
And, 'neath the shelter of the Master's wing,
Beheld thy earlier virtues blossoming,
Betokening fruits that riper years should bring,—
My heart, at secret Sympathy's command,
Its homage rendered; nor that influence bland
Has time impaired, with ever restless wing.

But since thy kind and generous thought of me
Amidst research so various and sublime,
Has braved the horrors of the Arctic sea
And many a changeful hour and changing clime,
Hope whispers—What has borne the assaults of Time
May bear the impress of Eternity.

CHAPTER IV.

Becomes sole proprietor—travels—illness—recorded a minister—his Gospel commission—sermons.

AFTER years of diligent self-denial and attention to his partner's interest and comfort, providing for her luxuries that otherwise could not have been obtained, J. T. Shewell became sole proprietor of the business, Mary Liversidge being removed by death in the year 1815, expiring in the arms of his sister, Sarah Shewell, who, from an occasional visitor, now became a resident at Tavern Street, where, for many years, she contributed much to the comfort of the household by her judicious management of domestic affairs, and gained the respect and esteem of those with whom she conversed by her graceful and dignified deportment.

And now, when travelling for pleasure was an indulgence costly indeed, and only within the reach of persons of affluence, John Talwin Shewell amazed his contemporaries by the extent of his journeys, and thus manifested a spirit of enterprise which his older associates were at a loss to comprehend. A desire for knowledge, united with the love of the picturesque, led him to visit successively the English lakes, North Wales, and Scotland. Having derived great benefit himself, and experienced the highest gratification from seeing these romantic and far-famed scenes, his generous mind concocted a scheme by which others were

admitted to a share of the pleasure. In the year 1818, accompanied by his sister Sarah Shewell and a friend, he travelled through France, spending some time in Paris, where they were accommodated with excellent apartments in the Place Vendome. The magnificent collection of works of art arranged in the gallery of the Louvre, the solemn grandeur of Notre Dame, and mighty extent of the Palace of Versailles,—its thrilling associations, with the added interest of seeing the reinstated Royalty of France dine in public in all their new splendour, forming a strong contrast to the sad exhibition of shabby dignity which these exiled Princes had displayed, and J. T. S. witnessed but a short time before in England, could not fail to make a deep impression upon their minds, and increase their enjoyment.

In 1821 Edward Corder came to reside in Ipswich, and after two years was admitted a partner in the Tavern Street business. Our friend, finding that he had a most efficient coadjutor, once more indulged his taste for foreign travel; and in the autumn of 1824, and spring of 1825, accompanied by his young friends William and Frederick Janson, he spent about ten months in France, Switzerland, and Italy. The journal of this tour, written for the amusement of J. T. Shewell's friends soon after his return, has been preserved, and will be presented to the reader.

The younger generation, accustomed only to see J. T. Shewell as an elderly and rather infirm gentleman, can form no adequate idea of his appearance and the personal charms he possessed when in his prime. It would indeed be a pleasing scene could we behold his tall and handsome figure amidst the ruins of the mighty Colosseum: those eyes, dimmed with age, gazed with rapture upon the treasures of the Vatican, and peered with a pious curiosity into the darkness of the Mamertine Prison!

Soon after the return of J. T. Shewell from his foreign travel,

he was seized with a very severe illness, terminating in malignant fever, through which he was devotedly nursed by his valuable partner, Edward Corder. Through the mercy of Providence his life was prolonged; but the poor sufferer, on rising from his sick bed, was for a time prostrate in body and mind, and it was only by very slow degrees that his constitution recovered its tone. When again his health was restored, his conversation, enriched with the memories of his late tour, added to the enjoyment of the refined and social circle in which he moved. The following is a slight sketch, by a youthful visitor, of an evening spent about this time at Tavern Street:—

"The party met at J. T. Shewell's, at six o'clock. Beautiful and costly engravings of the pictures of the old masters, works of art and curiosities collected during his recent Italian tour, were not only exhibited and kindly explained by our host; but we listened with delight to the animated details of a journey then rarely taken, and at a period when, from the deplorable war of such long continuance, foreign productions were little known, even to those of a higher class in England. It was not alone in these gatherings that our friend was so highly esteemed: his cheerful conversation, his cordial appreciation of others, and ready interest in all that was passing amongst those who surrounded him, formed a bond of union and of Christian sympathy, drawing one towards another, the blessing and happiness of which cannot be forgotten, and formed a peculiar feature in J. T. Shewell's character, making it a cause of gratitude to his friends when he felt it his duty first to address them in their meetings for worship."

In the 1st month, 1829, J. T. Shewell was recorded a minister in the Society of Friends. His communications were much appreciated by the members of his monthly meeting, being of

grace "seasoned with salt," endeavouring to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and awakening earnest desires in the minds of many of his audience to be partakers of a Saviour's love.

In the 2nd month, 1829, he writes to his brother-in-law, E. Corder, on the sudden death of a Friend and relation:—

"I have affectionately desired that the present trial, mournful and affecting as it is, may prove a golden opportunity to survivors. It will, if it shows us the utter instability of all things connected with this present state of being,—that health, competence, sensible enjoyment, peace of mind, even life itself, are but as a vapour that vanish away: 'He bloweth upon them, and they are gone.' It will, if it teach us to fix our affections on that durable riches and righteousness which cannot be taken from us; if amidst our mourning for transgression, and our deep sense of innate depravity, we are enabled with full purpose of heart to look towards 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.' My dear E., if I have any commission amongst you (at times, in the languor of faith and the feeling of natural feebleness, I am ready to doubt it), it is to proclaim that truth of most important interest, 'That while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' May we be found looking unto Jesus, both as the Author and the Finisher of our faith; not waiting till we *are fit to go to Him*, but going to Him just as we are, on the ground of His own gracious assurance, so truly worthy of all acceptation, 'That those who come unto Him, He will in no wise cast out.' I can truly tell thee that when upon the lingering couch of sickness 'faith was depressed' at seasons, and 'hope but just alive,' this assurance was as an anchor to my soul, when all others failed."

Owing to J. T. Shewell's sermons ever being, according to the

custom of the Society of Friends, delivered extempore, and only at such times as he believed that it was his duty to warn, counsel, and comfort his friends, none have been preserved as spoken; and though fragments still remain, yet there is little by which any complete idea can be given to the reader of the earnestness, the persuasive love, and affectionate yearning his soul experienced towards his fellow men, and with what gentle eloquence he ever sought to win souls to Christ. Having himself tasted and seen how "good the Lord is," he was unwearied in pointing the sinner to the cross, or recalling to the cast down and tried child of God, such sweet words as these: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." Sympathizing with "those who mourn in Zion, and are in heaviness through many temptations," quoting the text, "I come to bind up the broken-hearted, and to comfort all that mourn," as expressed by our compassionate Lord and Saviour, exhorting them to cast all their cares upon Him who careth for them, and has given Himself as a Ransom for all; whilst to those who might be at times willing to rest in the remembrance of the past, sleeping as it were on the watch-tower, he would raise the word of warning.

"'If we say we have no sin,' said the beloved disciple, 'we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And who can limit the boundless compassion of God our Saviour, even to the chief of sinners? But beloved friends of every age and class, although we may thankfully acknowledge that this or that is not our prevalent temptation, have we no weights hanging about us, no easily besetting sins that impede our progress in the Divine life, nothing that hinders us from running with patience the race which is set before us, or prevents our looking to Jesus, who not only died for

our sins according to the Scriptures, but came to redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works? Have we here no brands plucked from the burning, no monuments of Divine mercy? And oh, that we may solemnly look at it! Where would any of us have been, but for sustaining and restraining grace?"

Whilst attending the yearly meeting in London, 5th mo., 22, 1863, he preached a striking sermon, a few brief notes of which have been preserved.

"'And I looked, and lo! a Lamb stood in the Mount Zion, and with Him 144,000, having His Father's name written in their foreheads.' By this precious portion of Holy Writ, in which I apprehend a large definite number is to be taken for an indefinite one, we are mercifully permitted to catch a glimpse within the veil of that great multitude which no man can number, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. 'Therefore are they before the throne of God continually, and serve Him day and night in His temple. And they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' A desire has been raised in my heart at this time for the whole of this gathered company, and especially for those who like myself, have seen many years, and appear ready to take flight, that we may be found in meetness for the heavenly inheritance, giving thanks to the Father, who alone can make us meet,—can deliver us from the power of darkness, and translate us into the kingdom of His dear Son, in Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of our sins."

Joseph Shewell, in speaking of his brother's ministry, records

that "J. T. S. was much occupied at home, and in the compass of the Monthly and Quarterly Meeting to which he belonged, as well as in the Yearly Meetings, at which he was for many years a constant attender, as ability was afforded, in earnestly and affectionately delivering the Gospel message committed to his trust, by inviting others to come and taste and see the unmerited grace of His Lord and Saviour, to which he freely and in humility acknowledged himself so deeply indebted; and we believe his religious communications were acceptable wherever his lot was cast. He was a tender sympathizer with his connections and friends in their trials, and many could testify that the expressions he uttered by word or epistolary correspondence, in which he excelled, were consolatory to their minds in seasons of sorrow." And J. S. speaks with affectionate earnestness of "the influence for good he ever exerted in his own immediate family."

J. T. Shewell was a diligent attender of meetings for discipline, saying that he made his arrangements in business subservient to, and so as not to prevent his dedication to his Lord's service; and the same feeling made him very constantly to be seen in his seat at the Week-day Morning Meetings. He was one of several Friends appointed by the Yearly Meeting at different times on Committees to visit various parts of England. He often attended distant Quarterly Meetings, and his presence was very acceptable at several, both in Ireland and Scotland; but of these frequent journeys for the good of others we have little or no account.

The close affection with which J. T. S. was regarded by his numerous friends may be in some degree gathered from entries made in the journal of J. J. Gurney, written at this time, and kindly supplied by E. P. Gurney:—

"*Earlham*, *1st mo.*, 1828.

"Time in its rapid flight has almost brought us to the close of another week. How silent, how imperceptible, yet how awful is the approach of death and eternity!

"God grant that I may be ready when my change cometh; that all my pollutions may then have been cleansed away, and all my doubts and fears scattered before the Sun of Righteousness.

"Yesterday was one of uncommon lowness. The accounts of my dear friend, J. T. Shewell, most alarming and discouraging and altogether a sense of prevalent affliction. Oh, that my heart may be elevated above the sphere of this present world!

"*2nd mo.*, *3rd.* The accounts of dear J. T. Shewell very alarming, and as it would seem nearly hopeless, and yet hope lives, that the Lord may, in His infinite compassion, condescend to accept and answer our prayers for his restoration to the Church. I pray God to be with us in all our ways and all our works. Oh, that I may be enabled by Divine grace to use the things of this world as not abusing them!

"*3rd mo.*, *7th.* I have just been enjoying a time of deep quietness and solemnity in my own room. Death and judgment were awfully brought before us at Meeting yesterday. Oh, that my faith may be strengthened, and that in due season I may be filled with joy as well as peace in believing! Renewed alarms about J. T. Shewell again in some measure relieved. May he be preserved awhile to labour in the Church Militant; and may it please our Heavenly Father to look down with compassion on that little body, of which there continue to be some deeply exercised members!"

Letter of E. P. Gurney to J. T. Shewell.

"*Earlham, 7th mo.*, 1847.

"MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"In making the extracts about thy illness (which seems to have caused his, J. J. Gurney's, tender and affectionate heart so much anxiety), I have copied a few of the connecting sentences, because the train of thought appeared to be induced by the circumstance, and I thought it would be interesting to thee to see how he endeavoured to turn events to profit; serious ones almost invariably leading to sober self-examination, and often to a renewal of his covenant with Him whom he did indeed serve with singleness of heart and steadiness of purpose to the end. In near love to you both,

"I am thy sincere and affectionate Friend,

"E. P. G."

CHAPTER V.

Leaves business—marries—poems—benevolence—Cowper—meditations—tribute—strength fails—exhortations—Dovercourt—death—memorandum—thoughts.

IN 1831 J. T. Shewell retired from business, and leaving the town, he resided in the vicinity of Ipswich, devoting himself to benevolent and useful pursuits.

In 1833, he married Elizabeth Peckover, only daughter of Jonathan and Susanna Peckover, of Wisbech; a companion well fitted and willing to promote his best interests, and to aid him in his benevolent objects.

Soon after he gave up his share in the concern in which he had been interested from his youth, for the benefit of others, desiring to be a good steward both of his time and means.

Being now past the meridian of life, our friend felt himself at liberty to enjoy the sweets of repose, to which the earnest work of earlier days had fairly entitled him. His residence, Orwell Lodge, commanded a delightful view of the Ipswich river, together with the wooded scenery which adorns its banks; and we find him again tuning his lyre in the full appreciation of its beauties.

The following are copied from Clarke's "History of Ipswich," where they are thus introduced.

The merit of the following sonnet, from the pen of the Author of "A Tribute to the Memory of Wm. Cowper," is sufficient apology for its insertion.

Orwell, delightful stream, whose waters flow,
Fringed with luxuriant beauty, to the main;
Amid thy woodland taught, the muse would fain
On thee her grateful eulogy bestow.
Smooth and majestic though thy current glide,
And bustling commerce plough thy liquid plain,
Though graced with loveliness thy verdant side,
While all around enchantment seems to reign,
These glories still, with filial love I trace
And feel their praise; yet thou hast one beside
To me more sweet, for on thy banks reside
Friendship and truth combined, whose union chaste
Has soothed my soul; and these shall bloom sublime
When fade the fleeting charms of nature and of time.

Also, from the same work, in 1833, we extract "Stanzas addressed to the aged Beech Tree in the Park of Christ Church, Ipswich," supposed to be about three hundred years old:—

"Muse, hang my harp upon yon aged Beech!"
Once sang the bard of nature and of truth;
And surely these may here combine, to teach
Reflection's lesson both to age and youth.

For thy smooth rind, inscribed in olden time,
The record bears of many a mouldering hand;
And thy young days, perchance thy earlier prime,
Saw other sceptres rule this sea-girt land.

Thou wert when Tyranny our rights assailed,
When raised the despots on the people's ire,
When moral darkness over light prevailed,
Or discord raged, or superstition dire.

Now still thou stand'st, these happier days to see,
When knowledge, virtue, pure religion smile,
And reared by Freedom, sacred polity
Upholds, adorns, and guards our favoured isle;

When meek philanthrophy steps forth, "to pour
The fresh instruction" o'er the unlettered mind;
Or seeks by Gospel truths, from shore to shore
Diffused, to exalt and humanize mankind.

Long may thy venerable form survive,
Long wave thy branches o'er thy silvan throne,
And round thee many a generation thrive,
Yet wiser, happier, better than our own.

These lines will acquire an additional interest to the reader who remembers that in the lifetime of their author the Lancasterian schools were first established. In the face of opposition and prejudices which would now seem incredible, the early seeds of that education which has permeated the land and done so much for all classes, were sown in trials and trembling faith.

In these efforts J. T. Shewell cordially sympathized. Having tasted the sweets of knowledge, his enlightened and Christian mind desired to give that happiness to others, which he so largely appreciated, and aided with open purse those engaged in the good work, and this at a time when giving was not, as now, "a thing expected."

"In 1835," writes his beloved wife, "my husband was in Ireland, and during a social visit to J. and H. Doyle, attended the Quarterly Meetings of Ulster and Leinster, when his certificate from Suffolk not having arrived in due time for the Dublin Missionary Meeting, it was encouraging and comforting to hear that a Friend had remarked, 'She wanted neither seal nor certificate for what she had heard.' At Westport we were gratified at being

invited to dine by Sir John and Lady Franklin. The unassuming manners of that great man left a very pleasing impression on us, and we would gladly have lingered here, and accompanied our new friends, as requested, in exploring the magnificent scenery of the neighbourhood; but my husband's religious engagements at Moate prevented."

From Sir J. Franklin he learned that his much respected friend, then Major Sabine, was at Limerick, and had the sincere pleasure of again seeing this early coadjutor in the Bible Society, who had married since they had met, and whose wife's expressions to her husband, as J. T. Shewell was coming down the stairs, were very gratifying: "I do not know what you would have done if you had not seen Mr. Shewell."

Arrived at Moate, J. T. and E. Shewell were placed in comfortable apartments engaged for them, and were much touched by receiving several presents from the Friends of the Meeting,—a fowl-pie, etc.,—which were gratefully accepted. After attending the Meeting, they returned to their quarters, when a remarkably fine pair of ducks were provided by the landlord, such as are rarely seen: and the next morning J. T. S. was told that a person desired to see him, and had called the previous evening, but was deterred being introduced lest the Minister from the sister Isle should be fatigued. This stranger came to express his great approbation of what he had heard the previous day. He seemed to be a Roman Catholic, and said, "But, Sir, *you* come to us with so much love." When the bill was settled, the landlord would take nothing for the ducks.

In 1840, J. T. and E. Shewell removed to Rushmere, a village near Ipswich, where they had erected a house, and laid out garden and grounds to their own taste.

Here our friend loved to watch the growth of many valuable

trees, and particularly pines, which grew with such vigour that, though advanced in life, he was permitted to see them in the meridian of their beauty. Often would he repeat, as he wandered through his plantation, those lines of his favourite Cowper, which in early years had seized his imagination, and the realization of which had been an unexpected bliss,—his dream in youth:

"O blest seclusion from a jarring world,
What could I wish that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace;
No loose or wanton, though a wandering muse,
And constant occupation without care.
How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who, justly in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home;
And nature, in her cultivated trim,
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad,—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,
Nor waste it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call His debtors to account
From Whom are all our blessings, business finds
E'en here; while sedulous I seek t' improve,
At least neglect not or leave unemployed,
The mind He gave me: driving it, though slack,
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulged in vain,
To its just point,—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind

That hungers, and supplies it,—and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engag'd t' achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task."

And thus would he describe his domestic happiness:—

The morning finds the self-sequestered man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may,—
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys
With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart,
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,
Which neatly she prepares; then to his book
Well chosen, and not sullenly perused
In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
As aught occurs that she may smile to hear,
Or turn to nourishment, digested well.

Many observations have been found in his books, which evince his deeply humble views of his own attainments; and a few are copied here, in the hope that they may be instructive to the reader:—

1848. *In White's, on Christian conversation.*—Read with some searchings of heart.

1849. *On the condescension of Christ.*—Read with some solemn sense of my accountability to Him who has given me all.

1852. *On communion with Christ.*—Read this chapter to myself. Lord, take away from me the stony heart.

1848. *On the unreasonableness of complaint.*—A home sermon and searching. May I be willing to be searched out! Search me, oh God, and know my heart!

1848. *On the Saviour's character*:—

"But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talk of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free."

In a book of Sermons by Gerald T. Noel, we extract:—

"1847, 10th mo., 23. Read this chapter on the ascension of Christ, being in the week when our poor servant, William French, was thrown from the box of the carriage, and killed upon the spot; our own lives being mercifully preserved through the Divine interposition. The horses had run away with the carriage on the 21st, on their way home from Meeting.

"JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL,
"ELIZABETH SHEWELL."

"He redeemeth thy life from destruction." (Ps. ciii.)

1849. *On the character of God.*—Enlarge our hearts, that we may run in the way of Thy commandments.

1849. *Holiness the design of the Gospel.*—Cause, O Lord, we pray Thee, these clear and intelligible truths to sink down into our hearts!

1847. *The death of the righteous.*—Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

1861. Re-read on the occurrence of my eightieth birthday.

1863. *Religion attacked under names of reproach.*—Lord, mercifully preserve us from having a name to live, "whilst we are dead in trespasses and sins."

The brevity of human life.—Let the words of my mouth and

the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

Amongst his papers we find the following affectionate tribute, written by his highly valued friend Frederick Alexander:—

To J. T. Shewell, in his Eightieth Year.

Dear friend, accept the tribute of a lay
That does not soar to yonder mountain height,
Or scarce to hold its dim uncertain way
Where late and faintly slants the morning light.

My father's friend, than what most chosen word,
Beloved of parents long removed from earth;
Yet would my muse more gratefully record
A fuller portion of enduring worth.

Long hast thou striven with unabated love
To aid our little Church, its peace prepare;
While true to all below, its hopes above
To raise in faith, and rear its altar there.

The preacher cannot preach the word, in vain
Is heaven's desire and man's most blessed aid,
Who seems to plead but has to plead again,
Distrustful of himself and sore afraid.

There are whose hearts if spared to many days,
As long as memory's chastened gift shall last
Will warm, while dwelling on the sunlit rays
That fell at favoured seasons on the past;

When, as ambassador for Christ thy Lord,
Thou sought a blessing from the King of kings;
Or in His spirit, at the social board
Thou bore the converse on to higher things.

To flatter would be but to libel thee,—
Libel the name that gives thy efforts worth:
To honour is but true simplicity:
The praise is His from whom all good has birth.

Go on, dear friend, in thy accustomed way,
As evening gathers, dawning yet as clear!
The world may seem to lose its wonted ray,
Thy God can strengthen thee, sustain, and cheer.

"In the commencement of 1864," writes his affectionate wife, "J. T. Shewell was attacked with entire prostration of strength; but gradually recovered the power to walk with help, and occasionally attended the Meetings held on First-Day mornings, greatly regretting inability to be present a second time. He mostly addressed the congregation, evincing his remarkable memory of Scripture passages, and making numerous and correct quotations."

His circles at home were often edified by his prayers and exhortations after the usual evening Scripture readings. Some of his expressions have been written down by a kind niece, whose attentions were very soothing to him. On her return from a stroll in his beloved garden, he remarked:—

"It is a great pleasure to me to hear of my fruit trees being in abundant bloom: not for myself, for I may never see them again; but that you, when looking at them, may remember how I enjoyed them, and think of me in my haven of rest. It is my desire that all my friends should feel that I have entered there. I know and feel more than words can tell, that I am but dust and ashes, and such a sinner is all, all unworthy. Great has been the conflict lately, and very bitter; but tell my wife that I believe she is anchored on the rock, and I am there too. It will not do to deceive ourselves at any time. My heart is full of

prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and my trust is in Jesus alone." He then alluded to the well-known hymn,—

"There is a fountain, filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins!"

—And slowly went through it, stopping at each verse.

At another time:—

"Prize, my dear friends, whilst young, the gentle leadings of the Holy Spirit; be very thankful that He has early condescended to plead with you, and cherish every gentle intimation of His will, that when you come to my state, you may find your cups of joy filled to the brim. Looking backward, I feel had I been more faithful in early life, and kept warm my first love, I should have had more of that joy now; and that makes me anxious that you should keep very close, for the Lord has been indeed full of lovingkindness and mercy to you."

A hymn, entitled "A Little While," was read to him.

"It comes from very near the Fountain Head. What a privilege such hymns are. You should prize them much: we had not such to joy with when we were young. What a beautiful text that is, 'I waited patiently for the Lord.' It is a good thing to be able to say, 'I *waited* patiently;'" and repeating the ninth and tenth verses of the fortieth Psalm, he remarked, "They seem quite the minister's acknowledgment. It is very sweet to think of them; and I have remembered the words of one who had a large measure of experience granted him:—

'I'd preach as I had never preached before:
I'd preach as dying unto dying men!'

"The nearer one approaches to the close of life, the more important these things appear, and the more one would desire

to impress the wondrous value of things eternal upon the minds of others;" and he again repeated the above lines with deep emphasis.

"I think one of my great mistakes has been, through the long course of my life, looking too much to myself and my own imperfect doings and short-comings, and too little to Jesus, who is the Rock, the Strength, and the believer's Crown. When I was young, this was not shown me in the fulness that it is now; and I had little help, as a youth, from the counsel of others. It is a blessed change now. 'There is balm in Gilead,' has often been my concern in health to repeat to my auditors, and to set forth why the health of the daughters of my people was so little restored, was our reluctance to come to the Great Physician there; and now, in the days of weakness, I can say from experience, 'There *is* balm in Gilead,' and to long that we may all come and be healed and cleansed from all sin."

And again:—

"I have nothing of my own to trust to, and I only look to my crucified Saviour and to His salvation, promised to sinners alone. I feel my sins have been many; that whilst I have had a name to live, many secret sins hardly acknowledged to myself, have been mine: of these, brought to the light of God's countenance, and convinced of them through His power and mercy, I do indeed repent, and desire to repent. I wish to remark that I have no righteousness of my own in which I can trust: mine is only filthy rags; and if when on the banks of Jordan, I am permitted through abounding mercy to put up the prayer of the poor publican, I shall consider it as the greatest blessing of my life, and so to enter into that rest purchased by my Saviour's blood for sinners like me, where there is joy and perfect peace. Think of me as entered into that rest, when no longer here. And I wish also to

say that long as my illness has been, painful and suffering, all has been in mercy, and I have been brought to feel nearer to my Heavenly Father through His chastening hand, and no one pain or suffering has been too much, but each has brought its blessing, and will shine forth to His praise. I do thankfully believe in the light of eternal love. I do gratefully acknowledge that long and trying as my illness has been, the blessing of untiring patience and kindness in my household, has been a comfort beyond all I could have thought; and I should like them to know how much their endeavours have mitigated even the severest trials."

The winter of 1866 was passed more favourably by the dear invalid than was expected: he came downstairs, bearing his debility with exemplary resignation; enjoyed listening to reading, and sometimes attended meetings. His memory continued remarkably good: he would frequently ask for the Bible, and repeating a text, request that others, as he named them, should be read, making instructive remarks on their bearing one upon another. In this delightful way he would often pass through the Scriptures, pointing out the beautiful union of the whole, to the no small comfort and profit of his hearers, who joined with him in drinking, with evident delight, at the pure fountain of inspiration.

In the 5th mo., a few days after attending the Monthy Meeting at Woodbridge, by his own desire he went to Dovercourt, to try if the sea breezes would invigorate him, and relieve the acute pains in his head, from which he had long suffered. Giving thanks in his suffering, he would remark, "Though no chastening for the present is joyous, but grievous, yet as a mark of sonship, it cannot be too highly prized, or too thankfully received. Chastening seems an earnest of the pure robe and golden crown; and looking at it thus, it is a cause of joy and praise." No

benefit being derived after two weeks tarriance, he returned home, his loss of appetite being a discouraging symptom.

On his last First-Day, his brother, Joseph Shewell, visiting him previously to going to Meeting, took a message of love to be conveyed to the Friends at Ipswich; and J. T. S. faintly said, "I am like Pilgrim in the Progress: I feel the bottom." On that evening he was vocally engaged in fervent prayer, in which the words "Lord" and "Jesus" only were distinguished. One who was watching, addressed him as "resting in Jesus;" he pressed her hand in answer, and continued the pressure some time.

He was quite aware of his declining state; and the next morning, about twelve o'clock, his servant entered. J. T. S. opened his eyes, beckoned him to come near, and with the most animated joyous expression, said, "I am dying!" and then closed them for ever.

The happy expression of his countenance at that time cannot be forgotten; and when about three o'clock, he gently and without struggle ceased to breathe, those around his dying couch felt an humble but assured belief that he had entered into that rest which he had so ardently desired, and their loss was his eternal gain.

Thus in joy and peace our beloved friend departed, in the eighty-fifth year of his honoured and useful life. The interment took place in the cemetery at Ipswich, on the 4th of 6th mo., 1860, and was attended by many sorrowing Friends; and at the close of the day, when the mournful company were assembled in the solemn silence of worship so much prized by him, the following document, found amongst his papers, was read:—

"*Memorandum to accompany my will, 11th mo., 26th,* 1856.

"I record it as my dying testimony, that upon all that is of the earth, earthy, is the inscription written, 'Vanity of vanities!'

as saith the preacher, 'All is vanity!' and as regards myself personally, that the petition of the poor publican is my only plea, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' and that for Jesus' sake.

"I desire that my poor remains may be decently and suitably conveyed to the house appointed for all the living; that it may not be done on the First-Day of the week, nor too early after my decease, nor until some manifest token of decay has taken place.

"And finally, as this is the last opportunity of exhibiting on my behalf that hospitality that I have always loved and endeavoured to cherish, that a proper provision be made for the entertainment of those relatives and friends who may return from the funeral to the house; and that it be a time of solemnity and of prayer, at which, if approved by my executrix and executors, I should like this short paper to be read.

"*Rushmere, 11th mo., 26th*, 1856. "JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL.

"Read over and ratified and confirmed at this time, when I have re-perused my will, this 20th day of the 2nd month, 1862.

"JOHN TALWIN SHEWELL.

"Ditto on the 1st of 12mo., 1864. Read over and approved by J. T. Shewell, 3rd mo., 17th, 1866."

Numerous are the testimonies borne to the worth of our departed friend, and amongst those received after his decease, were the following notes drawn up by a friend of seventy years standing, and for some time a near neighbour. They contain under the head of "Thoughts," very sweet remembrances of J. T. Shewell, and were drawn up we believe with a view of aiding Friends to form a minute to present to their Monthly Meeting, as is usual amongst them on the decease of a recorded minister:—

"THOUGHTS.

"In preparing this memorial of our beloved and much valued friend J. T. S., we have been forcibly reminded of the truth of that ancient declaration, that 'the memory of the just is blessed.'

"EDUCATION AND APPRENTICESHIP.

"He was naturally of a thoughtful and studious turn of mind, preferring intellectual pursuits to more boisterous and exciting amusements. On the death of his employer, he succeeded to the entire management of the business; and realizing the great responsibility of his trust, he endeavoured to promote the welfare and interest of those who were placed under him. As a master he was kind and considerate, and those engaged in his service have in after life borne grateful testimony to his watchful oversight.

"SEVERE ILLNESS AND RESULTS.

"*Ministry.* He does not appear to have been much called to *sow* in the broad field of the world; his talent was more of a vine-dresser at home,—to plant, to prune, and to water. He was a diligent attender of our religious meetings, and his communications therein were lively and encouraging. He loved to dwell on the promises of Divine mercy, and to set before us those examples of dedication and obedience which animate the Christian and strengthen his faith. It was the ministry of reconciliation, rather than of condemnation.

"For appointments of Monthly Meetings to visit families, he was well qualified. His sympathizing spirit entered warmly into the conditions of those whom he met; and he was enabled to minister to their edification and comfort.

"In our Meetings for discipline his mind was often tempered by the softening influences of Divine love, on which occasions his remarks were deep and instructive.

"He evinced a confiding trust, not only in the general, but particular providence of the Most High; desiring to be kept low and humble, watchful and prayerful, and in a waiting state to receive those gentle intimations of duty which his Heavenly Father might require at his hands.

"He was warmly attached to the principles of our Society, regarding them as the exponents of genuine Christianity. The discipline he also valued as a great safegaurd and protection to our members; and though jealous of changes, he was not averse to improvements, when made with mature deliberation, and sanctioned by best wisdom.

"He had a keen appreciation of the truthful in mind, and of the beautiful in nature. Goodness was the element he rejoiced in, and he mourned over its defection in himself and others. His daily walk of life was a practical illustration of the principles which he advocated.

"In the year 1833 he was married to our Friend, E. P.; a companion well-fitted and willing to promote his best interests, and to aid him in his benevolent pursuits.

"His naturally cheerful and open disposition was regulated by best wisdom, and gave to his company and conversation a value which was always edifying; the advancement of true piety being a subject very near his heart. He was a good neighbour, a kind master, a liberal benefactor to the poor, and always ready to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare.

"He often read of an evening to his female audience when at work; preferring those subjects which were of a solid and instructive character, and would elucidate them by pertinent and

well-timed remarks. He aimed also to elevate the tone of conversation, and direct it into profitable channels: a text of Scripture, or a quotation from some favourite author, showed the nature and value of his previous studies.

"He assisted at the formation of the first Branch Bible Society in our town (Ipswich), and for fifty years acted on its Committee of Management, zealously advocating its claims upon public occasions. Indeed the Bible was to him a repository of Divine truth, which he studied with a loving and devoted heart. Its fruit was sweet to his taste.

"In all his relations of life, and especially in his intercourse with other religious professors, he maintained the "Friend," and was universally esteemed for his uprightness and integrity.

"We believe that he humbly and earnestly strove to reach the mark for the prize of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus. He had his conflicts and trials; but he knew in Whom he trusted, and received them in love, believing them to be blessings in disguise.

"He was for many years a man of leisure, and enjoyed his retirement from the cares of business as a great privilege, regarding it as a sort of vestibule in which to put off the things of time, and to put on the things of eternity.

"As age and infirmities increased, he was very anxious not to give unnecessary trouble to those who waited upon him; and often, we believe, dropped a word in season for their encouragement and comfort.

"In the midst of great bodily weakness his faith remained strong; and he desired to perfect that which was lacking, and to submit patiently to the dispensations of his Heavenly Father. Yet there were moments when, diffident of his religious attainments, he could hardly realize that trust and confidence in the Divine mercy which he had commended to others.

"Our Religious Meetings were to him seasons of refreshment; and he continued to attend them long after his enfeebled frame appeared to render it prudent for him to do so, being led to and from his seat by the aid of one or two assistants.

"I have known him all my life, and during that period, which is near seventy years, I never saw him swerve from the strict line of moral rectitude. He has steadily advanced in all those virtues which adorn the man, and deepened in that religious experience which matures the Christian. Nothing in his character struck me more forcibly than his love and reverence for the Supreme Being, which sanctified his daily actions, and without which nothing is truly good or truly great.

"STEPHEN PERRY."

ADDENDA.

OUR Friend was particularly fond of Biblical studies; indeed the Bible was to him a garden of Eden: he delighted in its shades, explored its labyrinthian paths, and gathered its fruits and flowers.

In the social circle and amongst his friends, he watched opportunities for giving to conversation a higher tone, by introducing subjects of a profitable character, and was cheered when hearts responded to his call. His desire was, that these occasions should be made more intellectual, interesting, and profitable. As a good man who, like himself, has now entered into his rest, has happily expressed it, he wished "that the live coals should not lie scattered on the hearth; but be piled up on the fire, and kindled into a glowing flame."

He was fond of literary pursuits, and a glance at his well-stocked library showed that his tastes were for the solid rather than the superficial. In reading he was quick to perceive merit, and few caught more eagerly at a bright thought or a beautiful passage: these he stored in his memory, and used as polished shafts in defence of the truth.

An intimate friend of the late Rev. William Marsh remarked, that "he never remembered to have received a note from him, or to have passed one half-hour in his company, which did not breathe of that heavenly kingdom upon which his affections were supremely set." The same habitual reference to the Divine Being characterised the actions of our late dear friend, particularly in the later period of his life. He acknowledged his blessings, knew the source from whence they came, and rejoiced both in the gifts and the Giver.

END OF MEMOIR.

DIARY.

Memoranda of a Journey on the Continent

IN 1824 *AND* 1825.

SECTION I.

FROM BRIGHTON TO MILAN.

Containing a few Notes written in France and on the road to Geneva—some hasty Sketches taken in a rapid tour through Switzerland, along the passage of the Simplon, on the Lago Maggiore, and the Lago di Como.

1824.

7th mo., 14th. Went down to Brighton.

15th. Embarked in the "Union" steam packet at twelve o'clock, and were safely landed at about two o'clock next morning. The passage tedious, the boat ill-appointed, and the steam engine defective: it stopped three times during the voyage. Myself very sick: lost my hat. Were well received at hotel de l'Europe, Gossil Roland.

Journey to Paris by Rouen, Mantes, St. Germain.

From the *17th* to the *25th.* Occupied in Paris; saw the palace of the Luxembourgh, the Père la Chaise, the Tuileries, the churches of Notre Dame, St. Sulpice, and St. Roche.

22nd. Went to St. Cloud, Sevres, and Versailles, where we saw the great palace and chapel, the great and little Trianon, the gardens, orangery, etc., and dined there previous to our return to Paris.

23rd. Wrote at home.

24th. Saw the Jardin des Plantes, the museum of natural history, the school of comparative anatomy, the manufacture of the Gobelines.

First-Day, 25th. Spent the morning at home, and in the evening drove down to Fontainbleau; lodged at the hotel de la Ville de Lyon.

26th. In the morning saw the chateau and gardens; in the afternoon to Villeneuve le Roi, where we slept at Pont sur Yonne: encountered a very heavy fall of rain. Dined at Sens.

27th. Travelled through a fine open country to Vermantou to breakfast, and to Avallon, a clean respectable town, to lodge; found good quarters at the hotel de la Ville de Lyon.

28th. Left Avallon at seven o'clock, and after an agreeable ride dined at Pont le Pany, a small village at the foot of a lofty range of mountains; where we descended, enjoying all the way splendid prospects. A short and sweet ride to Dijon, where we found good quarters at l'hotel de la Cloche: arrived in time to take a survey of the principal parts of this pleasant and very respectable town.

29th. Left Dijon at six o'clock, and arrived to a déjeuner à la fourchette at Auxonne; soon after this saw very clearly the summit of Mont Blanc over the mountain of the Jura, upwards of one hundred miles distant; recognized its well-known face, glittering in the beams of a meridian sun. Arrived in the afternoon at Poligny, a small town at the foot of the Jura, and soon after began the ascent of its sublime mountain passes, judiciously cut out in the solid rock, and commanding magnificent and extensive views over the vast plain of France. Did not arrive at Champagnole till eleven o'clock, after a fatiguing day of about seventeen hours.

30th. Rode all day over the Jura, a ride combining all the grandeurs of mountain scenery, highly romantic, amidst forests of pines, which clothe the steep side of the abrupt rocks, and are seen at last towering over all. Were too late to enjoy the sublime view of the Lake of Geneva and the ranges of the Alps, but were in some measure compensated by a thunder-storm, which was magnificently terrible. Lodged at the hotel de la Porte, Gex.

31st. A fine ride into Geneva; hotel de la Ballance. Took breakfast before starting, with our windows open to Mont Blanc.

First-Day, 8th mo., 1st. Spent our morning en famille, in great quiet; read the Scripture and the Yearly Meeting Epistle; dined at the table d' hote; afterwards a pleasant drive to Secherau, to Sachonay, and to

the junction of the Rhone and the Arve: Mont Blanc again visible. J. H. and myself called late on the Rev. C. Malan.

2nd. Called on Professors Peetit, Vaucher, and Gautier, but found them all out. Saw the museum: its coins and medals curious, its natural history neat, but small; did not see the library. In the evening drove to Ferney, the seat of Voltaire. Two rooms as left by him (see Matthews); grounds improved since his time: his cap and book of seals very curious.

3rd. William poorly in the night, by eleven o'clock better. proceeded in a calèche to Bonneville to dinner: a charming ride. In the evening a most romantic journey to Sallinche, through a wonderful mountain pass and defiles of rocks: storm of distant thunder and lightning. Found the inn at Sallinche, which is inferior to that of St. Martin, full, by reason of a cattle fair: dirty and ill appointed. Lodged there: Mont Blanc clouded. The King of Sardinia expected to make his tour through Savoy.

4th. Arrived at Chamouni, after a little bait at Servoz, where we found a civil and decent inn by about four o'clock. A magnificent ride, rather cloudy, but no rain; one char-à-banc and one horse, which we rode by turns: a pleasant excursion. Found excellent quarters at the Union, as before.

VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

5th. Rose after a comfortable night, and mounting our mules, accompanied by two guides, proceeded to Montanvert: a splendid excursion. Rode all the way up, instead of walking nearly one half, as before. Was much delighted in turning back, to see my companions ascending in regular order after me, by the rude stony mountain pass: the wonderful security of travelling by mules, even in the very worst and steepest ascents. Descended to the Sea of Ice, and walked a good way over its rugged surface. The surprising Needles of Mont Blanc visible here, but not the mountain itself. The Aiguille de Droux, De Charmrau, du Géant, du Grand et Petit Jorape,—all surprisingly magnificent. Refreshed at the hospice, and returned safely to La Priorie two hours before dinner, which is here at five: grand religious procession before we rose, of priests, religious confraternities, and people, to put up prayers for the safety of the valley. If *our* hearts were rightly directed, we should feel daily aspirations of gratitude and praise to Him who preserves us

from so many dangers, and is our gracious Protector in our distant wanderings, as well as in our quiet sojourn by the social domestic hearth. I can scarcely lay down in my bed at night, without feeling a wish to know how it fares with my beloved relations in England, towards whom I turn amidst all the wonders and delights of these magic scenes, with many a longing and lingering look; and I think if I am favoured to return in peace and safety to my native land, I shall hardly again be tempted by any desire of pleasure or improvement, to quit my tranquil abode and my moderate comforts. Yet I know that the great and good Being is everywhere, "in the void waste as in the city full," and that He can preserve those who trust in Him, as under the shadow of His wing, even at the furthest extremity of the habitable globe.

6th. Rose at six, and after breakfast again mounted our mules, and ascended to the cross of La Flègere, where, as at Montanvert, there is a little hospice for rest and refreshment. Rode the mules all the way up: a very steep ascent. On the summit the view surprisingly grand, commanding five glaciers: viz., Taconay, Les Boissons, Le Bois, Tours, and Argentière. All the Needles in magnificent arrangement, and the towering summit of Mont Blanc crowning the whole; whilst outspread at our feet like a map, lay the long length of the Valley of Chamouni. Found the descent so fatiguing that we determined to ride the mules for the last mile, the guide holding the reins, while the faithful animals conducted us safely down the rocky staircase. Took our refreshment at the foot, and then proceeded to the source of the Arveiron, but found the grand cavern, which I formerly surveyed in 1819, recently fallen in. Returned home to our inn, and after a short rest remounted our mules, to see the cascade of Les Pelerins: a very interesting fall, to arrive at which we had a very romantic and interesting ride. Returned to the table d' hote to dinner. A young man, attended by six guides, at an expense of fifty frs. each, began the ascent of Mont Blanc to-day.

7th and 8th. The weather wet and lowering; were only able to visit the Glacier des Boissons, the spar shops, and other smaller objects of local interest; the company at the table d' hote enlivening the dulness of the weather. On the evening of the 7th, the young man returned from the excursion to Mont Blanc, having only accomplished one third of the journey.

9th. The weather not appearing determinately settled, we declined our proposed excursion to ascend Mont Blanc, and concluded to pro-

ceed by the Tête Noire and the Valley of Valers, into Martigny. This is a most sublime mountain pass, and can be accomplished only on mules or on foot; it combines all the wonders of Alpine scenery,—hills crowned with towering pines, rocks rearing their bare heads to the clouds, mountains whose summits are crowned with everlasting snows, and whose bare sides are adorned with a perpetual succession of waterfalls, present themselves by turns to the astonished eye; while through the vale below, the rapid Trient roars and foams. We saw three fine cataracts in the course of this day's ride, and after taking a slight refreshment at a rude auberge, at a village called after the name of the said river "Trient," arrived at our place of destination about six o'clock. The latter part of the ride over the Fordaz very interesting, and furnishing magnificent prospects over the Upper Valais, as far as Sion, and then inundated by an overflowing of the Rhone.

GREAT ST. BERNARD.

10*th*. We engaged a new set of mules and guides, and ascended to the Convent of Great St. Bernard,—a fatiguing journey of eleven hours, all upon the ascent,—resting about half way, for an hour, at a small village called Lyddes, where there is a decent auberge. This day's journey was by the side of the Draunce, another rapid mountain torrent, and partly through the valley where, in 1818, the great inundation took place, which destroyed so large a part of the town of Martigny. Part of the way was very romantic, and winding amidst verdant hills; and towards the close of the day we rose beyond the reach of vegetation, and after passing for about ten minutes over a solid body of unmelted snow, arrived, at about five o'clock, at the Convent, where we were welcomed by the worthy brethren with much kindness and hospitality. The object of their residence in this bleak and barren spot is to promote the comfort of travellers, whose business may lead them over this part of the Alps, especially in winter time. We were soon shown to comfortable chambers, and, after refreshing ourselves, were accompanied by one of the canons to survey the environs of the Convent, which is situated in a hollow, surrounded by a bold range of Alpine crags, sprinkled with snow; while at its foot lies a still small lake, which, during their three months of summer, assumes a liquid form. Nothing can exceed the savage wildness of all *around*, except it be the comfort and kindness that reigns *within*, this highest human habitation on the Continent of

Europe. It seems there was, in Pagan times, a similar charitable institution to the present, when the hill was called Mono Jovis: and we were shown the foundation of the ancient heathen temple, and also many inscriptions of various dates, images of bronze, etc., etc., which have been dug up from amongst the foundations of this edifice as late as the last year. I was much pleased with the variety of curious wild flowers growing amidst these rude and snow-covered crags, and impressed with the thought that even in the wildest solitudes the kind hand of Providence provides some simple consolations for His creature man. The monks showed us particular kindness and hospitality, and at half-past six we sat down with them to a comfortable supper, which was rendered more acceptable to us by being mixed with much interesting conversation. We had it entirely to ourselves, except one English gentleman and his wife,—a Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge. I need hardly say that, at an elevation of between seven thousand and eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, we experienced all the severity of an English winter, and were extremely glad to gather round the cheerful fire. At half-past eight the worthy monks escorted us to our chambers, which we found comfortably furnished: that occupied by my friend J. H. and myself had several pictures of former priors and bishops, and on the mantel-piece, as usual, a crucifix. The night was rendered cheerful by the presence of the full moon, which threw its silver radiance over the bosom of the quiet lake and the snow-covered pinnacles of the surrounding crags.

11*th*. Rose in good time, and having breakfasted and taken another turn in this romantic sojourn, were shown the cemetery, where are placed the remains of the unfortunate travellers who have perished in the snow amidst these dreary solitudes. The severity of the climate prevents their being *either* interred or turning to corruption above ground, and they stand around the walls of the building in which they are placed,—a ghastly memento of mortality. We then visited the chapel, where there is a fine monument erected by Bonaparte to Gen. Dessaix, and having added, as usual, our donation to the benevolent designs of the institution, took our leave of our kind and friendly hosts, and began to descend the other side of the mountain, towards Piedmont; and after a delightful, but rather rapid, descent of about six hours, arrived safe at the city of Aosta, beautifully situated in a delightful valley, the very reverse of the barren scenes above,—the road abounding with chestnut

and almond trees, walnuts, and vines, the latter arranged on columns along the slopes of the mountains, in the most romantic forms. After dinner, saw the antiquities of the place, said to be, for Roman remains, the third city in Italy; consisting of a fine triumphal arch, dedicated to Augustus, and well preserved; a bridge, the remains of the Pretorian guard room, the amphitheatre, some curious mosaics, subterranean passages, etc., etc., and then returned to rest. Inn, the Eau de Valais: moderate.

12th. Again mounted our faithful mules, and proceeded through the delightful valley of Aosta to Courmayeur,—a ride for richness and variety of magnificence not to be exceeded. It occupied about eight hours, through verdant vallies, bounded on both sides by lofty hills and abrupt precipices, and ornamented at intervals by the remains of ancient Saracenic castles, while the river Dora, which joins the Po at Turin, ran murmuring at our feet. At the conclusion of our day's ride, were gratified with seeing the opposite Italian side of Mont Blanc, with all his abrupt precipices, presented occasionally to our view. We found a very comfortable reception at the inn of Courmayeur, and, at half-past eight, sat down, with about thirty others, to a genteel supper, and retired to rest in the hope of proceeding next day, on our return to Martigny, over the Col de Ferêt, the nearest pass across the Alpine range. Courmayeur is the seat of some celebrated sulphur baths.

13th. Rose at half-past three, and by four were on our mules; but had ascended not more than two miles before we were overtaken by so violent a shower of rain as, combined with the unfavourable appearances, determined us to return to our inn; which we had reason to think afterwards a wise decision, as so tremendous a storm of hail, rain, thunder, and lightning, came on in the evening as would, in so very elevated a region, have placed us in no small danger, had we proceeded. We therefore entertained ourselves with a quiet excursion in the Allée blanche, and in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc *(Col de Ferêt).*

14th. The morning proving fine, we succeeded in reaching the summit of the Col de Ferêt in about five hours, through winding steep tracts, known only to experienced guides, and in some places only passable on foot. In the course of our journey saw eight or ten fine glaciers, and from the summit enjoyed a most stupendous Alpine prospect; but had hardly descended many yards on the other side before we were enveloped in a thick brouillard, or fog, which prevented our seeing a single object on our way down. Two hours of painful descent on foot,

over rugged plains and patches of drifted snow, brought us to a miserable châlet, which, though extremely dirty, and having no window but the hole through which the smoke was emitted, was as acceptable a sight as in some situations would have been a *royal palace*. We assembled round the large fire of wood, and opening our bags, replaced our wet articles with dry ones, and partook very joyfully of the cold repast and wine we had brought with us; and much we wished, through the medium of some old Flemish master's pencil, we could have presented our group to the view of our distant friends. After our repast we again mounted our faithful mules, and the fog changing soon after to rain, had a very uncomfortable ride of four hours to St. Branchier; when, finding the rain grow yet heavier, we determined after much counsel and deliberation to remain; which we had good ground to believe was right, as though the town was small and the inn unpromising in appearance, yet we obtained a good supper, nice beds, and very civil usage.

15*th*. Started at seven, and came on to Martigny to breakfast, safe and well, though the roads had been dreadfully torn up; both days journey, by the torrents swollen from the storm of the thirteenth. At Martigny we rested at the "Swan" till twelve o'clock, and then hired a calèche for Geneva, to go by the Savoy side of the lake; and after a very interesting journey through St. Maurice, arrived at St. Gingoulph to sup and lodge,—a small village very beautifully situated on the borders of the lake of Geneva. How often have we wished our dear friends in England could have followed us in our various wanderings, and particularly to have seen us threading our mountain passes: Jeremiah first, with my crimson bag behind him, Frederic with his blue bag, I with my plaid cloak, and William bringing up the rear with our two faithful guides, Felix Pista and Benjamin Soudan!

16*th*. Left St. Gingoulph early, and came on to Evions to breakfast, which we partook of in an open gallery in an elevated part of the inn, commanding extensive views of the lake and the opposite shores. Reached Geneva very agreeably by about three o'clock, and before dinner finished and sent off a letter for England.

17*th*. Left Geneva for Lausanne, in the "William Tell" steamboat: an interesting journey, accomplished in six hours. Found the accommodations excellent. Passed the towns of Rolle, Nyon, Moiges, and enjoyed all the way very delightful views of the shores and the lake, and the fine background of the mountains of Savoy. Had our

luggage searched at the port, and then took a calèche to convey us to the town of Lausanne, where we found accommodation at the Faucon. In the evening ascended the Signal Hill, commanding all the charming scenery which is found in the environs of this town, much of which has been introduced into the Panorama of Lausanne, lately exhibited in London.

18th. Visited the cathedral, and discovered the exact spot where the Panorama exhibited in London was taken, also the hospital. After dinner, took a char to make an excursion about the environs of the town. First, a new maison de force, on a new and admirable principle,—the house of William Haldimand, situated very deliciously on the margin of the lake: the rooms pleasant and commodious; also that of Bordonnais, a great banker: the grounds very curiously laid out, in addition to their natural beauty of situation; and concluded the day by visiting the country house of our late ambassador, Stratford Canning, called La Chablìere, commanding very sweet views of the lake and of the mountains, which lie in the direction of Geneva. I insert in this place the following pleasing effusion, written by an anonymous author, after visiting a scene in Switzerland, which seems to have reference to that we have been for the last few days enjoying:—

Thou glorious scene! my wondering eye
  Has gazed on thee at last;
And by the proud reality
  Found fancy's dreams surpassed.

'Twas like the vision, which of old
  To the *saint seer* was given;
When the sky opened, and behold
  A throne was set in heaven.

For there the everlasting Alps
  To the deep azure soared,
And the sun on their snowy scalps
  A flood of glory poured.

A present Deity, that sun
  Above them seemed to blaze;
Too strong and bright to gaze upon,—
  Too glorious not to gaze.

Below, the bright lake far and wide
  Spreads like a crystal sea,
Whose deep calm waters seemed to glide
  Eternity, to thee.

Long, long, thou glorious scene, shalt thou
Within my memory dwell,—
More vivid and heart-gladdening *now*
Than when I marked thee well.

More vivid and heart-gladdening too
Than the wild dreams I nurst
Of thee and thine, ere on my view
Thy world of wonders burst.

For fancy's picture was a gleam,
Weak, faint, and shadowy;
And brief and passing as a dream
The gaze I bent on thee.

But *now*, thou art a thing enshrined
Within my inmost heart,—
A part and portion of my mind,
Which cannot thence depart.

Deep woes may whelm, long years may roll
Their course o'er me in vain;
But fixed for ever in my soul
Thy image shall remain.

19*th*. Left Lausanne in a voiture, and after an agreeable ride through a rich and variegated country, reached Orbe to breakfast, about twelve o'clock: had a very substantial repast, and a bottle of côterotie, of 1775. Reached Yverdun about three o'clock, and went immediately to the castle, and presented our letter of introduction to the venerable Pestalozzi, now in his eighty-first year: he condescended to give us an interview, and explained to us his system of instruction for youth, both personally and through his principal assistant. His character appears marked with great benevolence and piety; but of the accuracy and fitness of all his views, as far as they were made manifest to us, I have some doubts; yet, on the whole, we were satisfied with our visit, and glad to have seen a man who has devoted himself through a long life to the benefit of the rising generation. His institution did not appear to us to be in a flourishing condition. Yverdun is pleasantly situated at the head of the Lake of Neuchatel,—a fine sheet of water, nine leagues in length, but not equal in beauty to that of Geneva. We spent the remainder of the evening agreeably in traversing its shores and in perambulating the town.

20*th*. Left Yverdun at five, and passing through the village and by

the ancient castle of Grandson, reached St. Auban to breakfast; and after a very delicious ride to the margin of the lake, arrived at Neuchatel to dinner; previous to which visited the Cathedral Church, situated on an eminence, containing the tombs and figures of nine of the old earls of Neuchatel, which are curious; also the town hall, containing some fine chambers, and sundry good paintings of the kings of Prussia, to whose domain this canton is annexed; and the hospital mentioned by Griscou, built and endowed by the liberality of Portalis, a rich citizen of Neuchatel. The town is clean and handsome, and some of the country houses in its environs delicious; the views obtained from which, as well as from the long public promenade over the lake, and the grand range of Oberland Alps, are truly magnificent, when the weather is clear and unclouded. Arrived in the evening at Cerlier—a small village romantically situated on the Lake of Bienne,—and before tea took a short excursion across the Lake of Nieuville, and returned.

21st. Took a boat for the Island of St. Pierre, beautifully situated in the centre of the lake, about a league in circumference, and containing about two hundred acres of land, disposed in vineyards, cornfields, orchards, etc. The farm house is celebrated as having been the residence of that arch renegado, J. J. Rousseau; but like that of Voltaire at Ferney, did not on that ground excite any pleasing emotions in my mind: the visit to the Island was, however, on the whole very interesting. Rejoined our carriage about eleven, and proceeded through a fine country to Arbirg, a town where the German language is spoken, and thence to Berne, over a very lofty hill, from the summit of which we obtained a fine prospect, embracing the two lakes we had left.

This capital of the country looked very pleasant as we entered it. The streets are fine, and standing on a hill, it commands a noble view of the surrounding country, the mountains covered with perpetual snows in the background, as well as the river Aar, which washes it nearly all round. Thus we move on from day to day, and enjoying at every turn new varieties. How great our transition from the morning excursion to the sweet, secluded, and very beautiful island of St. Pierre, to the wide streets, continuity of arcades, fountains, public buildings, and stone houses of this elegant little metropolis: hotel de la Couronne.

22nd. The morning and evening wet; spent an hour in our chamber in reading and retirement; Frederic and myself took a pleasant walk on the ramparts. In the afternoon dropped into the cathedral

when the company was assembling for service, which we stopped and witnessed; and though it was performed in the German language, and consequently *to us* in an unknown tongue, we felt that a solemnity accompanied it, and that a decency and decorum marked the proceedings.

23rd. Drove over to Hoffwyth, the residence of Professor Fullenburg, and the site of his grand seminary for the instruction of youth; and were introduced to his friendly notice and regard by a letter from that enlightened and intelligent philanthropist, our friend William Allen. He received us with much politeness and urbanity, and gave us free permission to inspect the schools, both of the upper and lower classes, the farm, the cattle stalls, the rooms for farming implements, and all the varied details of this interesting institution. We had two agreeable interviews with their illustrious proprietor, who, with his family, appear to be very much devoted to the instruction of youth, and to have at heart the improvement of the rising generation. The particulars of this valuable seminary, as well as that of Pestalozzi before referred to, have been so ably and so interestingly explained by our Friend John Griscou, in his ingenious book, "A Year in Europe," that I shall not attempt to repeat them here. Previous to entering on this delightful service, we took breakfast at the little rural inn at Buchsu, recommended also by Griscou, and found his observation on its cleanliness and moderation realized. With some reluctance we returned to Berne to dinner, and in the evening dropped down to Thun to lodge, which place we did not reach till after dark, and the inn being full, were obliged to lodge in beds at private houses in the town, procured for us by the innkeeper.

24th. Reserving an inspection of the town of Thun till our return, we united ourselves this morning to some gentleman we had formed acquaintance with at Geneva, and after breakfast took a boat from Thun to Newhaus; the morning being rather unfavourable, with rain at intervals, prevented our enjoying in full extent the glorious objects visible from this delightful lake. At Newhaus, char-a-bancs and cars are in waiting to convey travellers to the village of Interlaken, a delightful and sequestered retreat, particularly for invalids (for whom there are houses which afford accommodation); and though this valley is nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the air is so soft and mild that the meadows are said to be enamelled with flowers in the month of February. This village is screened from the north by mountains, with fine hanging wood; and situated between two lakes abounding with

exquisite beauties, especially invites travellers to a short residence, as a centre from which excursions may be made to some peculiarly interesting parts of the Alps. Just previous to reaching the quiet inn at Interlaken, our carriage was overturned by the indiscreet zeal of the driver to effect our arrival first at the inn door; but being thrown out on the grass, we were favoured to escape with little injury, for which (our distance from surgical aid considered) we had reason to be thankful. The weather proving very wet, we were glad to retire early to rest this evening.

25th. Finding the weather too unsettled to make a passage over the mountains expedient, we joined a little party of our countrymen in an excursion on the lake of Brienz, as far as the celebrated cascade of the Gūsbach, which, from the recent rains, we saw in all its glory. The whole fall, though broken into various divisions, is 750 feet; the sides clothed with delightful verdure and towering trees. In one part the sublime descent of the water is seen from a rustic bridge in front, harmonizing well with the scene; in another part you pass by a rude gallery in the rocks, under the very fall itself, while the whole foaming torrent passes over your head.

From a little hospice, the residence of a peasant and boatman, you have from one window a grand view of the cataract and its accompaniments; from another the delicious lake of Brienz, with its well wooded and delightful shores. To crown the magic of the scene, the children of the boatman sang, for the amusement of the spectators, their simple and "native wood-notes wild," after a peculiar and guttural manner, which seems to unite both vocal and instrumental music; while the boatman himself, from a long horn, produces a rude and sullen sound, which is reverberated by the distant hills. After two hours spent here, we crossed the lake to the town of Brienz, and at the Croix Blanc found excellent accommodation; and having refreshed ourselves, and again heard the rural notes, we returned in the same order to Interlaken, to lodge.

26th. The morning being more promising, came on in a char to Lauterbrunnen. Soon after quitting the village of Interlaken, saw in a romantic situation, the ruins of the castle of Unspunnen, celebrated in Swiss story. At the distance of two leagues, the valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald branch off to right and left, at the village of Zweylüchinen, where is the junction of the two torrents flowing from them: the Black Lütchen, running from the glaciers of Grindelwald; and the White Lütchen, in its way down from the Tchingel Glacier, re-

ceiving the magnificent fall of the Staubach, and the other cascades of the valley of Lauterbrunnen. These two valleys are green defiles between lofty barriers of wooded mountains, or inaccessible crags of rude limestone, whose bold and precipitous forms facing each other, might be supposed to have been cleft by some convulsion; while the mountain torrent roaring between, and occasionally tumbling in fine cascades over huge stones, adds to the interest of the scene. At the village of Lauterbroun (so called from the abundance of its waters) we found a good inn, and having enjoyed a good breakfast, determined to devote the rest of the day to the inspection of the wonders of the remaining part of the valley. These may be concluded to be numerous, when I include amongst them fourteen fine and interesting waterfalls. First and foremost must be mentioned the celebrated Staubach, shooting from a butting rock, nine hundred feet in height, in one sheet of fine and feathery foam. This may be seen from the windows of the village inn. From the quantity of rain recently fallen, the Staubach presented an object of greater beauty and magnificence than we were prepared, by some descriptions, to expect; yet we can easily conceive that in dry seasons it may, by its insignificance, disappoint the expectations of the traveller, or appear at best like a thin waving sheet, floating gracefully, the sport of the winds. In the severest cold of winter we are told the fine drops of the cascade freeze in their descent, and scatter, with a violent noise, a shower of hail, announcing the approaching coagulation of the whole torrent, which soon assumes the form of an enormous icicle, suspended from the rock. The mass increases, till drawn down by its own weight, it falls on the heaps of ice below, with a sound scarcely equalled by the thunder and the avalanches. Several other waterfalls that we visited in the course of our day's progress appeared yet more imposing than the Staubach, as notwithstanding their descent was more broken, the body of water generally was greater. The further end of the Valley of Lauterbroun is closed by the glaciers and snowy summits of the Breithorn, whose white peaks show finely between two mountains of darker shading. After an hour's fatiguing ascent on foot, over morasses, and through the wet pathways of mountain torrents, we obtained a fine view of the Fall of the Smadribach, which issues from the glaciers of this mountain, and tumbles down the abrupt precipices in a grand succession of magnificent cascades. It may be easily imagined, after a long day thus pleasantly occupied, we did full justice

to a comfortable supper, spread out for us on our return to our pleasant inn at Lauterbroun.

27th. This morning a gallant party of us, consisting of four Germans, two interesting young Poles, Captains Brazier and Crawford, officers of the English Navy; Captain Cumming, an East India Captain; an Oxford Fellow, and ourselves, began the steep ascent of the Wengern Alps, all on foot, except my friend J. H. and myself, who rode our mules, occasionally accompanied by two active guides and a muleteer. We had, as we ascended, a fine view of the Vale of Lauterbroun and its cascades; but, to our inexpressible mortification, after an hour and half's ascent, entered into a cloud of brouillard, which threatened to mar all further prospect, and did so for about half an hour, when we gradually rose above it, to the most sublime and glorious view I ever beheld. A grand amphitheatre of mountains reared their awful heads into the sky, glittering in the sun with all the pure whiteness of new fallen snow; while below us, spreading over the valley, lay the mighty mass of clouds through which we had passed, like a sea of vapour. Another hour brought us to a chalet, used for rest and refreshment to the traveller, situated just at the foot of the mighty Jungfrau, or Virgin Mountain, upwards of twelve thousand feet in height. Here we stayed an hour, during which we saw several avalanches descend from the snowy peaks above us, and roll thundering down the mountain, and breaking as they fell into pieces so minute as to resemble the light spray of the waterfall. On descending into the village of Grindelwald, the valley opens to the right and left, adorned with pasture, cottages, and fruit trees. On the right of the valley three steep mountains present themselves. The Mettinberg is one stupendous precipice of rock: beyond it rises the Wetterhorn, or Peak of Storms, whose magnificent summits, mostly enveloped in clouds, we were favoured to see in naked majesty; and on this side of the Mettinberg are the Eighers: their awful summits covered with everlasting snows. We reached Grindelwald to a late dinner: it is situated in a beautiful and populous vale, full of chaumieres and chalets, from one end to the other, and supposed to contain about twenty thousand inhabitants. Inn, "The Ours."

28th. All our party, about nine in number, on the move at half-past five o'clock, to cross the Schiedeck, another grand mountain pass, that lies between Grindelwald and Meyringen. The road commences among pastures, cottages, and rural scenery. On the right the

greater and lesser glaciers of Grindelwald attracted our attention, and are eminently beautiful specimens of this singular portion of the great economy of nature; while behind them the Mettinberg, the Wetterhorn, and the Eigher lifted their majestic white crags into the clear blue sky, so as to leave us in doubt whether we had ever obtained a *near view*, even of Mont Blanc himself, so impressive as that of these very steep rocky mountains. The Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, was once transiently surveyed by us through one of the openings. After resting at a chaumière about half way, we began our descent into the Vale of Hasli, in which Meyringen stands,—a sublime and interesting journey, and rendered doubly so by the very beautiful and romantic falls of the Reichenbach, which we turned a little out of our way to see, but which well repay the traveller's pains. We are first conducted to the upper fall, of considerable height, which tumbles perpendicularly into a grand basin, and is surveyed from the windows of a commodious apartment constructed for the purpose: on quitting which a pleasant and interesting German lad accosted us, and by the persuasive argument of "O der wasserfall," induced us to follow his direction till we had seen the whole grand succession of cascades. As a whole this fall can compare with most in Switzerland for beauty and variety. An evening of sweet and charming serenity brought us to our comfortable inn, "The Sauvage," where we dined; and after dinner went out again to perambulate the town, and see the Fall of the Alphabach,—a noble cascade, not far from, and visible from, the windows of our inn.

First-Day, 29th. Spent the morning quietly at our pleasant inn: read and wrote, and then took a little char of the country, and drove through the valley to Brienz, surveying in the course of our little journey, three or four new cascades. After refreshing ourselves, and resting in the garden of an honest peasant, with whom for want of knowledge of German we were unable to converse, returned to Meyringen to dinner, where we were joined by most of our little company, and some others.

30th. Left Meyringen, with our company of nine persons, and winding through the Valley of Hasli, came to the *Gorge Obscure*, a tremendous chasm, looking down from which we saw five hundred feet beneath us, the river Aar quietly pursuing its way: a very interesting object. Quitting this, we continued our route through the quiet and pastoral vale, bounded by verdant mountains, adorned with elegant

trees; but by degrees bade adieu to vegetation, and passed through a defile encompassed with precipitous and lofty crags, of the most sterile and desolate aspect. Never can we forget the sublime grandeur of this day's excursion, of which it is impossible to offer an adequate conception. The great falls of the Aar at Handick, which we next reached, powerfully attracted our attention; and whether viewed from above or below, they form an object calculated to strike the beholder with wonder, admiration, and delight. The river falls in a double stream through a narrow rocky defile, and in height from 120 to 150 feet. But we had hardly time to admire one interesting object, before another presented itself to our view:—

"Some lovelier wonder soon usurped its place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last."

We reached a little hospice called the Spital, built by the Government of Berne, for the accommodation of travellers crossing these dreary regions, and which is situated about one hour from the summit of the Grimsel, to a late dinner; and having sent one of our guides on to secure us beds, were as well accommodated as we could expect to be at an altitude of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. But a scene of more awful and desolate grandeur, cannot well be imagined. Like the hospice of Great St. Bernard, a small lake is found near this elevated dwelling, on the margin of which, in a small pasture, the herds were grazing; while the numerous troops of goats tripping from rock to rock, gave a *partial* animation to the scene. Our company, swelled by the arrival of many more strangers, filled the homely salon of the inn; and many of them, unable to obtain a chamber, were glad to find a corner of it to sleep in for the night.

31*st*. Ascended the remainder of the Grimsel for about an hour, winding amongst the rocks by a rude mountain staircase. When arrived at the summit, found our company had separated from us, and taken a wrong road; but by shouting and hallooing their attention was arrested, and after about half an hour's delay, we were again assembled together. A sharp descent over several large plains of unmelted snow, brought us in view of the magnificent glacier of the Rhone, whence that celebrated river takes its rise; and this glacier is the largest and the most striking object of the sort we have visited. The pinnacles of ice standing up to a very considerable elevation, and exhibiting a variety of fantastic forms, as towers, castles, cathedrals, glittering in the bright beams of a meridian

sun, had a very grand effect. Our road now lay over the sides of another lofty mountain (the Furca), near the summit of which we stopped to rest on a patch of green grass; and here we took our meal, surrounded by all the sublime objects of nature, amongst which the distant summits of the Finsterar-horn and the Lutera-horn were proudly prominent. Another long descent brought us to the Capuchin Convent at Realp, situated in the Valley of Urseren, where we were refreshed with some good Italian wine of rather a sweet character, and arrived to dinner at Hospital, a small village in the same valley. At this place commences the ascent of the great pass into Italy by Mount St. Gothard; but having a view to enter that country by the Simplon, we determined not to encounter the fatigue of an ascent *here*, merely to come down again.

9th mo., 1st. Rose well refreshed and satisfied with our reception at the comfortable inn of the Lion D'Or, and being again joined by our Polish friends, set off about eight o'clock on foot for Andermatt, the last village in the Vale of Urseren; soon after which we passed through a gallery 200 feet in length, cut through the solid rock, which was presently succeeded by the celebrated Devil's Bridge, which crosses at this spot the River Reuss, by one arch of considerable span. The river falls both above and below the bridge, and forms a most romantic cataract through rocks of the very rudest character, and surrounded by scenery, the wildness of which is in admirable harmony therewith. Descending gently by a magnificent road formed by the Swiss Cantons to faciliate the passage into Italy by St. Gothard, the country gently fertilizing as we descended, and the awful pine-covered rocks giving place to soft and smiling pastoral valleys, we reached Altorf in about seven hours, passing through the romantically placed town of Wasen, and resting awhile at the retired village inn at Amsteg. The road I have alluded to is the work of the same artist who contrived the sublime pass of the Simplon, and is one of great beauty and utility, and reflects the greatest credit on the Canton, at whose expense it has been completed. Perhaps a ride of greater beauty and variety can hardly be conceived, than that the delighted traveller enjoys while passing over it from Andermatt to Altorf. This latter town, placed in a lovely and fertile valley, bounded by lofty mountains, was the scene of the celebrated exploit of William Tell, when he shot the apple from the head of his son; and a tower now marks the spot where the event took place. But the town is principally modern, having been almost entirely destroyed by fire during the invasion by the

French in 1799. The view of the mountains over Altorf, is full of rugged magnificence.

2nd. After breakfast, walked down to Flûellen, a small village on the margin of the Lake of Lucerne, or Vier Waldstatter-See, where we took a boat for ourselves and our mules, the young Poles being still in our company. Landed first at William Tell's chapel, erected on the site of another interesting event in the life of that interesting patriot. Saw, as we passed along, the house of the Swiss confederation at Rutli. Landed and dined at the pleasant, comfortable, and moderate inn at Gersau, in the Canton of Schwitz; and while dinner was preparing, visited the church, which is a simple, elegant, and pleasant structure, and not wanting in becoming decorations. After dinner, resumed our boat as far as Fisnau, and there disembarking ourselves and our mules, began the ascent of the Rhigi, which is accomplished in three and a half hours; and found near the summit of this justly celebrated mountain, a decent shelter for the night at an inn called by the name of the Rhigi Staffel. Our feelings were much interested by the way, in beholding the lifeless remains of a poor labourer, who in blasting the rocks for the formation of a new road, was by the concussion precipitated over the precipice, and killed in the fall. "Even in life we are in death," was the affecting memento on this occasion. May we be duly sensible of the unmerited mercies we daily receive from the Almighty in our progress through this interesting country, where without His protecting providence, a *single false step*, either of our own or of our faithful mules, might precipitate us into eternity. "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" I rode entirely up the Rhigi, my dear friends ascended it on foot.

3rd. Rose soon after four, after a restless and uncomfortable night, in the hopes of obtaining, with the rising sun, a view of the grand range of Oberland Alps, and of the fourteen lakes said to be visible from the summit of the Rhigi; in which however we were disappointed in consequence of the fog, or brouillard, which hovered round the mountain, a circumstance to which these elevated regions are very subject; and after waiting as long as we prudently could without fully accomplishing our object, we took leave of our young Polish friends, and descending the mountain by the Capuchin Convent, and by the way of Goldau, saw the wreck occasioned by the fall of the Rossberg, in 1806, when a whole village was buried in an instant beneath a torrent of descending rocks,

and the spot exhibits to this hour a scene of terrific and awful desolation. "This affecting event," says an ingenious traveller, "took place after a very snowy winter, and a rainy July and August. In the beginning of September a crackling noise was heard in the mountain, and other remarkable circumstances were observed. In the evening of the same day enormous strata, a thousand feet wide, a hundred deep, and near a league in length, rushed with the noise of thunder on the valleys of Goldau and Brousinghen." "In five minutes," says Ebel, "this neighbourhood, so charming and so fertile, was converted into a frightful desert, the two vallies were covered, for the space of a square league, with a chaos of hills from one hundred to two hundred feet high, five villages were buried beneath the ruins, the western part of the lake of Lowertz was filled up; and the inhabitants of these vallies, so interesting for the beauty of their figure, their energy, their activity, and their frugality, were either crushed under the ruins of the mountain, or reduced to the most dreadful misery. Four hundred and thirty-three individuals perished, all inhabitants of the valley, besides sixteen persons from the canton of Schwitz, and eight travellers from those of Berne and Argovia." Passing the remains of the lake of Lowertz, still a very pleasing and interesting sheet of water, we rode through a rich, well-planted, and highly-cultivated vale, to the town of Schwitz, the capital of the canton of that name, and were well received at "the Cerf," pronounced by Matthews to be a perfect inn; and if entire cleanliness, genuine civility, good fare and lodging, combined with moderate charges, can constitute perfection, the Cerf may lay claim to this praise. The town of Schwitz does not possess any very striking feature, except the church, which is a large and elegant structure, and well worthy the observation of the passing traveller. It is, however, a neat and decent place, well situated on a gentle and charming slope, which inclines towards the lake of Lucerne, and is backed by the sharp and rugged heights of the Mythen, of all which and the other contiguous mountains, it commands a romantic and delightful view. Schwitz is well situated for resting and making excursions.

4th. After breakfast, indulging ourselves with a calèche, came on to Eeinsedlin to dinner: the road for the most part very hilly, and took us two hours and a half of incessant mounting. This town, commonly called "Notre Dame des Hermites," contains a large convent of monks of the Benedictine order, which is much resorted to by the inhabitants of Catholic Switzerland, on account of a large black image of

the Virgin, a great object of veneration with them, and which stands in a rich shrine in the church, adorned with crowns and jewels, and as fine as gold and silver, satin, velvet, and tinsel can make her: a counterpart of her who at Loretto dwells in wax, stone, wood, and in a fair, white wig looks wondrous fine.

The appearance of the church and convent, though modern, is imposing. The former has two elevated towers; the interior, though in bad taste, is gorgeously ornamented with painting and gilding on the ceiling, with larger figures of angels and cherubs placed aloft; the whole calculated to strike with astonishment the poor ignorant pilgrims who flock thither from different parts of Switzerland, from Germany and Alsace. We met many in the road, most of them of the lower order of worshippers; and numbers were seen in the church, and before the different shrines, gabbling prayers or counting their beads, some kneeling, some sitting, and some standing, in the various costumes of the different countries. Round the principal altar the skeletons of sundry saints, apparelled in velvet and gold and other glittering array, lay in glass cases, like stuffed animals in a museum. And to see and venerate all this, we were assured that many thousands of pilgrims resort annually; and although out of one hundred and sixty houses, eighty-four are inns, yet the resort is at certain seasons so great, that these are quite insufficient for their accommodation. Fifteen thousand have been known to arrive in one day, and oftentimes these poor creatures are content to travel for days on bread and water, that they may present a portion of their hard-earned savings at the shrine of this idol. We could not but feel a degree of concern that such numbers of ignorant persons should thus be dupes of their own credulity, and the cupidity of a designing priesthood, who profit largely by this delusion. I say *designing;* for it is too great a stretch of charity to think they can themselves be sincere believers in mummeries so revolting to common sense. How affecting the consideration that thousands of our fellow creatures, professing the Christian name, should thus be forsaking the Fountain of living waters, set open for sin and uncleanness, and be hewing out for themselves broken sisterns that will hold no water; and how grateful the inhabitants of our favoured land ought to be for the blessing of the Reformation, which has opened to the eyes of the common people that inestimable gift, the Bible, which is able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus. A fine mountain descent, enlivened by delicious prospects, wherein—

"Lake and mountain, dome and farm,
Each gave each a double charm,"

brought us to Rapperschuwll, a town in the Catholic canton of St. Gall, situated on the Lake of Zurich; previous to entering which we crossed a narrow arm of the lake, by a celebrated bridge, eighteen hundred feet in length, formed of planks, which are all loose, and having no rails on either side: being thus left unfastened, that they may yield to the violence of the storm, and spare the framework that supports them. Drove through the ancient town, and found on the other side of it, and outside the walls, a comfortable asylum at the *Paon*.

5*th*. Went out before breakfast, to obtain a view of the fine prospect from the walls of the castle, which is an imposing object, and from whence, as well as from the public promenade, your eye glances over the noble lake and the villages and towns which adorn its banks. In our way encountered a grand religious procession, wherein were displayed a tawdry image of the virgin in full costume, and the skeleton of a patron saint, seated in an arm chair, borne on men's shoulders, arrayed in scarlet and gold tinsel, attended by all the inhabitants of Rapperschwyll, male and female,—a disgusting mummery: from which we retired, with a feeling of additional comfort, to dedicate a portion of the day to our quiet religious retirement, and to present our tribute of humble gratitude to *Him* who, at this great distance from our homes, our native country, and our beloved connections, has condescended to infuse so great a portion of comfort into our cups. In the afternoon, drove down to Zurich, by the fine margin of the lake, and reached that town in time for a late dinner.

6*th*. After breakfast, visited the Cathedral,—a plain, handsome building, dedicated to the reformed service; the Asylum for the Blind, and the School Hospital for the indigent poor,—both very interesting, valuable, and well-conducted institutions. The man who showed us over the latter appeared both pleased and surprised that we were disposed to devote a part of our time to the inspection of it. Saw also the monument erected to the poet Gessner, who was a native of this town. Made also an agreeable visit to a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gessner, a relation of the poet, and a friend of Dr. Steinkoff. We found him an interesting and valuable character, and had some conversation with him, in the course of which he showed us a portrait of the celebrated Lavater, whose daughter he had married. Zurich is

also the seat of a Bible Society, at the head of which is the celebrated Antistis Hiss, who is now about eighty-five years of age, and the Father of the Zurich clergy. Left this town after an early dinner, and passing the Albis, a mountain of some eminence, descended towards the valley and town of Zug, the capital of the little canton of that name. We were late, and the moon being at the full, and the evening delightfully calm and serene, had a most delicious ride along a road bordered with noble trees, to this peaceful and quiet, but somewhat antiquated town. Found "The Cerf" a good inn, and the waiter speaks English,—a very uncommon circumstance in Switzerland. Thus we pass on from day to day, delighted at every turn with fresh and interesting objects—

> "Ever pleasing, ever new,
> When will the landscape tire the view!"

And to be thus favoured in our peregrinations with health of body and peace of mind, enabling us to enjoy the various changes as they arrive, is an unspeakable favour, and calls for our warmest gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. May our hearts be animated with the prospect, and filled with ardent desires for the possession of that better country which is subject to no changes, where joy suffers no interruption, where the Sun of Righteousness shines in unclouded majesty, and where rivers of pleasure and fountains of unmixed and inexpressible delight flow for ever from out of the paradise of God!

7th. Rose early, and embarking on the Lake of Zug while our horses went round the margin of the lake: were safely landed, after a pleasant voyage, at the village of Meusee; from whence a nice walk of about twenty minutes brought us to the agreeable inn, "L'Aigle D'Or," at Kusnatcht; stopping awhile at a chapel erected on another of the spots immortalized by one of the patriotic acts of the illustrious Tell. Here we breakfasted, with our windows open to this fine angle of the Lake of Lucerne, backed by the towering summits of Mount Pilatus; and then determined, the weather being fine and clear, to reascend our old friend the Rhigi, which we accomplished in about two hours and a-half; and having obtained a glorious view of the snowy range of mountains, and eleven out of the fourteen lakes, and visited the two inns, "The Rhigi Staffel" and "The Rhigi Rulan," returned back to Rusnatch to dinner. The afternoon ride being much exposed to the piercing rays of the declining sun, was, *at times*, intolerably hot

and scorching, and rendered a shelter in the comfortable "L'Aigle D'Or" particularly acceptable. After partaking of a good dinner, made doubly welcome by fatigue, we embarked on the lake, and the moon rising in unclouded majesty, every object along the banks of this charming sheet of water was seen to peculiar advantage; and this was particularly observable as we approached the venerable bridges and castellated turrets which environ the ancient and respectable town of Lucerne, where, disembarking at the water gates, after the usual formalities had been gone through, we were permitted to take up our peaceful abode *again* at "The L'Aigle D'Or:" a good inn, with handsome accommodation.

8th. After breakfast, sallied out to view the town; very finely placed at one end of the Lake of Lucerne, or Four Cantons, and found it very dull: the shops being shut up, and business suspended, by reason of a great Catholic fête. We however visited the bridges, which are very ancient, covered over with a wooden roofing; the insides of which are painted with historical representations from the Old and New Testaments and the legends of the saints. One of them, which is one thousand feet long, and conducts from the town to the cathedral, gives some grand views of the lake and its surrounding scenery. Afterwards we visited "The Hotel de Ville," containing a series of portraits of the ancient Governors. The arsenal, besides well-arranged piles of modern arms, has some curious specimens of ancient armour, and weapons taken from the enemies of the Republic at Morat, Grandson, Sempach, and other celebrated battles; and concluded by inspecting the famous model of the Four Cantons, constructed by the late General Pfiffer,—a very interesting object, and we may presume, from the known persevering spirit of the author, of indubitable accuracy. After enjoying a comfortable dinner, concluded the day by a walk in the gardens of a gentleman at a short distance from the town, commanding delicious views of the lake, the town, and the neighbouring mountains; amongst which the towering summits of Mount Pilatus and the Rhigi rose proudly preeminent: and on our return inspected the noble monument planned by the celebrated Thorwaldsen, and cut out of the solid rock, dedicated to the memory of those brave and faithful Swiss Guards who were massacred at Versailles, while defending their Royal Master, Louis XVI., in 1792. The principal object is a colossal lion, with an appropriate inscription; but the character of the surrounding scenery accords so admirably with the splendour of the design,

that one must be deficient indeed, both in taste and feeling, to pass unmoved this testimony of the Swiss to the virtue of their illustrious countrymen; who, whatever may be the merits of the great political question which then convulsed unhappy France, gave proofs that they counted not even their lives dear when called to surrender them in the discharge of their duty. Does not this and other heroic achievements of a similar nature, reproach our languid performance of Christian duties, even when called for by Him who is superior to every earthly monarch; from whom we have received life and breath and being, and to whom we are indebted also for the sacred gift of redemption?

9th. Quitted Lucerne in a boat, having sent our mules and servants round to Alpnach by land, where we soon joined them. The weather lowering, and the heavy clouds resting on the summits of the mountains, gave indication of approaching rain, which overtook us on our arrival at the "Cheval Blanc," where we breakfasted; after which, the weather clearing up a little, we were tempted to continue our route towards Lungern, where we hoped to have passed the night. But the rain descending again very heavily, we were compelled to take shelter at "The Keys" at Sarnen, where, notwithstanding the warning we had received from other quarters to *avoid* this inn, we found a cordial reception; and the clouds continuing to empty themselves in torrents, we were happy to find ourselves with the shelter of a good house over our heads, and refreshed by a comfortable dinner. Towards evening, the rain abating, we sallied out to survey the interesting neighbourhood of this peaceful village, which has been rendered familiar to many an English eye by the ingenious author of the Diorama exhibited in the Regent's Park, London. The village, the lake, the hills clothed with verdure, and the snowy mountains, with a little embellishment (the painter's as well as the poet's license), are fairly and faithfully depicted. While my companions were endeavouring by various devices to mitigate the monotonous feeling of a dull afternoon at Sarnen, I inscribed in the traveller's book the following *versified* account of our adventures, which we left as a legacy to other travellers, who might, like ourselves, be locked up by the elements at "The Keys," and compelled to seek their resources from surrounding objects:—

Four English travellers, bold and free,
One morning crossed "the *Alpnach See*"
From Lucern's gentle town, where they
Had blithely passed the previous day.

The lowering clouds and threat'ning sky
Indeed bespoke a tempest nigh;
But a brave breakfast, stout and hearty,
At "Cheval Blanc," so cheered the party,
That spite of omens they set out,
On mulets two, and two on foot.
But rain in torrents fast descending,
And prospects marred past hopes of mending,
Made Sarnen's "Keys" a welcome sign
To dry their rags, and then to dine.
Mine host received with courteous air
His dripping guests, and liberal fare
Gave them of soup, and fish, and mutton,
Enough to please the veriest glutton.
Some make him out a hearty fellow,
Perhaps at times a little mellow;
But we of him would testify,
Besides the luxuries of his table,
He did, with much civility,
Our trousers, shoes, and hosen dry,
And made us all right comfortable.

For *travellers* to be thus "*pitch-kettled*"
By winds and rains, is far from cheering;
And we at first were rather nettled,
Thus to be stopt in our careering.

But patience always can supply
Fresh prospects, if her lens we borrow:
We'll hope a full indemnity
At Lungern's lovely lake to-morrow.

10*th*. A fine morning, and our company moving early, accompanied by a young Dutchman, who like ourselves, had been compelled to seek shelter at the inn at Sarnen. The road ran along the whole length of the lake bearing that name, supplying very interesting views of this lovely sheet of water; soon after which, winding through a gentle mountain pass, we arrived at the Lake of Lungern,—a sweet sequestered spot bounded by lofty mountains, and combining pastoral beauty with rude and magnificent scenery. Here we found a quiet inn, where we breakfasted, enjoying delightful views of the surrounding objects; and united our Dutch friend to another gentleman we had accidentally encountered in our morning's ride, who had similar views with himself, and the latter, from whom we afterwards received many friendly marks of attention,

proved to be the respectable Warden of Dulwich College. Afterwards we began the ascent of the sublime solitudes of the Brunig, a pass which in many respects may bear comparison with any in Switzerland, combining a wondrous variety of interesting objects. The descent again into the Vale of Meyringen, is surprisingly beautiful, embracing every imaginable charm that the face of nature can present to the enraptured eye: pastoral vales, rude and snow-covered mountains softly sloping down into beauty and verdure, waterfalls in succession, a lovely lake, villages and cottages,—and all enlivened by the busy hum of men, and the pursuits of useful and active industry. *Well* may we exclaim with the elegant and enlightened author of the "Minstrel," while surveying scenes which are however but faint copies of those I have been describing; and *better* would it be for us, if in such a contemplation our hearts could rise, as his appeared to do, above the entangling things of *time*, and the grosser objects of sense:—

"Oh, nature, how in every charm supreme,
Whose votaries feast on glories ever new,—
Oh, for the fire and voice of Seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrhas' maze and Epicurus' sty,
To hold high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptured heart and ear and eye
Speak beauty, virtue, truth and love, and melody."

The course of our journey brought us again to our favourite "Croix Blanc" at Brienz, where we rested for the third time; and having dined, once more took boat for Interlaken, where we arrived by bright moonlight. The sweet Vale of Interlaken, its quiet inn, the mountains adjacent, backed by the white summits of the magnificent Jung-frau, having a sublime effect by its silvery light. On retiring to our chambers, sat awhile before going to rest, contemplating the glorious assemblage of objects with which we were surrounded. "Interlaken is," as Matthews well says, "a charming village, situated in a retired and romantic spot, combining all that painters love to delineate, and poets to describe. The view from the hill behind the village, commanding the lakes of Thun and Brienz, is superb."

11*th*. Left Interlaken at six o'clock, the rising sun glittering on the snowy summits of the mighty Jung-frau; and again taking boat at

Newhaus, had a charming row down the lake to Thun. The mountains visible in all their splendour, particularly the white and lowering eminences of the "Blumlis Alp," which were pre-eminently conspicuous. A stanza of Lord Byron so admirably alludes to *scenes* of this description, that however *often* quoted, I cannot omit to insert it here:—

"But these recede: above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned *eternity* in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow;
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

Having obtained at the inn at Thun a comfortable breakfast, we sallied out to survey the beauties of the surrounding scenery from the churchyard and the elevated battlements of the ancient castle, both of which are situated on commanding eminences overlooking the lake, the river Aar, the town and adjacent country, rich in pastoral beauty, and having all the appearance of rural plenty; after which, finding the common passage-boat for Berne was about setting out, we engaged ourselves places in it, and were thus, by the rapid current of the Aar, transported about seven leagues in two-and-a-half hours, through a variety of interesting scenery, which derived an additional charm from the novelty of our situation: for our boat, which was both large and broad, was stowed thick with market people from the different villages, hastening to the market at Berne with fruits, vegetables, and poultry for sale; and as, notwithstanding the swiftness of its current, the river Aar has a perpetual succession of "shoals and rapids," it required all the dexterity of the boatmen to keep the vessel in trim, so as neither "to run aground," on the one hand, nor on the other to be swamped in the rapid vortexes which often succeeded. This voyage cost us about sixpence (English) each, and we landed at the tower of Berne, just above the weir, and at the base of the cathedral church, having to ascend to our inn in the upper town by a long flight of stairs. Again at the Hotel de la Couronne, where we dined at the table d'hote, with a company entirely different from that we had left when we quitted Berne a few days before: an apt emblem of the movable and shifting scene of life!

12th. A quiet morning at home. In the afternoon drove down to Morat to dine: a neat town of some antiquity, agreeably situated on a pleasing lake of the same name, and celebrated for a desperate battle fought in its neighbourhood between the Swiss and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, which terminated in favour of the former. The invading army was almost annihilated; the bones of the vanquished were collected, and preserved in a square building near the town, but few of them remain at present. A handsome column, commemorative of this victory, has lately been erected on the spot, and being placed in a bold situation, has a commanding effect. When will the time arrive that "wars and rumours" and remembrances "of wars" will cease to possess attractions for Christian ears, and the glad tidings of the Gospel be effectually proclaimed and recognized by the general diffusion of "peace on earth, and good will towards men"?

Our journey next lay through Avenchis, the ancient Aventicum, and capital of the Helvetian Government. Many ruins of its former grandeur bestrew both the plain and the neighbouring hills, and as described by Byron,

> "By a lone wall, a lonelier column rears
> Its grey and grief-worn aspect of old days,"

except which, however, no very *interesting* fragment meets the eye; and the ride to Payerne, an old town where we lodged, is distinguished by nothing but corn-fields promising an abundant harvest, and farm houses and cottages, which like those of England, have an air of neatness and of comfort. At Payerne we found decent accommodation at "The Hotel de Ville," and were particularly diverted with the very spacious salon in which we took our supper.

13th. Breakfasted at Moudon, a town of great antiquity, and a Roman station, situated in a delightful valley, watered by the Broze, and encompassed by well-wooded and verdant hills; after which, taking a turn in the town, saw a *Roman inscription* embedded in the walls of the Town Hall; from hence the descent towards the Lake of Geneva, and the ride along its shores to Vevay is very enchanting,—a widely extended view being obtained of the lake, and of the bold outline of the mountains of Savoy. At Vevay we found shelter at "The Three Crowns," well situated in an open part of the town; and after taking some refreshment, had a pleasant walk to Bel Air, the agreeable residence, for some months, of our Friends William Backhouse, wife,

and family, where we experienced a kind and friendly reception; and taking a cup of tea with them, engaged to spend the following day in their society. Having been now for some weeks separated from the society of those in religious communion with us, and thrown into a course of mixed association, it may easily be supposed that this little interview with *those* in whose society we might *safely unbend* ourselves, was particularly acceptable to us. "As iron sharpeneth iron," says the wise man, "so doth the countenance of a man his friend."

14*th.* Much entertained in inspecting the busy scene exhibited in the fruit and poultry market at Vevay; soon after which our Friend J. Head set off by himself in a char-a-banc to visit the Castle of Chillon, and on his return left us for Lausanne, on his way home to England; a separation which at the time we regretted. However, we were soon enabled to arrive at entire acquiescence on the subject, I trust with a measure of thankful feeling that we had been thus far so agreeably and so harmoniously banded together. We then strolled up to the church, situated on a fine eminence above the town, from which we obtained delightful views of the lake and mountains; and within it we saw the monument of Major General Ludlow, who with another of the judges of King Charles I., found a hospitable refuge here from the persecuting spirit of the restored Government, and were finally buried within these peaceful walls. Major General Ludlow left some "*Memoirs*" behind him, which have furnished useful data for the page of history. A walk of about twenty minutes from the town, brought us to the delightful country house of our kind Friends the Backhouses, where we dined, and in the afternoon walked down to the town to witness the arrival of the "Arnold de Winkelreid," a new steam vessel of thirty horse power, launched the day before on the bosom of this *charming* sheet of water. She came in in gallant style, laden with passengers, and with streamers flying, and was welcomed by many hundreds of spectators. Returned to our kind Friends, to tea, and terminated the evening in their agreeable society; they purposing the *next day* to turn their faces towards England by the way of the "*Rhine*," and we bending our course for the sublime mountain passes of the Simplon, and the fertile plains "of dear delightful Italy," towards which our imaginations had been *so long* and so *ardently* directed.

15*th.* Came on a delicious ride by the margin of the lake, to the Castle of Chillon, a fortress placed upon a rock which juts into the

water, and rendered famous by having been the prison of Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, and the great assister of the liberties of Geneva, who was confined here six years, at the instance of the Duke of Savoy, and HAD WORN THE STONES of his dungeon by his continual walking within its narrow limits, though but faint traces of this *now* remain. Chillon has derived additional interest from a poem of the late unhappy Lord Byron, alluding to this event; and a sonnet annexed to it has this passage:—

"Chillon, thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy *cold* pavement were a sod:
Oh, Bonnivard, may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

The ride from hence to the very comfortable inn at Bex, is one of great beauty and interest. "Perhaps there are few regions," says the intelligent Raffles, "that can surpass in loveliness and grandeur, the view that we enjoyed on leaving the towers of Chillon. Not many hundred yards from the shore, rises a little verdant islet, with two or three trees, the *only one* that breaks the surface of this magnificent sheet of water; to the left, the Alps of Savoy, rising in a thousand fantastic forms, to a sudden elevation above the rocks of Meillerie; to the right, the luxurious vineyards and pleasant villages of the Pays de Vaud, gently inclining to the margin of the lake; *behind*, a background of lofty and wooded hills; and *before*, a placid surface of deep and transparent blue, stretching to a vast extent, with here and there a lonely sail upon its bosom, and scarcely a breeze to disturb its repose." The noble bend of the lake, after passing the village of Villeneuve, struck me particularly, and the prospect it furnishes of all the different objects alluded to, is quite enchanting; and not far from Bex, on an insulated rock crowning its majestic summit, stands the castle of St. Triphon, said to be built of marble. The situation of Bex, a small village, is perfectly rural and pleasant, in the midst of orchards, gardens, and meadows. Opposite the windows of the inn, which for neatness and cleanliness may vie with the best in Switzerland, the mountains are remarkably bold and imposing in their outline, and the peak of the Dent de Midi rises above them all in hoary and rugged grandeur. After dinner we came on a very rural ride to St. Maurice, at the entrance of which we crossed the Rhone by a bridge of a single arch,

much admired for the breadth of its span as well as the elegance of its form, and remarkable for separating the canton of the Pays de Vaud from that of the Valais. Passing through the town, you see a hermitage cut out of the solid rock, at a vast height, and to which there appears no means of access. But the friends of Christianity will most forcibly remember that St. Maurice was the scene of the decimation and subsequent massacre of the whole Theban legion under Maximinian, for refusing to fight against their Christian brethren. These brave men, after the second decimation, are said to have addressed the Emperor in the following speech, while surrounded by the bloody corpses of their companions: "Maximinian, we are thy soldiers, but we regard God more than thee. *He* has given us life, and we receive from *thee* only the price of our labours. We know how to combat enemies, but not to embrue our hands in the blood of virtuous men. If so terrible a crime as this were not enjoined to us, we are ready to obey as we have hitherto done; but *we are Christians*, and we cannot slaughter our brethren."

History relates that Maximinian, despairing to overcome their generous resistance, ordered them to be surrounded and massacred by the army; and we must own that the courage of these martyrs is so much the more worthy of the cause for which they suffered, as they knew how to resist the unjust orders of their chief without insolence, and to receive death without complaining.

Would that the conflicting warriors who in our day (a day of comparative light and knowledge) have deluged the earth with Christian blood had been partakers of the just and natural abhorrence of these good men, to vex, harass, and destroy their brethren! What horrible desolations would the world have been spared; what dreadful effusion of human blood; what pains and agonies to suffering humanity, even on the awful fields of contest; what incalculable amount of widows' sighs and orphans' tears; what myriads of souls hurried unprepared into eternity! Well says the pious and enlightened Cowper:—

> "War is a *game*, that were their *subjects wise*,
> Kings would not play at."

But how slow we are to learn this true and excellent wisdom! Proceeding towards Martigny, the delighted traveller arrives at the magnificent fall of the Sallenche, a cataract by some esteemed "the finest of the Alps," though I do not quite agree in this opinion. Its descent, though

differently stated, is, I think, about 200 feet, in one fine unbroken sheet, covered with light and elegant foam, on which the sun's rays produce a glorious effect. The scenery around is very appropriate, comprising enough of bare and rugged rocks in the cliffs, to impart a character of grandeur. The prismatic colours played on the damp sward beneath us most fantastically, and every now and then presented the phenomenon of a double rainbow to our view. A few hundred yards further we passed an immense chasm in the rock, through the deep gloom and obscurity of which the waters of the Trient find their passage from the higher regions to the Rhone; but from the nature of the spot the traveller is able to obtain but a very imperfect view of the fall. The evening found us at Martigny, once more sheltered at "The Swan," under the care of our good widow. Found our former servant, Henri Trabeau, out on an engagement to *Sion*. Took a turn into the vale, and examined the reparations rendered needful to the road by the recent inundations of the Rhone. Henri returned about eight o'clock, when we arranged with him to convey us as far as Milan, at the rate of eighteen frs. per diem for the carriage and horses, and two frs. for himself. The situation of Martigny is particularly grand and impressive, and the mountains which environ it have a very bold and abrupt character. The rapid Draunce runs in a broad stream through it; and in its neighbourhood, upon a rocky eminence, stand the ruins of a castle which originally commanded the entrance to the Valais. It is called the Castle of Bathia, and appears to have been an ecclesiastical fortress of the middle ages.

16*th*. Started in our little char, and two horses, and our faithful Henri, with some prospect, which was afterwards realized, of his accompanying us the whole tour of Italy. We were desirous gradually to prove him, to ascertain how far he was entitled to our perfect confidence, and on this ground we determined to engage him at first no further than Milan. The ride from Martigny to Sion, though grand, is somewhat monotonous, and the morning proved very hot. Sion is a Bishop's See, and capital of the Valais: a respectable town. Two old castles, now a vast mass of ruins, crowning the summit and sides of two hills, overlook the town, and from them you command delicious prospects up and down the valley. Three miles from this town, you pass the pleasant village of Sierre; and after a romantic ride reach Tourtemagne, another quiet village usually resorted to by travellers as a lodging place,

and where we found two respectable inns. We chose *here*, as at Sion, "*The Poste;*" and while supper was preparing, sallied out to see a fine cascade, in a retired spot about a quarter of a mile from the inn, and which had so much the character of romantic grandeur, and was so well furnished with water, that after all the sublime falls we had visited we feel disposed to remember with pleasure that of Tourtemagne. From this place a very interesting excursion may be made to the town and baths of Leuk, to the awful descent of the Gemmi; and by the Valley of Kander, again to Interlaken and Lauterbrunnen.

17*th.* Left Tourtemagne at six, and arrived at Brygg to breakfast (a curious old town, the cupolas of the churches covered with tin, which have a resplendent appearance); stopping awhile at Gliss to see the church, which is gaily decorated, and contains amongst other curiosities the tomb of that famous soldier, George de Supersax, with his twelve sons and eleven daughters. The inscription conveys that he founded the chapel, and raised and enriched the altar in 1519, out of gratitude to and in honour of St. Anne, for the twenty-three children *his wife Marguerite had borne him.* We view things differently; but I imagine the gratitude of many persons would have increased in proportion as the number of the children had been less. After a comfortable repast at "The Hotel d' Angleterre," we began the sublime and long desired ascent of the Simplon, over as fine a road as I ever beheld; and by the assistance of a third horse, reached the summit in about six hours, the road winding in different directions, in the most romantic manner, as the original inequality of the ground required. Passed in our ascent the Gallery of Scalbit, and that of Glaciers, blasted out of the solid rock; numerous bridges constructed over the Alpine torrents, and houses of refuge; also the ancient Capuchin Convent, the former resort of travellers crossing this mountain; and the new but unfinished hospital constructed by Bonaparte, 200 feet long, and capable, if finished, of containing several hundreds, "but arrested," as Griscom well says, "in its progress, by the *flames* of *Moscow.*"

In this ascent, the view over the Valais, the town of Brygg, and that of the rude rocks and snow-covered mountains, is surprisingly magnificent. We rested in our progress at a hospice, contiguous to which were delighted with a turn in a wood of pines, which exhibited a specimen of a *perfect Alpine solitude.* Having passed the toll-house, where we paid six francs for our carriage, we descended in an hour and half to the wild,

romantic, and antique village of the Simplon, 4,400 French feet above the level of the sea, where we lodged, and found comfortable quarters and decent accommodation at the principal inn. Before supper, strolled out to survey the village, which consists of a church and about twenty houses, of rather a forlorn and wretched character. In the course of this day's journey we have been led repeatedly to admire the vast conception of that illustrious character who could plan and carry into effect a work like this Simplon road,—a wonder that *does not disappoint expectation*,—where obstacles apparently entirely insurmountable have been overcome by *art*, expense, and united *labour;* and a degree of regret is felt that a mind capable of planning works so beneficial to mankind, should have surrendered itself to the influence of that pestilent *ambition* which finally led to his annihilation. The highest part of the Simplon is a melancholy plain surrounded by snowy summits, where hang several glaciers. The ingenious and interesting John Evelyn, in his diary of a tour over the Simplon, 1646, gives a very different picture of this passage to what modern travellers experience in passing it, and of a rough adventure he and his company experienced at the village.

18th. Began the descent of the mountain, soon after which passed the gallery of Algaby, and entered upon the Val Vedro,—a most romantic and awful defile through impending crags, whose rude and lowering summits seemed to touch the clouds. Three more galleries succeed: viz., that of Gondo, Isella, and Crevola; the first of which, about 650 English feet in length, 27 in width, and 30 in height, is a surprising work. It has three wide openings perforated in its sides, to admit light. Emerging from it, we immediately crossed a bridge over a torrent, which pours its foaming waters into the Doveria, and which at this very spot rushes with a thundering sound amongst enormous blocks of granite, into a gulf below. "In no part of the route," says the intelligent Griscom, "is the power of art so finely contrasted with the sublimity of nature, as at this spot. Thirty men, it is said, were employed night and day (relieved every eight hours by as many others) during eighteen months, in effecting this prodigious gallery." Gently descending for about four hours, we arrived at the gallery and bridge of Crevola, a new and beautiful structure, where the soft features of the Italian landscape burst upon our view, as the same author well expresses it, "with all the beauty of a new and elegant picture, at the first drawing of the curtain. It is difficult, indeed," continues Griscom, "to describe the effect produced upon the mind of

the traveller who first passes over this magnificent road. Though it surmounts one of the snowy summits of the Alps, its declivity nowhere exceeds two-and-a-half inches in a toise, or six feet; so that it is unnecessary in any place, in descending, to lock the wheels of your carriage. Its whole extent across the Alpine ridge is about fourteen French leagues, or forty miles. It is not therefore the extent of the road, nor is it the height of the Simplon which renders this a work of so much merit. It is the extreme declivity of the successive ridges, the awful depths of the gorges over which it passes, and the prodigious masses of rock to be penetrated and removed, which constitute the glory of an enterprise that must *ever* command *the plaudits of Europe.* Nothing which Napoleon has executed will be regarded with more unmingled satisfaction, or furnish a more striking or more durable monument of his *public spirit.*" It is calculated that 175,000 pounds of gunpowder were expended in blasting the rocks. "This great work," says Matthews, whose ingenious volume called "The Diary of an Invalid," I have often had recourse to with pleasure,—"this great work does, I think, eclipse all the fabled exploits which *Gucia*, *Mendax*, or *Roma Mendacior* has handed down to us. Zerxes' adventure with Mount Athos, is nothing to it. Napoleon has burst through solid rocks that would have defied Hannibal, with all his vinegar! Hannibal, it is true, passed the Alps at the head of his army; but Napoleon not only did this, but as a lasting record of his contempt of all impediments, physical as well as moral, that stood in the way of the execution of his purpose, he has left this 'Royal road,' by which every 'puny whipster' may do the same, without the precaution even of dragging the wheel of his carriage. The zig-zag ascent and descent are so well managed," adds he, "that you may trot up and down without difficulty or danger. The character of the scenery on the *Italian side* is much more bold and grand than on the *Swiss.* The Val Vedro contains every ingredient of the sublime that can be found in natural scenery: *mountain*, *rock*, precipice, waterfall, forest, in all their wildest forms. But the poverty of language is never so apparent as when you seek to represent by words the infinite varieties of nature."

After passing the bridge of Crevola, before alluded to, a straight piece of road conducts us to Domo D'Ossola, a respectable town, and to us, as the first Italian town, very interesting. It was market day, and we were amused with the motley group brought together on the occasion, in their gay and variegated costumes, some dealing out their delicious fruits,

others retailing wine from large casks into the smaller vessels of the purchasers: *priests*, *monks*, peasants, townspeople, men, and women,—all actively engaged in their various occupations. After partaking of a nice breakfast, rendered doubly acceptable by the freshness of the mountain air, we passed on to Bavens, very delightfully situated on the banks of the charming Lago Maggiore, over a noble road, and particularly from Fariola to the former place, which appeared to be formed of small pieces of red granite, found in the neighbourhood, which having consolidated after the plan laid down by Mac-Adam, had produced a surface as firm and level as marble. The scenery, as we rode through the lovely plain, was entirely changed from that of the morning. The snowy mountains, the dark and terrific crags of granite and of limestone, and the plantations of towering pines had entirely given way to the soft and delicious objects of an Italian vale. Fields planted with Indian wheat and millet, fig-trees in full bearing, mulberry trees in endless succession, walnuts, chestnuts, peaches, and almonds; while the vines, loaded with luxuriant clusters, are interspersed among them, "*not nailed to walls*," but dropping in graceful and elegant festoons from tree to tree. Of the fig we really know nothing in England, our climate forbidding their coming to perfection; but here they are delicious,—as are the grapes which are served to us morning, noon, and night, and are the cheapest as well as the most acceptable of all their productions of this nature. We bought this day, at the door of our inn, a quantity of exquisite black, very like our black Hambro's, for about threepence (English). Well may we say, with Goldsmith,

> "Far to the right, where Appennines ascends
> Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
> Could *nature's bounty satisfy* the breast,
> The sons of Italy were surely blest."

We found the inn at Baveno comfortable and not inelegant, and the prospects from it delicious over the lakes and the Borromean Isles, which are bounded by lofty mountains, and the whole backed by the magnificent range of snowy Alps we had just quitted; but we found the master a man of an imposing disposition, and exhibiting much of that over-reaching craft which is too observable in the Italian innkeepers. Perceiving this, we determined to place ourselves in vetturino to Milan, under the care of our servant Henri, and had full reason to be satisfied. Upon this plan we fared both better and cheaper, and were also preserved

from the irritation to which these occurrences are but too apt to subject the traveller.

19*th*. Rose and bathed in the soft waters of the Lago Maggiore, and after breakfast spent a comfortable time together in religious reading and retirement,—a practice we have endeavoured uniformly to maintain: and where circumstances have permitted, we have desired to abstain as much as possible from travelling on this day, so purposely set apart for worship; but the *arrangement* of Italian travelling, and the *absolute necessity* of arriving at suitable lodging places, seem likely in this country often to frustrate us in this object. I am, however, of opinion, that if pious Englishmen would endeavour as much as they could, and with a reasonable regard to their *safety* and *convenience*, to avoid travelling on *this day*, it would have a salutary effect not only on the *minds of their fellow countrymen*, but also on the natives among whom they sojourn; and I think we may from experience assert that a blessing has sometimes attended such little sacrifices as we have thought ourselves at times called upon to make in this respect: but it is too lamentably evident that a great proportion of those who from our "Land of Bibles" and "Christian Sabbaths" visit Italy, are as little observant of the day of rest and religious dedication as those who by custom and habit have been long taught to disregard it. In the afternoon we took a boat, in order to visit the far-famed Borromean Isles: "the magic creation of labour and taste." "Originally barren rocks," says Matthews, "they have been furnished with soil at a vast expense, and planted with groves of cedar, cypress, citron, and orange trees, and decorated with gardens, grottoes, and terraces." The principal are the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre: the latter has some beautiful terraces of fruit trees, and a fine range of gardens, ornamented with noble and towering Egyptian cypresses, some of which we were assured were five hundred years old: it also contains a moderate Casino; once grand, but now a good deal out of repair. The Isola Bella, though smaller, is more striking: the house has the character of grandeur, though it loses much of this by the grand centre remaining in a ruinous and unfinished state, which subtracts much from its dignity. We were conducted over the various rooms and saloons by a servant, and saw many pictures, which we thought with Griscom, did not rise much above mediocrity; yet there are some by Lucca Giordano, Procaccini, Schedone, and Lebrun; some splendid furniture, mirrors, etc., etc. In passing through one of the apartments we saw

the master of the estate, Count Borromeo, who is of a rich and noble Italian family, and descended from the same stock as St. Charles Borromeo, the justly celebrated Archbishop of Milan: he noticed us very courteously. But the principal wonder of the place are the terraces, ten in number, which form the chief part of the garden; and rise one above another, planted with oranges, lemons, limes, figs, and also with delightful flowering shrubs. The whole scene has a magical effect, and is so different to what our eyes are elsewhere accustomed to behold, that we may compare these singular isles, placed on the bosom of a lovely and extensive lake, and bounded by the Alps, to the fabled retreat of Calypso: but the taste is too laboured and artificial to be quite so pleasant to the eye as the more simple and chaste style of English gardening. I omitted to mention that the lower range of apartments in the villa, which look close on the lake, and are finished in the manner of grottos, are in a very pleasing and fanciful taste: they are well referred to by Griscom, who appears to have been particularly pleased with them. A smooth, substantial, and elegant road along the margin of the lake, a continuation of the Simplon improvement, brought us in the evening to Arona, the birthplace of St. Charles Borromeo: previous to entering which we descended from our carriage, in order to visit the celebrated colossal statue of this extraordinary and excellent man, on a lofty eminence near the town. This remarkable statue was erected at the joint expense of the inhabitants of the vicinity and the Borromean family, in 1697, and is of bronze, in the simple dress of a monk; seventy-two feet in height, besides the pedestal of granite, thirty-six feet, on which it stands; and has its arm lifted up in the act of benediction, which is twenty-eight feet long, and the finger which is extended four feet. It is in fine preservation, and stands a noble testimony of the public sense of the extraordinary character of this truly munificent and Christian prelate; than whom few have better deserved canonization. The situation in which it is placed is very striking, as it commands a charming view of the lake, and an ancient baronial castle of the family on the opposite shore: it looks towards the dwelling which he once occupied, and a school which he founded for the instruction of eighty boys. The ascent was formerly decorated with stations and chapels; but these have fallen into decay, and not being ruins of a picturesque description, rather deform than ornament the scene. On our return we entered into the house and church before alluded to, and saw some curiosities connected

with this illustrious person. Our inn at Arona was comfortable in its accommodations, and in its charges moderate; indeed it has a character in this latter respect above many of the Italian inns. Opposite our windows were some curious ancient water gates, which appear to have defended the town from attack on the water side. And thus we are at last arrived on that spot which from earliest youth we have been accustomed to look towards with reverence, and are about again to repose on that soil which, however fallen from its pristine grandeur, cannot fail to recall to the reflecting mind an association with all that once was great, glorious, and magnificent: and how striking is the apostrophe of a noble poet, to which in *its highest* and *most dignified sense* we shall be disposed to agree:—

"Yet Italy, through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall from side to side!
Mother of arts, as once of arms, thy hand
Was *then* our guardian, and is still our guide!
Parent of our religion, whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and all backward driven,
Roll the Barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

"Oh, land," may the thoughtful and contemplative Christian say, "once resplendent in light and marvellous in knowledge! Oh, favoured land, the *parent of our religion*, where by the labours of the great Apostle the pure precepts of the Gospel were propagated and diffused through the dark and benighted Court of Nero, how art thou fallen from thy first love, and from thy great and glorious estate! Yet, oh, while darkness covers thy land, and gross darkness thy people, can I forget that *to thee* we owe our first Christian illuminations? That while we sat in the Cimmerian shades of ignorance, barbarism, and gross superstition,

'Toto Divisos Orbe Britannos,'

the hand of love and mercy was outstretched from thy soft and smiling shores to bring us the tidings glad of peace and salvation? Thine was doubtless, then, the land of religious instruction, and the land of Biblical knowledge. *Now* we enjoy *those* blessings, in abundance, which are hidden from thine eyes. Could we be the favoured instruments to re-communicate the blessed privileges once derived from thy hands,—that thy ignorant population might be instructed, that the page of Holy Scrip-

ture might have once more 'free course' within thy borders,—this would be in a glorious sense *indeed*, though doubtless one not contemplated by the noble Author, '*to roll back the Barbarian tide*,' and to make thy moral wilderness blossom like Eden, and thy desert like the garden of the Lord!"

20th. A fine morning: left Arona early, and arrived at Sesto-Callende to breakfast; the road principally running along the margin of the lake. At Sesto crossed the Ticino, at its issue from the Lago Maggiore, in a rude ferry boat; the town spreading on the edge of the opposite shore, and reflecting "its fair white walls" in the still waters of the river. Here we entered the Austrian dominions; but our passports having been duly signed in Paris by the proper authorities, the Gendarmerie civilly suffered our baggage to pass without inspection, on our making declaration that we were carrying into the country no contraband articles. I am told that it is not uncommon at this dogana to inquire if you have any prohibited books, of which there is a long string; and they will sometimes ask the traveller, "*upon his honour as a gentleman*," if he has the works of Lady Morgan, which are productions *very offensive* to the authorities here. Nor can we wonder at this inquiry, when we remember with what *freedom* and *asperity* this celebrated writer has reflected upon the Austrian Government, as well as divers others of the Continental Governments. I admire the love of liberty and that generous resistance of oppresion which characterizes Englishmen, and am far from desiring to suppress reflections which throw light upon these important topics in foreign lands; yet I own I *have thought* that Lady Morgan has sometimes *travelled out of her way* to vituperate those who are in authority, and has branded with the charge of tyranny what, if fairly examined, will be found to be only the just and natural exercise of that authority. It is to be feared indeed whether this witty writer has not in some cases even sacrificed truth and candour to the pleasure of producing a *virulent* as well as a *fine turned period;* and I am well informed that in divers instances her *free* communication of her conversations with distinguished individuals abroad, *not always correctly stated*, has been of mischievous consequences.

After breakfast, came on to *Varese*, a nice and respectable town, situated near a very pretty lake of the name, *around which* we saw scattered abundance of agreeable country residences of the Milanese nobles and gentry; and a few miles from which there is a celebrated temple, called Santa Maria del Monte, situated on a very commanding eminence, the

ascent to which is ornamented with a number of little stations and chapels, largely resorted to by Catholic pilgrims. We were much amused in seeing at Varese the full life of an Italian fair. The whole town very gaily decorated: pieces of tapestry, rich quilts, and curtains of damask displayed from every window; clothes, furniture, groceries, jewelleries spread out in profusion; and the exhibition of grapes, peaches, figs, and all kinds of fruit very tempting. In comparing the peaches, however, with those of our own country, we thought them inferior in flavour, in spite of their great natural advantage over ours, which may be accounted for by the want of that care and cultivation we bestow on this exquisite fruit. In Italy *our wall trees* are all suffered to run up into *standards*. We found "The Hotel de la Poste" a good inn; but by reason of the great resort that day, could only give us an "upper chamber," where we dined; after which came on to Como to lodge,—a fine and interesting ride, particularly the latter part, where we descended into the town under lofty hills crowned with the venerable remains of Roman or Gothic castles, with the town itself skirting the lake, and backed by a bold range of mountains gently sloping before us. We found in *Como* a larger and more respectable town than *we were* prepared to expect, and were glad to shelter ourselves in the comfortable Albergo della Coronna, situated on the margin of the lake, from the inquisitive gaze of the people, to whom both ourselves and our little carriage appeared to be objects of curiosity; and indeed it may be questioned whether, as J. Wilkinson says on another occasion, we were not treading a spot "*where men like us were never seen before.*"

21*st*. Walked out to survey the town and its public buildings, the principal of which is the Cathedral, begun in 1396, finished, repaired, and beautified by Innocent XI., and is rather an imposing structure. In its facade are two Latin inscriptions relative to the younger Pliny, to whom this town claims the honour of giving birth; and it has within some esteemed paintings by those old masters Bernardino, Luini, and Gaudentro di Ferrara. After breakfast, engaged a boat to survey the beauties of the Lake of Como (the Lacus Larius of the Romans), which we think surpasses in the combination of soft and romantic qualities, all the lakes we have seen on the other side the Alps; and we may join with Matthews in his declaration, that "he must be dead indeed to the enthusiasm of nature, and his heart and feeling out of the reach of her influence, who is insensible to the tranquil enjoyment which may be

derived from the contemplation of such charming pictures as the Lake of Como will present *to him.*" It is something of the form of the human body, the head being towards the north, and the limbs towards the south: the towns of Como and Lecco being situated at the two southermost extremities. It is long, rather narrow, and encompassed with lofty mountains, which rear their verdant heads on high, clothed with inexhaustible successions of sweet chestnuts and other trees; and ornamented with noble palaces, lovely villages, churches, and country houses, all of the purest white, which not only fringe its delightful banks, but may be traced along the slopes of the hills, and even on their loftiest summits. After quitting the quay, the lake soon takes a romantic bend, previous to which a most magnificent view is obtained of the town, gently sloping upwards from the shore, its environs adorned with palaces. Our first visit was made to the Villa Regina, or Villa d' Este, the residence of the late unfortunate Queen of England, Caroline of Brunswick; a splendid pile on the water's edge, decorated with gardens, cascades, jets d'eau, and other embellishments, and rendered famous by the misfortunes, and perhaps the imprudences of that unhappy woman. It could not be surveyed by us without a feeling of interest and of tender commiseration for her fate; and how faulty soever she might have been, and how regardless soever of her high birth and distinguished situation, I cannot but think she had hard measure dealt out to her, and that it would have been more consistent both with true wisdom and *sound policy*, to say nothing of the feeling due to an *illustrious* but *unprotected* female, had a kinder and more conciliatory line of conduct been pursued towards her, instead of that severe and vindictive procedure of a criminal charge before the House of Lords, which convulsed the nation, filled it with low scandal and intrigue, and terminated prematurely (in spite of her acquittal) the life of the unfortunate Queen.

From the Villa d' Este we proceeded, by another bold and lovely bend of the lake, to the *Villa Pliniana*, a country seat of some antiquity, erected on the spot where the younger Pliny is said twice to have resided; and parts of the original building, apparently of Roman construction, are yet interspersed through the present mansion. You also see the celebrated ebbing and flowing well, with its rustic masonry, and the waterfall, as described by him in a well known letter yet extant. It was treading classic ground, for in spite of the doubts Eustace has thrown out in his "Tour," as to this being the actual site of Pliny's

Villa, I incline to adhere to the local tradition on the subject. Eustace does not find the natural scenery around it answerable to the description given by Pliny; but we must remember in answer to this, that in the lapse of so many revolving ages, great changes do by various causes occur, even in the face of nature itself. I would wish, then, while treading these interesting chambers, galleries, and courts,—while listening to the murmur of the waterfall, which passing through the house, discharges itself into the lake,—and while perusing the transcript of his letter inscribed on the walls, to believe that I occupy a spot once dignified with the presence of that eminent philosopher, naturalist, and statesman; that here, on his famous Larian Lake, he thought, wrote, and acted, and fulfilled with tenderness and delicacy all the duties of domestic and social life. It exalts him much in my opinion, that he was the friend of Trajan, a wise Prince, and who unlike many of his compeers,

> "Unstained
> With household blood and wine, serenely wore
> His sovereign virtues."

Yet the Christian, of whose creed Pliny was unfortunately ignorant, or to whose light *he did not choose to open his eyes*, may easily perceive some drawbacks even in this excellent character, of which the most prominent is *vanity*. The view from the upper terrace of this villa is superb. Imagination can hardly picture "from all her gay creation" a lovelier scene: a charming portion of the lake, surrounded with lofty hills, planted with groves of birch, cypress, and chestnut trees, and decorated as I have before described, with villages and churches, even to their very summits. "This mixture of solitude, of animation, of grandeur, and of beauty, joined with the brightness of the sky, the smoothness of the lake, and the warm beams of the sun playing upon its surface, give," says Eustace, "inexpressible interest to the scene, and excite in the highest degree our delight and admiration." Taking boat to return we saw an aged man in another vessel, basking in the sun, who had considerably outlived *his century*, and to whom we gave a trifling donation, in consideration of that circumstance. Being in haste to reach Milan we were not able to prosecute our voyage further up the lake, which, in its northern branch, is yet more magnificent and sublime; and we were assured that the view from the little waterfall called the Fiume del Latte, embracing the three branches at once, is particularly interesting.

We therefore returned by the same course, and after taking a little refreshment at Como, came on to Milan, which city we reached by about seven o'clock, in time for an early supper; and after fruitless applications at "The Pension Suisse" and "The Albergo St. Marco," were well received at "The Croce de Malta," where we have a handsome salon of large dimensions, with two beds in it, divided off by a curtain, and another large chamber contiguous, both handsomely furnished; *for which and our meals*, consisting of a breakfast of tea or coffee, with rolls, butter, eggs, meat, and fruit, a sumptuous dinner at the table d'hote, of three courses, and tea by ourselves in the evening, we pay nine francs, or seven shillings and sixpence English, per head. The road into Milan *this way*, as well as in other directions, is cut in a straight line through the flat and level plain, planted with mulberry and other fruit trees, and intersected with vines; their branches loaded and pendent with luxurious fruit, in endless and tempting profusion.

22nd. After breakfast agreed with Henri to take him on with us to Rome and Naples, by Venice and Florence; and then, accompanied by our valet de place, set out to see some of the interesting objects contained in this fine city,—next to Paris the most lively, elegant, as well as magnificent, capital we have yet visited on the Continent. First bent our course to the Ambrosian Library, founded by Frederic Borromeo, nephew to St. Charles: a justly celebrated and interesting collection,—Griscom says, about forty thousand to forty-five thousand volumes,—arranged in several apartments, decorated with portraits of the founder and his family. It is particularly rich in manuscripts, of which divers ancient and very interesting specimens were shown us. The most precious were: first, a copy of Josephus, written in Latin, on papyrus, in the third century, "and supposed to be the oldest manuscript extant:" it is, as may easily be supposed, in a very tender state; second, a copy of the Eneid of Virgil, written by the hand of Plutarch, on vellum, in a very neat character, ornamented with illuminations, also from his own hand, and illustrated by curious notes: also some manuscripts of this celebrated poet relating to Laura; third, a portfolio of original designs and drawings from the pencil of the famous Leonardo da Vinci, accompanied by notes; fourth, a copy of Gregory Nazienzen, by a monk of the seventh century: very curious; fifth, a copy of "Pliny on Natural History," very richly illuminated on vellum, by a monk of the fourteenth century: we also saw sundry valuable coins and medals, and amongst

the natural curiosities several very singular fish. There are two apartments devoted to plaster castes, antique statues and reliefs, paintings and drawings; amongst which the justly admired cartoon of Raphael, called "The School of Athens," holds the first place: "the colouring of which," as Griscom justly observes, "is plain; but the spirit of the design, and the dignity of the whole piece, are very impressive, and one can scarcely avoid the belief that it must be faithful to nature:" this picture, like many others, has visited Paris. "A crucifixion," by Guido Reni, in his lighter style of painting, has great merit. There are also some smaller, by Da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, Bassano, etc., etc.

From hence we passed to "the Duomo;" next to St. Peter's, the first cathedral in Europe, and built of white marble, brought from the Lago Maggiore, begun in 1386 by John Galeazzo Visconti, then Duke of Milan, and not yet quite completed. I do not agree with the lively Matthews in calling it an "*an ugly staring thing*," as, notwithstanding the newness of some part of the fabric, it has not the glare we might be apt to attach to a building composed of such gorgeous materials, the marble not being polished. The first impression is one of surprise at its extraordinary magnificence and splendour; but on examination the tower appears too diminutive for the grand elevation of the body of the church, and the noble façade, designed by Pelligrini, loses something of its effect by a mixture of Greek architecture in the windows, which does not harmonize with the light and elegant Gothic pinnacles which are clustered round the building. These, which are very numerous, are ornamented with and surmounted by *statues;* every niche and projection is occupied in like manner, and every panel contains figures in alto-relievo; it is calculated that upwards of four thousand in all adorn the interior and exterior of this superb structure. We were much delighted with ascending the roof and tower, amidst groves of those glittering pinnacles I have alluded to, which have, particularly in that situation, a very splendid effect. The ascent is by five hundred and twenty steps; but the traveller is well repaid for his exertion in the pleasure he enjoys of the noble map of the city spread beneath him, and the charming view over the plains of Lombardy, bounded on one side by Mount Rosa and the magnificent chain of the Alps. The interior is very striking; the elevation being about two hundred and fifty feet, and the clustered pillars which support the roof above ninety feet in height. It is crowded with statues, none of any great merit, except that of St. Bartholomew,

flayed, and holding his skin, which has too much the appearance of the dreadful reality. Two immense columns of red granite, probably taken from a more ancient edifice, adorn the interior of the grand door that opens into the nave. In the central part of the cathedral, and immediately under the doom, we descended a few steps to visit the tomb of the illustrious prelate, St. Charles Borromeo. The hangings of this small subterraneous chapel are of a splendid damask, the architraves of the doors and the cornice of solid silver. Around the sides of the tomb are superb representations, in massive silver relief, of the principal events in the life of the "SAINT." The roof is composed of the like costly materials, gilt. The priest who attended us, by turning a winch, raised up the lid of the outer coffin, when a magnificent shrine of pure rock of crystal, the gift of Philip the Fourth, King of Spain, was disclosed to view, containing the remains of this celebrated character, clothed in the robes which he wore as Archbishop of Milan. His dark and shrivelled face is all of his person that is now exposed to view; but I thought I traced, even in these poor remains, some likeness of the various pictures and busts we have seen of him. His robes, mitre, and crosier are all much decorated with precious jewels, and suspended from the roof of the coffin hangs a small cross of emeralds, the gift of the Empress Maria Theresa. We gave the attending priest a piece of five francs for his trouble. The whole is rich and magnificent beyond description. Several writers have remarked, and too justly, that all this profusion accords but ill with the extraordinary devotion and self-denial of this eminent Christian Prelate, whose motto in life was "*Humilitas.*" "*With what severity of censure,*" says our valued friend, J. Griscom, "*does that single word condemn* this pompous *display of monumental extravagance.*" Bestowed upon one, I may add, of whom, when living, the "world was not worthy;" and who, were he to return again to the world, would find many who now worship his lifeless remains, and yet would *condemn* rather than *follow* his illustrious example. But how conformable is all this to the unregenerate nature in every age and nation. "We build the *sepulchres* of the dead prophets;" but we are not willing to imitate the meekness, temperance, holiness, and self-denial of those whom the Spirit of the Lord has raised up to be prophets in our day. We pity the blindness and superstition of the poor Catholics, but with *greater advantages*, we may be ashamed to inquire in what respect we are better than they. May we aspire more and more to be imbued with the spirit of Borromeo's excel-

lent motto, so corresponding with the earnest petition of that eminent minister, Job Scott, viz., that "Humility might be the first and last in his catalogue of requests;" and with this precious attainment we should possess one token of a renewed mind, "*for man cannot make himself humble.*"

23rd. Received accounts of the death of Louis XVIII., King of France, who had peaceably terminated his chequered life a few days previous. After breakfast took our carriage and visited—

(1) The Piazza Castello, or grand place d' armes, provided by Napoleon for barracks and exercising place for his troops. The place remains, but the castle, which appears to have been built with an eye to strength, has been dismantled since the city has reverted to the Austrians.

(2) The amphitheatre, constructed by Bonaparte, called here the "Arena;" of an elliptical form, capable of containing about 30,000 people: the seats are cut out of the shelving bank, and are covered with living turf. An elegant building is erected adjacent to this theatre, adorned with beautiful columns of red granite, and with steps of granite descending to the basin. "Here were given, in imitation of the games of antiquity, splendid fêtes, with horse and chariot races, and naumachia. There are channels constructed for filling the area of the amphitheatre with water, to favour the latter exhibition."

(3) *The Echo*, which is found at an old and deserted country palace at a short distance from the walls of the palace: it is well worthy the attention of the curious, and is produced by the relative situation of two large wings of the mansion, about the distance of 150 feet apart, between which the reverberation seems to arise. Griscom, who appears to have been pleased with this curiosity, has well described it in his ingenious work, "A Year in Europe." He quotes the reverberations as from fifty-six to sixty times. To us they *did not appear* so numerous.

(4) The grand Arch of Triumph, designed by Napoleon as the termination of his noble road over the Simplon, and which had arisen to only one third of its intended elevation, when it was arrested "*par les* Evenemens." I agree with the writer quoted above, in considering the sculptures prepared for the completion of this work, and which are disposed in workshops round the building, as amongst the "finest specimens of modern skill." Some of the bas-reliefs are superb; but the subjects to which they relate, and the honours they ascribe to the *now fallen* conqueror of Italy, forbid us to hope that under the present Government this magnificent design should be completed.

(5) At a short distance from the above, and near the place d' armes, is found the church and late convent of Santa Maria Della Grazia, in the old refectory of which is seen the celebrated Cenacle, or "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, a painting in fresco, by time and damp wearing fast to decay. John Evelyn speaks of it at the time of his visit to Milan, in 1646, as "*exceedingly impaired*," and since then it has been frequently retouched and repaired, so that but little of the original work of this incomparable artist remains. "Yet it still retains enough of the spirit and animation of the painter, to render it an object of the greatest interest to an amateur." Evelyn says that Francis I., *that* great lover of the arts, in whose arms Leonardo da Vinci is said to have died, had conceived the idea of removing the whole wall to Paris, "*by binding* it *about* with *ribs of wood and iron*." Should it eventually go into total decay, its memory will however be preserved in the "*admirable engraving*" of Raphael Morghen, which conveys not only the arrangement of the figures, but the force and character of the matchless original. Opposite to it is a crucifixion, by D' Oggione, which would *elsewhere*, I think, *be admired*.

(6) The Palace of Science and the Arts, formerly the "Brera," containing a magnificent collection of paintings of the old masters, arranged in five chambers and four cabinets. In the vestibule you see some fine frescos of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the precious works of Bernardino Luini, Gaudentio di Ferraro, and others. Amongst the most remarkable in the other chambers, may be quoted: (i.) "The Virgin and Infant Jesus," by Domenichino; (ii.) "Abraham and Hagar," a famous picture, by Guercino; (iii.) "*The Dance* of Loves," by Albano, in his sweetest style; (iv.) "St. Peter and St. Paul," a master-piece, by Guido Reni, in his fullest and latest style of colouring; (v.) "The Marriage of the Virgin," by Raphael, one of the earliest works of that great artist; (vi.) "Moses in the Cradle," by Giorgione. There are also splendid pieces by Benvenuto Garopolo, Julio Romano, Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Spagnaletto, and others, but none struck me in this noble collection as more curious than some of the early specimens of the Italian and Venetian School, *done on panel*, when an attempt is made to increase the effect by painting the figures on a raised ground, and decorating the mitres, crosiers, etc., of the saints, with *real* or *imitated* jewels. Adjoining these rooms are others containing a great variety of plaster castes of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, as well as those of Canova, etc.; a few statues and bas-reliefs in marble; the cartoons, and

some works of Appiani; some fine specimens in crayons, and a variety of modern paintings, many of them of great merit, which have obtained the prize at the annual exhibition, and a few prime engravings. Contiguous to these is found the public library, which is large and well arranged; also the cabinet of medals, and the observatory, "the instruments of which," says Griscom, "are numerous, and most of them in fine order."

After dining at our table d' hote, took our evening turn to survey the exterior of the noble duomo, and saw the vespers performed in a *neighbouring church.*

24th. Paid our first visit to the Palais de la Cour, the winter residence of the Viceroy, built upon the site of the more ancient Palace of the Viscomte; where we saw some fine suites of handsome apartments, elegantly furnished, and much ornamented with mirrors and glass lustres of great beauty. In the music room, which is a large saloon of the Corinthian order of architecture, we counted no less than fourteen of these splendid decorations; but the chief attraction of this palace are the ceilings, painted by the late Chevalier Appiani, one of the most celebrated of modern painters, who is particularly distinguished by the regularity of his designs and the beauty of his colouring. They ornament three saloons, and deservedly attract the attention of connoisseurs; the subjects being treated with a delicacy of taste and a richness of imagination which excite general admiration. From hence we visited the Villa Reale of the Sovereign, called the Palais Belgiojoso; being a modern structure, built in 1790, by a Count of that name. It is of elegant architecture: the terraces are decorated with statues, and the walls ornamented with stuccos and bas-reliefs, representing historical and mythological subjects. The interior of this Palais answers to the magnificence of its exterior, and it is also richly furnished: a ceiling representing Parnassus, the last fresco painting of the celebrated *Appiani*, decorated one of the apartments, and we saw some fine old frescos by Luini. The back-front opens into a very pretty garden, laid out in the English taste. In this palace the Empress Josephine, the discarded wife of Napoleon, died, and they showed us the very bed on which she breathed her last. The Church of Santa Maria Della Pizione, to which we next directed our steps, is adorned with old frescos, fading under the corroding hand of time; but has nothing besides worthy of record. We next saw the Lazaretto,—an immense quadrangle, with a chapel in

the centre, founded by St. Charles Borromeo, after the last great plague, which depopulated Milan. Then to the Zeccha, or Mint, where you may generally see in a few minutes the whole process of coining, from the rough bar of silver to the finished piece of money; but one of the superintendents being ill, we missed some parts, and particularly the instrument for verifying the coin, which is so very delicate that it is said the eight-hundredth part of a grain is sufficient to turn the scale. We were, however, gratified with what we were admitted to see; and I bought here a handsome bronze medal,—on one side the head of the present Archbishop of Milan, and on the reverse the "*duomo*," well executed. We were then conducted to the Pio Albergo *Trivulsi*,—a hospital founded by a rich citizen of that name, in 1771, for poor persons who have attained the age of seventy years, and which contains upwards of five hundred individuals, one half belonging to each sex. We were much interested with a survey of this institution, which we found in excellent order and under good management. It is so well endowed that the whole company are maintained without any expense to the public. The great hospital next engaged our attention, and we were conducted through its various wards, arranged round sundry large quadrangles: this institution holds a distinguished place in Italy; is intended for patients of both sexes and of all countries, without distinction, both for diseases and accidents. It has accommodation for a much larger number; but at the time we saw it, it contained about twelve hundred. We inspected the various lodging rooms, where the bedsteads are of iron, and the linen decent and comfortable; the dining rooms, the kitchen, the apothecary's shop, well furnished with drugs; and the laboratory, containing utensils for the various operations. The concern appeared to be well conducted, in good order, and reference had to the comfort of the patients: indeed, in passing through the large and airy chambers, where the subjects either of disease or accident were seen reclining on their respective couches, a feeling of thankfulness may very properly pervade the breast of the traveller, that the Almighty has thus put it into the hearts of those whom He has blest with affluence in every land, to be mindful of the wants and miseries of their fellow creatures: and though we must be sensible *that here*, even in a greater degree *than with us*, *inferior* motives may mix up with *their benevolence;* yet I have no doubt at all but that with a very great number *it* is the sincere badge of discipleship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,

if ye love one another;" and that they do heartily desire to prove their allegiance to their great Master by, like Him, "going about and doing good."

Concluded the day by inspecting the churches of Santa Maria Della Grazia, St. Ambrosio, and Santa Vittoria. The former a brick structure, begun in 1463, and containing nothing *very* remarkable. St. Ambrosio is one of the most ancient ecclesiastical buildings in the city, "renowned," says the ingenious Forsyth, "in the annals of Lombardy as the seat of coronations and of civil conflicts." It contains a fine ancient altar, decorated with silver, gold, and precious stones, supposed of the ninth century: the great doors are of very antique and curious workmanship, and the grand cortile in front is also ancient. We saw in the church an *old brazen serpent*, surmounting a venerable pillar of granite, which some have supposed the emblem of the serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness; others the *very original*. It is, however, of unknown antiquity, and has given rise to volumes of controversy. I think it, with Forsyth, much more probable "this serpent was an ancient *Lombard idol*," admitted out of the complaisance so common at that period, into the church, "and grown, through oblivion, into a *Catholic relic*." St. Vittoria is an old basilica rebuilt: its high altar is rich in "*pietre dure*," and many of its ornaments are supposed to be from the chisel of *Bernini* and his scholars. In these excursions we have found our carriage of singular utility: indeed it must be evident that it would be quite impossible to visit so many objects of interest, and so widely separated, on foot.

25*th*. The morning proving wet, remained at home, except a visit to our bankers, Signor Balabio and Co., on whom we drew a bill for £50. At noon, the weather clearing up, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to make an excursion to Monza,—a distance of about eight miles; having the day before obtained a written order from *His Excellency* the Count Strapoldo, Governor of Milan, to see the ancient Iron Crown of Lombardy, preserved in the cathedral of the former city. On our entering Monza, we were accosted by one of the officious laquais de place, ever on the look out for travellers visiting a place containing anything curious, who offered to present our order, and get matters prepared, while we took a little refreshment at the inn. On entering the church, which contains some ancient pictures in fresco, and some Lombard sculptures sufficiently curious, we were first shown the relics left to this

cathedral by the Lombard Queen Theodilinda, Antario her husband, and Berengarius: viz., a cup, supposed to be of sapphire; an antique fan, in a curious case; a small manuscript of St. Gregory, on papyrus; several ancient pyxes, richly ornamented with pearls, rubies, emeralds, garnets, agates, and cameos; a number of rich silver dishes and salvers, heads of saints and bishops, of the like costly material. The Archpriest now appeared in full pontificals, and led us to the high altar, where, having said prayers, made the customary genuflexions, and scattered incense, a door was opened by two assistant priests, with three keys, and a large crucifix of wood, richly guilt, was taken down for our inspection; in the centre of which was the Crown of Lombardy, preserved from vulgar touch between two crystals: not of iron, as its name might lead one to suppose, but of pure gold and jewels, and of an ancient form. In the inside is a small rim of *iron*, said to be made from one of the nails of our Saviour's cross. In a small crystal bottle, at one of the extremities, was a piece of the sponge upon which vinegar was given Him to drink, a thorn from His crown, and in another some fragments of the wood of the real cross: and it is for the sake of these relics that so much veneration is paid to the celebrated Lombardian *Iron Crown*, and so much ceremony is attached to its exhibition. We then visited the extensive and beautiful palace now occupied by the Viceroy as his summer residence, built by Eugene Beauharnais, when he filled that important post. The gardens are particularly delicious, and adapted to every variety of taste: a part forms an orangery, intermixed with formal parterres, planted with roses and other odoriferous and flowering shrubs; combined with these is a superb conservatory, which furnishes a delightful walk in the middle of winter. We remarked in this garden a singularity: viz., jasmines, roses, figs, and Spanish grapes, grafted on orange trees; the two latter being in full fruit had a very curious appearance. Another part is devoted to an exotic and botanic garden, where, either in the open air or under cover, are cultivated the rarest foreign plants: several amongst the rest from New Holland, as well as the sugar cane, the coffee tree, the pepper tree, the bamboo, etc., etc. Another part is laid out in the English taste, with grass-plots, shrubberies, plantations, and elegant parterres, intermixed with temples, pavillions, statues, and waterfalls, very judiciously arranged. It may very properly be termed a "*maison de delices*," and combines, with a degree of royal magnificence in the building, all that can con-

stitute luxury and delight in its accompaniments. The present Viceroy, a moderate man, and well esteemed, is brother of the Emperor of Austria, and uncle of the Archduke of Tuscany: and it doubtless requires the exercise of all his skill and moderation to maintain the Austrian ascendancy in these fine provinces, over which, it seems to me, it has no right to bear rule. Returned to the city to dinner.

First-Day, 26th. Spent the morning at home, as usual. At breakfast were pleased to see our Swiss friends, Capts. Brazier and Crawford, Revs. Shuttleworth and Colls, who had followed us over the Simplon. Before dinner, had a pleasant drive round the ramparts, and entered the city at the Porta Romana, and called at Richman's, the great German hotel, to make inquiries after the two young Poles we had travelled with in Switzerland. After dinner (as usual at the table d' hote), took an evening walk, in the course of which we saw in the front of the Church of St. Lorenzo, sixteen *Corinthian columns*, with the pediment still standing, supposed to be part of the Temple of Hercules. They are in tolerable preservation, and form a majestic colonnade. I am aware that the classic and ingenious Forsyth has denominated them "the remains of the *baths of Maximian*, the latest he has seen of the *Corinthian order*." Yet relying upon the descriptive verses of Ausonius which refer to them, as well as other intelligent travellers, I am inclined to consider these as more ancient than the time of Maximian, when the arts were doubtless much in the decline. Evelyn has noticed these columns, and quotes them as belonging to "the Temple of Hercules." He also inserts in his diary a copy of the inscription in honour of Lucius Aurelius Verus, though he does not seem to be aware of what is now generally admitted, that the inscription did not originally belong to *this monument*. These columns are interesting, as being the only Roman remains of the ancient Mediolanum which have descended to us through the revolutions of time, and the wars and civil broils which have convulsed and agitated it in the middle ages. Vallardi, in his neat volume of engravings of the curiosities of Milan, calls it "The Baths of Nero."

27th. Left Milan on an excursion to the city and University of Pavia, and the Monastery of the Certosa, by the Porta Ticinese, a range of simple and elegant columns fronting the gate of Pavia, erected while the city was under the government of the French. The route lies all the way alongside the great canal, which empties itself into the River Ticino, a little below Pavia, and is ornamented with bridges and sluices,

well constructed, and combining magnificence with solidity. At the distance of ten miles passed Binasco, a small town, where we saw the remains of an old castle, once imposing, but now neither pleasing nor picturesque, in which it is said Philip Maria Visconti imprisoned his wife Beatrix Lascario, whom he suspected of having betrayed the conjugal faith. Five miles further on the left-hand side, is the avenue leading to the Certosa, which we deferred visiting till our return. Reached Pavia in good time, and found quarters at the Albergo de Lombardia, which cannot however be recommended either for neatness or economy. We lost no time in commencing our survey of the curiosities of this city, the most remarkable of which are the University, the cabinets of physic, of natural history, and of anatomy, the public library, the botanic garden, and the two fine Colleges of Ghislieri and Borromeo. The city is large and respectable, but appeared rather dull after the life and activity of Milan. It is situated on the Ticino, over which there is an old and curious covered bridge. Several ancient brick towers are found in different parts of the city, of a square form, and of considerable elevation, of which Griscom well says, "It is difficult to conceive the purpose for which they were designed." The population is about 22,000. In the University, which is a large quadrangular building, are found (1) the museum of natural history; which is respectable, and occupies one very spacious room, containing a fine collection of objects in this department, classed according to the Linnæn system: there is also a good assortment of minerals, arranged in three rooms. (2) The museum of anatomy, where the preparations in all the different departments are extensive and curious: "two full-sized figures (male and female), illustrating the whole system of circulation, made by Fontana, grace this collection." (3) The cabinet of natural philosophy, containing instruments, apparatus, models, and all the requisites for pursuing this interesting branch of study. (4) The public library, which is large and valuable (about 85,000 vols.), and contains a great variety of recent splendid publications. At no great distance from these lies the botanic garden, which we found in good order, well arranged, and stocked with many rare plants. The head gardener, who showed us round, seemed to take a very hearty interest in its prosperity. The College Borromeo has a fine front, by *Pellegrini*, which is much admired, and its whole situation is commanding: built round a quadrangular court. We were shown one large hall, containing some frescoes, in a *vivid style of colouring*, illustrating the life and

labours of their favourite San Carlos. Fory calls Pavia "the present metropolis of *Italian science;*" and from our observation, I should incline *to suppose him not far wrong*, however inferior it may be in splendour and dignity to the notions which an Englishman forms of an *University*, drawn from an inspection of the venerable colleges and halls of Oxford and Cambridge. The number of students who attend is from 800 to 1,000. Concluded the evening by a very pleasing turn along the ramparts.

28th. On our return to Milan stopped to visit the justly celebrated church and convent of the Chartreuse, founded in 1396, by John Galeazzo Visconti, about a quarter of a mile out of the high road. This may be deemed for its size one of the most splendid churches in Italy. We had allotted two hours to its inspection, although I was scarcely sensible how we should have occasion for so much time till we made the experiment, yet we found ample occupation for it, while inspecting the curiosities of this superb and beautiful edifice. The façade, which is of white marble, is adorned with statues, medallions, and bas-reliefs, of small size, but exquisitely carved. On entering, the view is at once majestic and imposing: the roof, of fine proportions and exact symmetry, is gloriously painted in a rich but chaste style, in ultra-marine and gold. Seven noble altars decorate each side of the church, with the maitre autel, and two to the right and left of it,—seventeen in all, enclosed in elegant chapels, adorned with pictures by good masters, placed between magnificent columns of precious marbles: viz., Framma de Francia, Nero Antico, green Marbre of Polcovera, Porto venere, and Oriental alabaster. The altars themselves are inlaid with splendid Mosaics of exquisite beauty, glittering with lapis lazuli of celestial blue, with agates, jaspers, garnets, cornelians, corals, and verde antique. One altar, very richly inlaid, they told us took ten years to finish. In a retired part of the church, in the old sacristy, we saw a very curious altar-piece in seventy compartments, cut out of teeth of the hippopotamus, in *minute*, but well-executed figures, each compartment exhibiting a portion of the history of the New Testament; innumerable small detached figures also surround each division. In another part is the tomb of the founder, John Galiazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, of pure white marble, well executed, and in the finest preservation. One of the altar pieces, by Bianchi, represented our Saviour with Martha and Mary, a subject not often handled. The busy activity of Martha was finely contrasted with the tender devotion of her sister,

and the benign but approving countenance of our Lord reminded me forcibly of those lines of our interesting and valuable countrywoman, Jane Taylor:—

> "But though the board was spread for such a Guest
> As none may *now* make welcome to a feast,
> Our gracious Lord reproved her, *as He will*
> The busy Marthas cumbered serving still."

Before quitting, we visited the cloisters of the monks, ranged round a large court. The apartments allotted to each are comfortable, with sufficient accommodation for one person, and a little garden; also the rooms appropriated to the reception of visitors, in one of which Francis I., King of France, was lodged, when after the famous battle of Pavia, he was brought a prisoner to this convent. One day would suffice to visit Pavia and the Certosa, and return to Milan, if the parties are industrious and manage well. We reached *Milan* in time for dinner, and to make some preparation for quitting it on our route for Venice on the following day. But I cannot do *this* without adding our testimony to that of other travellers concerning it. John Evelyn says, in 1646, "Milan is one of the most princely cities in Europe. Placed in the centre of a country which seems to flow with milk and honey, the air is excellent, the fields fruitful to admiration, and the market abounding with all sorts of provisions." And Griscom, in 1819, pronounces it "the handsomest city he has seen in Europe." Many of the streets and squares are truly grand and imposing, the public buildings magnificent, the private palaces sumptuous and elegant. The pavement struck us as very peculiar, though I think we met with an instance or two similar to it afterwards. The materials mostly employed are small pebbles; but in the middle of the streets are two rows of broad flat stones for the wheels to run on, which gives an easy and pleasant motion to the carriage, and effectually prevents noise. The population is estimated at one hundred and forty thousand persons, and it forms, by the arrangement of the Congress of 1814, a part of the Austrian territories, under the title of the Lombard Venetian Kingdom; but I suspect the natives yield a reluctant obedience to their new masters. "The Austrians," says Matthews, "rule Italy with a rod of iron;" or, as the Italians say, "they rule it as if they were to be turned out of possession to-morrow," "and the *manner* in which they exercise their rule is as offensive to the natives as its spirit. They are

utterly without the '*suaviter in modo*,' which made the French individually popular, in spite of their oppressions; as the Italians always speak of the Tedeschi, as '*la brutta genti.*'" When at Naples, now governed by the same people, we made observations similar to the foregoing. May the day not be far distant when this noble part of the heritage shall neither be subservient to the ambition of *this* foreign master or *the other;* but enjoying the blessing of a *free institution*, "sit under their own *vine* and *fig tree*, where none shall make them afraid." But till that happy period arrives, we are compelled, as Britons, to join issue with the sentiments expressed by Addison, in his justly celebrated poetical letter from Italy, written in 1701:—

"Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretched canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live.
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis *liberty* that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile."

SECTION II.

From Milan, through Brescia, Verona, Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, to Florence—an excursion to Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn—the journey from Florence to Rome, and some sketches of the antiquities, etc., of that city, terminating in the Baths of Titus.

1824.

9th mo., 29th. After a tedious and vexatious delay occasioned by the remissness of the police of Milan in not duly issuing the passports, we left that city about twelve o'clock, and after a pleasant ride through the rich and fertile, but somewhat flat plains of Lombardy, reached Vaprio, where we baited, and arrived to dinner at Bergamo, a fine city of about 32,000 inhabitants; and we found comfortable quarters at "The Couronne," situated in the faubourg of St. Leonard. The town itself is principally built on an eminence commanding delightful views of the surrounding country, and in whatever direction seen is very interesting, and we were on the whole pleased with it, as exhibiting a clean, respectable, and business-like appearance. Before retiring to rest, took an agreeable walk by moonlight, along the public promenade of the upper town. But to make each day's progress more intelligible, I ought here to describe the order of our travelling arrangements. At six o'clock in the morning, a single cup of coffee, and a little bread and butter; then eighteen or twenty miles to a dejeuné a la fourchette (coffee, tea, eggs, butter and bread, cutlets or fish), and conclude with delicious fruits (grapes, peaches, figs), and sometimes wine; after which we take the afternoon's drive, and *sup* or *dine* at five, six, or seven, as the length of the journey requires, and about eight or nine retire to rest. The apartments are generally handsome in the large towns, and comfortable in the middle-sized ones; and it is only in the small places, that you need fear being incommoded. So that the principal art of travelling by vetturino

in Italy, is so to arrange the journey as to arrive at respectable lodging places every night. Our voiturier pays all, even including the servants, and we have only, when the carriage is ready, to step into it. As to *fleas*, we have found in some places such vermin abundant, when the floors are either of brick or covered with matting, which evidently harbours them. The best preservatives are those of smooth scagliola, which are common here, and which being easily swept, do not so readily harbour insects. It requires management in going to bed, as well as getting up; and with care in the former case, it does not always follow that they will be found in the beds, though the floors may abound with them. On the whole, this evil is much exaggerated, as an equal degree of inconvenience is experienced from it in some parts of France and Switzerland; and it may truly be said that the formidable apprehensions which we sit at home and foster relative to Italian travelling, take wing soon after you enter Italy, as we had been assured by ingenious and experienced Friends they would.

30*th*. Proceeded to Brescia, through a country of much the same character as the day before, adorned with fields of Indian wheat and millet, and thousands of mulberry trees, with the vines elegantly suspended between them, loaded with tempting and delicious fruit, which the peasants were busily employed in gathering, while almost every waggon we met contained its load of the same commodity. At Brescia we had time to see the Cathedral and several other churches, decorated with pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, artists of whom this district is justly proud; some fine Roman ruins of the Temple of Hercules; the ramparts; and ascending the castle hill, had a fine panoramic view of the town and its environs. The population of Brescia is estimated at upwards of 35,000; the people approximate in character to the Swiss, and are a lively, hardy, and industrious race. The streets are fine, and rather regular.

10*th mo*., 1*st*. Left Brescia, and arrived to breakfast at Desengano,—a village delightfully situated on the Lago di Garda, known to the ancients as the Lacus Benacus; and on the banks of which the poet Catullus had a villa, some remains of which are still to be seen at Sermio. We determined to bathe in this pure and classic water, after which, and our very comfortable repast, taken in an apartment with an open corridor overlooking the lovely lake and its surrounding mountains, we set off again for Verona. Skirting the margin of the Benacus

we passed the "presque isle" of Sermio, and soon afterwards the strong and formidable citadel of Peschiera, where the river Mincius flows out of the lake on its way to Mantua. While traversing these spots, where fresh interest is excited at every step, one can hardly fail to call to mind the lively apostrophe of Rogers, in his little poem on Italy, the scene of which is evidently laid here :—

> "Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
> Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
> Such questions do I hourly ask myself.
> And not a finger-post by the road-side
> 'To Mantua,' 'To Ferrara,' but excites
> Surprise and doubt and self-congratulation."

We reached Verona in time that evening to visit the far-famed Roman Amphitheatre before it grew dark, the interior of which, with some modern reparations, is quite perfect, and appears as it did to the admiring gaze of that wonderful people sixteen or seventeen centuries ago; and it serves, as Matthews properly observes, "as a key to the Coliseum at Rome." It is calculated to contain twenty-three thousand persons. Of the exterior wall only four arches remain, which are deficient in one *entire tier;* yet a tolerable idea may still be formed of the original plan. The Arch of Gallienus, rather a mean structure, stands across the public street, and may properly be termed "a double gate, raised in the demi-Gothic style of enrichment." The Arch of Gavi, supposed to be by Vetruvius, though the accurate Forsyth has doubts on the subject, was taken down by Eugene Beauharnais, in order to its re-erection on his great road to Mantua: since the "Evenemens" the materials have been preserved, with a view to their being replaced on the old spot. A third Roman arch, of no great note, forms the gate of the town on the side of Vicenza. San Micheli has contributed largely to decorate the modern palaces of Verona, and the fortifications also which still surround the city are the works of this celebrated *artist.* Lodged at "The Torre di Londra:" a good inn.

2nd. Rose early, and went to see the tombs of the Scaliger Princes, which stand in the open street, and after near five hundred years are very perfect. "They are models," says Forsyth, "of the most elegant Gothic: light, open, spiry; full of statues, caged up in their slender fretted niches." An old bridge over the Adige, two arches of which are said to have been constructed by Vitruvius: and amongst other

Churches those of St. Anastasius and St. Georgio; in the latter of which, besides some fine paintings, is a model of the *Arch of Gavi.* In many other churches fine specimens of the old masters, relics, and marbles abound; and in one of them a rich arch and four finely ornamented columns, supposed to be Roman, of white marble, as sharp and fresh as if recently carved. A similar one attracted our attention in the street, incorporated in the walls of a modern house. We concluded by visiting the curious antique gardens and terraces of Count Giuste, when we saw sundry Roman urns, columns, reliefs, etc.; some of which are inserted in the walls of the villa, and have all been found amongst the ruins of the ancient city. From an old summer-house at the top of the terrace we commanded a fine view over the city and surrounding plain. Verona is a cheerful and respectable city, and contains about forty-two thousand inhabitants: the environs are beautiful, and we found the roads on both sides superlatively good. Come on at eleven o'clock to Vicenza, which we reached at about six in the evening, in so heavy a rain as made us glad to take shelter in the comfortable inn of "The Chapeau Rouge," where we experienced fair charges. The rain continuing with unabated violence all the evening and night, we were compelled to forego the gratification of inspecting the palaces and other public buildings erected by the celebrated Palladio, of which this city is full. Vicenza has about twenty-four thousand inhabitants.

3rd. Rose with the intention of spending our morning in our chamber, agreeably to our custom of devoting a portion of our Sabbath to religious retirement, and afterwards to inspect the city; when our good Henri informed us we must start as soon as we had despatched breakfast, or the waters, accumulated from the heavy rains of the night, would prevent our proceeding. We therefore determined to move without delay; and it was well we did, as the carriage passed with difficulty through the lower town, while we were towed in boats the length of a long street, subject to the noisy clamours of an Italian populace, anxious to avail themselves of temporary obstructions to levy contributions on the pockets of passengers. The day however proved fine, and we reached Padua by about a quarter-past three, and were well received at "The Acquila D'Oro," opposite the Church of St. Antonio, which, rising before us with its domes and turrets, had much the appearance of a Turkish mosque. The master speaks English, having been seven years in service in our country.

In the evening we saw the Cathedral, with a bust of Petrach by Canova. The Church of St. Antonio, finished in 1307, before alluded to, is rich in tombs of the Pavian nobility, and the relievos around the shrine of the patron saint are particularly splendid. A young priest led us through crowds of kneeling worshippers to inspect it, which at first appeared indecent to me; but I afterwards learned to feel less delicacy at an interruption, which evidently gave neither umbrage nor disturbance to either priest or people. The Church of St. Justina, erected by Andrea Ricci, a Padovan artist, from the designs of Palladio, is a structure of noble simplicity. The columns that decorate the aisles are Ionic, and the general effect of the whole interior partakes both of the elegant and the sublime. "This Church," says Forsyth, "is rich in the spiritual and the temporal, in sculpture and painting, in the bones of three thousand saints, and the disputed bodies of *two* Apostles;" it is also adorned with splendid altars, costly marbles, alabasters, and Mosaics. Many of the altar-pieces are by eminent artists, and the Maitre d'Autel is decorated with a fine picture by Paul Veronese, representing the matrydom of the patron saint. Another by Filippo Periodi, representing, in magnificent sculpture, a dead Christ, the Virgin weeping, St. John and Magdalene, must, I think, be deemed a grand composition, though some able critics consider it deficient in the true sublime. The façade of this fine edifice has never been finished, and its rusticated appearance, and the holes left in the walls by the scaffolding poles give it a forlorn look, corresponding but ill with the elegance of the interior. We also saw at Signor Papafava's a curious sculpture by Fosolata, representing the fallen angels, in sixty figures cut out of one block of marble,—all attached and exquisitely wrought; also a splendid salon, and another with two modern paintings from subjects of the "Iliad of Homer." The grand place is surrounded by a circle of statues mostly in plaster; but having a striking effect. The Palais de Justice, begun in 1172 and finished in 1306, has one apartment esteemed the largest in Europe, being three hundred feet in length, one hundred in width, and the same in height, containing some pictures by Giotto, and a monument erected to the memory of Titus Livius, to whom this town had the honour to give birth. This is a large city, and surrounded by fortifications; but its population of thirty-two thousand inhabitants is scarcely equal to its dimensions. The best parts of the city are airy and well built; but the more ancient streets are narrow and ill constructed, and the cumbrous porticos under which the foot passengers

walk, give it a very heavy and gloomy appearance. The country around is rich and fertile.

4th. Rose early, and proceeded to Mestre to breakfast, the road all the way skirting the banks of the *Brenta*, which is decorated with villas and palaces, some of which are erected *by* or *from* designs of Palladio: one of them the occasional residence of their "*imperial and royal Majesties of Austria*," might be said to possess the character of magnificence; but the general appearance was forlorn and neglected, and told rather the present than the past condition of the Venetian nobles. After breakfast, took a gondola to convey us to Venice, about an Italian post, leaving the carriage till our return: were delighted as we approached with the appearance of this celebrated and once powerful city, rising majestically out of the ocean.

"She looks a sea Cybele fresh from ocean,
Rising from her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion:
A ruler of the waters and their powers.
And such she was: her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers;
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased."

After threading the Lagunes, we arrived at the Dogana, placed in a small island at the entrance of the open sea that surrounds Venice, and where our passports were examined, and we were permitted to pay our respects to the "Ocean Queen." With feelings however of a mixed nature, we entered by the great canal, and passing the *Rialto Bridge* (the celebrated scene of so many historical events, as well as of so much fiction and drama, but which viewed as a structure of magnificence and grandeur, by no means equalled my expectations), were soon safely sheltered at "The Grand Britagna," an inn kept by the nephew of our landlord at Padua, where we have comfortable apartments looking on the canal, with the Rialto in view, with meals served up at the same prices as at Milan. The evening being enlivened with the presence of the full moon, we availed ourselves of it to take a turn in the city; and threading alleys truly described by Matthews "as narrower than Cranbourne," were soon transported to the grand Place of St. Mark, which surveyed under that glorious luminary, had a very imposing appearance. "It is indeed rich, unique, venerable, and magnificent." Three sides of this

fine square are occupied by a noble range of buildings, partly the designs of Sausovina; the fourth is occupied by the Church of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace, with an angle opening towards the Adriatic; and near the centre stands the great square tower of St. Mark. It was a sight never to be forgotten. We strolled along the margin of the sea, silently pondering upon the great events which had passed within the walls of this modern Tyre, when during her thirteen centuries of power she might truly be said to be "a boast, a marvel, and a show."

5th. After breakfast, ascended the Tower of St. Mark, 330 feet in height, the top of which commands a grand panoramic view of this wonderful city, its numerous islands, and encircling sea. From this spot it is said the illustrious Galileo was accustomed to survey the starry heavens, and to pursue those grand astronomical studies of which that bigoted and benighted age was not worthy. From thence to the Church of St. Mark itself, an ancient and singular structure, of which Forsyth well says, "Though most of its materials come from Greece, their combination is neither Greek nor Gothic, Basilical nor Saracenic, but a fortuitous jumble of them all. The appearance, however, of the circular dome and pinnacles, and also of the grand façade, rich in costly marbles, ornamented with pillars and glittering with ancient Mosaics, is very unique and imposing, and has been compared to that exhibited by St. Sophia at Constantinople, from which it is highly probable its plan was originally borrowed. Both *within* and *without* the quantity of ancient marbles, Oriental granite, porphyry, alabaster, and jasper is past calculation; but being worn by ages, they do not appear so rich as we might expect such costly materials to do. The interior walls and roof are wrought in Mosaic pictures, intermixed "with much *barbaric pomp and gold*," some of them of great antiquity: those which most pleased us were a Greek work of the twelfth century, and another of the fifteenth, representing the "Massacre of the Innocents." The floors throughout are laid with variegated marbles, and seen from the galleries have a pleasing effect; though from the operations of time, aided I judge by the partial settlement of the soil, they are become almost as uneven as the waves of the gently agitated sea that washes the walls of this celebrated metropolis. We of course visited the roof, where, over the grand portal, and partially hidden by it, are now replaced the famous horses of Lysippus, "which have made so much noise in history connected with the names of Nero, Trajan, and Constantine:" they were brought from Constantinople, plundered

by the French, and placed on the arc of the Carousel in Paris, and now restored to their original position. They are of bronze, gilt; fine figures; and the period of their production considered, have uncommon merit. Before the doors of the cathedral still stand three bare poles, on which formerly floated the flags of the three vassal kingdoms of the Republic: Crete, Cyprus, and the Morea. We were pleased on the whole in this building with the display of what may be termed by the correct taste, a heavy, cumbrous, and barbarous magnificence. The Ducal Palace, which adjoins it, next engaged our attention: it is a very large, ancient, and splendid structure, of curious architecture, in the Arabesque or Saracenic style; and we were here shown a series of magnificent saloons, of grand halls, and chambers of audience, where during the fourteen centuries of Venetian power the Doges were accustomed to receive foreign potentates and their ministers, and oftentimes imperiously dictated laws to this portion of Europe. The walls and ceilings richly, but somewhat heavily gilt, in *large pancls*, are adorned with magnificent and precious pictures from the pencils of the great masters of the Venetian schools, and are either allegorical or representing the great wars and victories of the Republic, amongst which may be mentioned, as of especial merit, those of Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, Palma, and Paul Veronese; and some of the designs of the latter, in I think the chamber of the famous "Council of Ten," are expressive of all the beauty that mortal pencil can be expected to convey, and are calculated to leave a lasting impression on the mind. The works of these inimitable, and as they would be termed *here*, divine masters, are scattered in detail through the great cabinets of Europe, but it is here alone one can view them in the bulk and in full perfection. The grand council chamber, and another continguous to it, are converted into a public library and a museum for the reception of a very fine collection of Greek and Roman statues and inscriptions, some of which are of exquisite workmanship; and the two groups of "Leda" and "Ganymede" are said to be from the chisel of Phidias. This chamber contains the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, and the "Last Judgment" of Palma, both esteemed fine performances, but liable to an objection in common with many other large pictures, of too crowded an assemblage of objects, which distracts the attention. The wars of the Republic with Frederic Barbarossa and sundry other battles of the Doges adorn the walls, and the ceiling of the chamber in particular is very rich in embossed gold, and pictures also of Venetian history. A remarkable fine allegory, by

Paul Veronese, occupied the centre panel of the roof. The Doge's private *hall of audience*, where we sat down in his vacant chair of state, is ornamented by Tintoretto and Bassano, and the ceiling has divers allegories and representations of the Virtues by Paul Veronese. From the seats of departed greatness and power we ascended to the "Bridge of Sighs," a covered passage, so called from the unhappy victims of Venetian justice, suspicion, or jealousy, being accustomed to pass over it from their place of secret trial to execution; and from hence we descended into the dungeons, where we saw the dark chambers and the inscriptions alluded to by Lord Byron, in his notes to the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." Humanity shudders at the contemplation of such abodes of human wretchedness; and when we remember that many of the occupants of them were victims, not only of a tyrannical and jealous government, but also of the cruel and relentless Inquisition, we may rejoice, in the midst of the natural feeling of regret that accompanies the survey of fallen ēmpires, that a system so pregnant with usurpation over the just liberties of mankind has received at last a temporary check. Yet who can stand on this spot, or contemplate these monuments of human grandeur and power without a feeling sense of their evanescent nature: and while ranging through the sumptuous chambers of the Ducal Palace, or pausing amidst other tokens of this now

"Dogeless city's vanished sway,"

the mind naturally turns to that master-mind, which so keenly felt and so happily described her fallen condition:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wingéd lion's marble piles
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred Isles."

The inner court of the palace having been destroyed by fire has been elegantly repaired, and is decorated with old Roman sculptures, and four ancient figures in porphyry, and outside the gate are two pillars said to be from Palestine; and in front of the palace, which looks towards the sea, are two lofty Corinthian columns brought from Athens, surmounted

with the winged lion of St. Mark and other insignia of the Republic. From this spot we hired a gondola, which are sharp narrow boats, very like a London wherry or Otaheitan canoe, with a small cabin in the middle, capable of containing from three to five persons. Agreeable to an old sumptuary law of the Republic they are painted black, which gives them a lugubrious and funeral appearance; yet they furnish a very comfortable conveyance from place to place, and are essential where the principal streets *are water*, and where consequently horses and carriages are never kept. The gondolier who steers them does his part very dexterously, and conducts his charge rapidly along the surface of the smooth canals, at the sharp corner of every street warning the coming passenger with the shrill cry of "*Preni*," or "*Stali*" ("*Hasten*," or "*Slacken*"), which prevents their coming in contact with each other. In this excursion we visited the public gardens, pleasantly situated and opening to the sea and islands, and on our return passing through the great canal, which divides the whole city in the form of an S reversed, we saw divers of the palaces of the Venetian nobility, some of which display "the light elegant architecture of Sansovino, others the exuberant ornament of Longhena, and a few the correct beauty of Palladio;" and we were able generally to discover the latter by the alternately regular and curved pediments of their windows. That occupied by Lord Byron was also pointed out to us, in the front of which he had thrown out a small projecting closet, which enabled him to take his prospect up and down the canal. In mentioning the name of this eminent noblemen, now withdrawn from our lower world and entered upon "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," I cannot omit the opportunity it affords me of expressing my opinion of his character and writings. No one regrets more than I do that a man blest with such splendid and superior talents should have so degraded and prostituted them as he has done in some of his *otherwise* beautiful poems, so that instead of serving the cause of religion and morality by these writings, he has by the loose expression of pernicious sentiments and infidel opinions, in many instances evidently aimed at undermining their influence, and it must be owned that these snares are unhappily to be found scattered throughout his works in a greater or lesser degree; and from paragraphs of this character I should warn all virtuous readers to turn away with feelings of just abhorrence: but there is so much force and sublimity, truth and pathos, in many of his descriptive cantos, where he alludes either to the magnificent scenes of

nature or to the illustrious specimens of ancient as well as modern art, and so much justness and accuracy of delineation, as those who have carefully followed his footsteps can testify, that I must, when the argument of *entire exclusion* is insisted upon, unite in the sentiment expressed by a late anoymous writer, when he says, "Cold indeed must that heart be which can look without emotion on scenes which his genius has immortalized, or turn with the passionless reminiscence of *just* yet *severe* morality from the purer effusions of his gigantic genius;" and it is under the feeling of such a sentiment that I have ventured occasionally to illustrate my remarks by quotations from his "Childe Harold."

On a careful examination of my sentiments on the poetry of the late Lord Byron, I am inclined to doubt whether the real Christian, anxious as he ought to be for his Lord's honour, can be found in the practice of quoting from pages which are so deeply defiled with infidel principles, without in so doing lying under a just charge of being found in league with the "King's" enemies: for however disguised by the splendid gifts of genius and of talent, we must ever bear in mind that vice is still hideous and infidelity appalling; and I should be truly sorry, by the prominent exhibition of his purest descriptive passages, to be the means of inviting others to a more general perusal of an author who, it must be owned, has unhappily manifested an unceasing and rancorous hostility against the pure principles of the Gospel of Christ; and whose devices, if followed up, would lead to the annihilation of all religion, and I had almost said of all moral obligation. And what are the greatest powers of mind, misemployed or perverted, but shame and disgrace to him who owns them? "And judging well and wisely," as Young expresses it, "in subordinate things, but aggravates his folly who judges wrong in things of supreme importance."

> "Glory and honour, immortality,
> The amaranthine wreath,—a deathless fame:
> Whose shall these bright rewards of virtue be?
> Vain is the echo of an earthly name,
> When far from human praise or human blame
> The Spirit flies. Is *glory* or *eternal shame*
> The Saviour's plaudit or the Judge's frown?
> Oh, for the good man's death! Oh, for the Christian's crown!"

6th. The morning wet. Employed ourselves in ranging through the chambers of "The Grand Bretagna," which, though now an inn, was

once the palace of a Venetian noble, fallen from his high estate. The staircase is grand, the public apartments spacious and lofty, and the private suites are magnificent and well furnished: several large paintings yet decorate the galleries, though none of any great merit. About noon, the rain abating, engaged our gondolier to conduct us to the arsenal and dockyards, constructed in the time of the Republic, and perhaps the largest in Europe, having accommodation for building thirty-six ships of war under cover; but, as Matthews well says, "the ships and commerce of Venice have both vanished with its freedom." At its gates, besides other curious antiques, are four ancient lions, of white marble, brought from Athens; two of which once decorated the harbour of *the Piræus*. Within we found many large vessels, left upon the stocks by the French, which I judge are now not likely to be ever finished; the room for making ropes and cables, one thousand feet in length, and supported by rows of massive pillars; the armoury, which, besides a vast quantity of modern instruments of destruction, has some Turkish standards and lanthorns, taken from the Turkish gallies at the famous battle of Lepanto; sundry curious old swords, pikes, and battle axes; several suits of armour, worn by the Doges and other illustrious personages; a large room, full of models and sections of ships, and other machines connected with naval affairs, and a fine monument erected to the memory of Admiral Emo, by Canova; and connected with this, in a smaller cabinet, we were shown the model of the famous Bucentour, in which the Doges were accustomed to go out and perform the silly ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, by casting a gold ring into its waves: the original, now a mere wreck, "*lies rotting unrestored;*" here are also the state barges of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, as well as several used by Napoleon. Dr. Edward D. Clarke states that these dockyards are two and a half Italian miles in circumference; when he saw them they occupied two thousand five hundred men: they have now greatly fallen off from this complement, and must be considered as inferior not only to Portsmouth and Plymouth, but also to Toulon and Brest, in France. From the arsenal shaped our course to the Church of St. Dominico, where we saw the history of our Saviour in exquisite reliefs of white marble; the famous picture of St. Giovani E. Paulo, called "The Martyrdom of St. Peter" (not the *Apostle*, but *a monk*), and some others; also the tombs of many of the Doges, admirals, and other distinguished persons of the Republic.

7th. To the Palazzo Manfreni, where we saw six or seven rooms full of fine pictures; the different schools properly arranged. This is considered a very precious collection. Those which most pleased me were—a head, by Rembrandt; another by Murillo, whose graceful simplicity of manner is sure to attract attention; two splendid specimens from the pencil of Gerard Honthorst, called in this land of soft names and phrases, "Gerardo Delle Notte;" and a "Portia," by Guido Reni. Thence to the Church of the Jesuits; as usual with that reverend body, very rich and magnificent: the entire lining of the interior, as well as the noble columns that support the roof, are all of Carrara marble, inlaid with large leaves and flowers of "verde antique;" the pulpit is of the same costly material; the grand altar has four twisted pillars of "verde antique," supporting a grand design in statuary marble; and round it appears a most elegant carpet of white and green, which, on closer inspection, is found to consist of the same precious workmanship. There are several pictures here, and some good. Next to the Church of the Scalzi, otherwise called Santa Maria Della Nazaretta, built by seven noble Venetian families in conjunction: this is considered as too gaudy to be in good taste, and is certainly as rich as carving, gilding, marbles, and paintings can make it. But I spend my strength in attempting to particularize churches: though there are shades of difference in these splendid structures, and some of them, particularly those erected by Palladio, are in exquisite taste, and of a style too severe to admit of such loads of meretricious ornaments, yet generally they abound in pictures and Mosaics, costly marbles, porphyry, agate, jaspers, cornelians, and lapis lazuli. Then to the Church of the Redentore, erected by the Republic after the second plague, by the celebrated Palladio; the design of which appeared to us very chaste and noble. Forsyth, whose judgment may be implicitly relied on when such subjects are concerned, says, "It is a structure admirable in plan and elevation; the interior may be considered perfect in its proportions, simple, grand, harmonious: one unbroken entablature, surmounting one unvaried Corinthian, reigns round the whole church." The Church of St. Georgio, the scene of the conclave for the election of Pius VII., which we next visited, is also by the same artist, and a noble structure, though not so pure in design; nor is its effect so pleasing, in consequence of the entablature being broken into two different orders. Sundry fine pictures of the Venetian school adorn both these edifices, and the latter has a fine assemblage of marbles. Being now satiated

with inspecting churches, we directed our gondolier to conduct us to the Armenian Convent, on the Island of St. Lazarus, about two miles from the city, where we were courteously received by Father Pascal Aucher, the learned librarian, who speaks English with ease and fluency; and is truly described by a modern traveller as "a man of great learning, very extensive knowledge of the world, and most amiable manners." Of his learning he has given us a convincing proof, by the translation of the prayers of St. Nersetis, one of the Armenian saints, into twenty-four different languages, a copy of which I purchased on our return to Venice. By him we were politely shown the church, the convent, the library, with a good collection of printed books; and another, very rich in Armenian manuscripts, some of which were of an early date; also the school rooms and the printing rooms: in the latter they were occupied in printing an Armenian prose translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which the learned Father informed us he intended afterwards to reduce to measure. He also showed us several other works which had issued from their press, and recognised us as Friends, having seen us disembark the day we arrived in Venice from the windows of "The Leone Bianco," where he was dining with Hudson Gurney, and which adjoins our inn. We much regretted the shortness of this interview, which the limited time we had unfortunately allowed ourselves in Venice did not permit us to repeat.

From hence we crossed over to the Island of Loddo, which lies between Venice and the open Adriatic; and landing, walked over the ancient burial-place of the Jews, to the sea, where we bathed, much enjoying our dip, after the fatigues of the day. Loddo is for the most part a barren, sandy island, and reminded me much of the lowlands that skirt the sea under the cliffs of Walton and Felixtowe, in Suffolk. Here Lord Byron kept his four horses, humorously alluded to by Matthews, as forming, in conjunction with the four bronze horses of Lysippus, all the stud possessed by the Venetians; and here, upon the loose sands, he got "*his short canter*." Venice and its vicinity will naturally recall to the classic traveller many remembrances of this illustrious author, in conjunction with Shakespeare, Otway, and Schiller, who have laid in this spot the scene of some of their dramas. It was impossible, *here especially*, to think of the former without regret that his splendid powers of description should ever have been alloyed by any *baser material*. After dinner, the gondola again brought us to St. Mark's Place, to enable us to contemplate that noble square by the light of the full moon. Under the

splendid piazzas, you may still see the natives of different countries, in their respective costumes, smoking, taking coffee, or playing chess; but these were neither so numerous nor so diversified in their apparel as I had been led by the accounts of Evelyn, Clarke, and others to expect, and this may be accounted for partly by the very depressed state of their foreign trade, and partly that the distinctions between the well-dressed inhabitants of different European countries, is far less marked than it used once to be. A gentleman of London, Paris, Milan, Florence, Rome, or Naples, does not much differ. However, a sufficient variety prevails to prevent our being marked as singular, except that sometimes our simple attire makes us pass for priests of some foreign order; and travelling sometimes in my black velvet study cap, I have now and then received polite bows, designed doubtless for a "*reverendissimo padre.*" This evening we saw the steamboat set out for Trieste, which lies over against Venice, on the German side of the Adriatic, and is, we are informed, a very flourishing town, and much patronized by the Emperor of Austria.

8th. Saw the Pisani Palace, remarkable only for a large picture of the *Pisani* family, under the characters of Alexander the Great and the family of Darius, by Paul Veronese; and another of the death of Darius, by a modern Venetian artist, both very fine. Also the Palace *Barberigo*, which adjoins it, where we saw several chambers with fine pictures from the old masters of this school and others. There are many by Titian, who spent the first four years of his life, and died in this palace; especially a superb "Magdalen" and a "St. Sebastian," which he left unfinished. In the Churches of St. Fransesco della Vigna and St. Roche, next visited, we found nothing very remarkable, although the former is by Palladio; but in the splendid halls of the confraternity of St. Roche, besides many pictures of interest not in his best style, we saw a magnificent one by that master, representing the crucifixion, justly and deservedly held in high estimation. The Church of St. Sebastian, which occurred next, is an old fabric covered with the productions of the famous Veronese, whose tomb and bust we saw here. The pictures are much injured by time, and if I may venture an opinion, were not originally amongst the happiest efforts of this artist's pencil. The Church of the Gesuiti is very rich in its interior decorations with statues and relievos. We found it additionally splendid with artificial flowers and innumerable wax tapers burning, in the midst of which Mass was performing to a very numerous

congregation. This church was succeeded by that of St. Maria della Salute, built by the Republic, after the *first plague*. It is a fabric much admired, and though perhaps too much loaded with ornament, must, I think, be deemed a splendid specimen of the architectural talents of "*Longhena*," and is adorned as usual, with pictures and statuary.

Tired again of churches, concluded our day by a visit to the Museum des Beaux Arts, where we saw two large rooms full of well executed plaster casts from the most celebrated statues in Europe, both ancient and modern, including those taken from the Elgin marbles now in the British Museum; and several rooms of magnificent pictures, mostly of the great Venetian school (some of its earliest productions), and many from Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. The "Assumption of the Virgin," by the *former*, a favourite subject in Catholic countries, where so much honour is paid to her, is indeed a very splendid performance, and worthy that bright era of the arts. One room is devoted to the works of modern artists, which are well deserving attention, and another to ancient bronzes and relievos; and in this latter is preserved the heart of Canova, the celebrated sculptor, who was a native of Venice, in a *rich urn* of mingled *bronze and brass*. Forsyth, who is very severe in his strictures generally on the Venetian artists, whom he finds "deplorably vacant in *interest*, *mind*, drama, and historical truth" (a sentence, however, surely not correct), makes a splendid exception in Canova, as the only one of them "that could ever impress his mind, or awaken his affections;" and in spite of the judgment pronounced by some modern critics on his performances, I am of the opinion they will live to command the great and increasing admiration of posterity, and take their deserved place beside those of the celebrated masters of antiquity. Adjourned again this evening to the Liddo to bathe, and returned back to Venice in a smart shower. In the evening, bought at the Apollo, a copy of Lord Byron's Poems, printed there in five volumes, for 22 francs, and a *bound copy* of the Prayers of Nersetis, before alluded to, for 15 francs. The former accompanied us all through Italy, but was unfortunately lost at the French barrier, on our return from Nice. Devoted as usual the evening to filling up our memoranda; a rather fatiguing employment after the labours of the day, but indispensable, if we would fix,

> . . . . "Before they fade away,
> The little lines of yesterday."

9*th*. In a gondolier to the Grimani Palace, where are several excellent

pictures by Titian, and others, and some fine antique statues. In the courtyard is a colossal statue of Marcus Agrippa, supposed to be the only one existing of him in the world. The figure is noble, and naked with the exception of the belt of cords to which his sword is suspended. There is also one of Augustus Cæsar. In one chamber are three fine Grecian statues, and an excellent head of that atrocious monster Caracalla, and another of Vitellius, which appears to support the mantlepiece. In another are placed a great variety of busts and reliefs, and a third has two *splendid Mosaic tables.* Concluded with the Church of St. Salvador, which has nothing particularly worthy of note; after which were obliged to make our preparations for quitting Venice,—a rapidity of movement which we afterwards regretted, as not doing full justice to the merits of this extraordinary and very interesting, as well as most peculiar city. I have not mentioned that the streets are principally of water, which is true; and yet it is equally true that persons on foot can traverse the city from one side to the other, crossing the canals by bridges, which amount to between four and five hundred in number. But the route this way is often very circuitous, and the bridges, which are generally ascended and descended by several steps, are troublesome and fatiguing; of these, the Rialto is by far the most considerable, being ninety feet span, and covered with houses. The Grand Canal especially is crowded with palaces of different styles of architecture, but most of them have a forlorn appearance, corresponding with the present degraded position of this unfortunate city; and, indeed, the feeling of interest, pleasure, and that indescribable something with which one traverses the silent canals of this singular, and once superb and aristocratical metropolis, is dashed with an impression that her triumphs *are over*, her fourteen centuries of power *extinct*, her commerce annihilated, her splendid palaces fallen and falling daily, her nobles gone into banishment by reason of poverty, and not occupying many of those that remain. And here, as in many other parts of the north of Italy, we see the benefits "*the paternal Government of Austria*" confers upon her conquered provinces, maintaining their authority by soldiery and perpetual *surveillance.* But however smooth the surface now appears, it seems to me that here as well as elsewhere there is a great mass of discordant elements at work *underneath*, which may one day explode, and bury the advocates of arbitrary power in the ruins. May the day arrive that these lovely countries shall be once more left in the free and uninterrupted possession of their just and natural privileges.

The foregoing paragraph was written on the spot, and under the pressure of feelings thus excited. I find them so corroborated in a criticism of the *Quarterly Review*, on Count Cicognaro's splendid work on the Public and Private Edifices of Venice, that I insert them as expressing in a more elegant and feeling manner than I am capable of adopting, my sentiments, while surveying the proud remains of what Byron well calls "the fiery city of the heart,"

> "where an Emperor sued,
> And Monarchs gazed and envied, in that hour
> When Venice was a queen with an unrivalled dower."

"The mere mention of Venice," says this reviewer, "instantly recalls to English minds, Othello, Shylock, and Belvidera, the fascinations of Shakespeare and of the pathetic Otway; but to the contemplation of the *philosopher*, the *moralist*, and the statesman, its associations are of a *graver* and *deeper* character. *Its rise* from *nothing*, the continuance of its very *singular form* of government through so many ages, the greatness of its power and commercial enterprize, its chivalrous warfare with the powers of the infidel, and successful defence against the combination of the greater part of Europe, the final surrender of its independence without a struggle, and its present degraded and distressing condition are alike subjects of painful interest and philosophical inquiry. '*How are the mighty fallen*,' may we well exclaim, when we survey the Queen of the Adriatic, in her present state of widowhood and abandonment. The seats of luxury and pride, the palaces of splendour and ambition, may soon become places for owls to roost in; and where pleasure held her midnight revels, 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' may fix her throne, and thence devastate the shores of Trieste, Dalmatia, and Venetian Lombardy."

> "Muoiono le citta, muoiono i regni;
> Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba;
> E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegna:
> O nostra mente cupida e superba."

Returned to Mestre, where we resumed our carriage, and came on again to Padua, to our comfortable quarters at "The Acquila D'Oro." Price of a gondola from Venice to Mestro is five lira of Milan, value eight pence halfpenny each.

10*th*. Spent the morning in our chamber in reading and retirement; at noon came through the grand place of Padua to Montsilice, rather a

flat ride, and for the most part by the side of the canal, which is however adorned with palaces, and one especially belonging to the Duke of Modena, noble in its structure and finely placed. We had reason to regret that our local knowledge was not sufficiently accurate to enable us to diverge from the high road at the right place in order to visit the tomb and last residence of the celebrated Petrach, at Arqua, situated among the Euganean hills, twelve miles from Padua, and three out of the direct road to Rovigo; by this means we missed an object we had so very anxiously desired, and which no traveller with any pretentions whatever to literary taste should omit in passing by this route. It appears that to this charming solitude, so celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Catullus, our poet retired, and spent here the last four years of his life, and was found dead in his library chair, with his head resting on a book, on the morning of July 19th, 1374. "This chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arqua. The approach to the grave yard in which his remains repose is by the side of a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and at the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny frail shrub. The remains of Petrach are laid in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilastres, on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will soon be overshadowed by four *lately planted laurels*."

"They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain village, where his latter days
Went down the vale of years: and 'tis their pride—
And honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre, both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A Feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane."

At Montsilice, where we dined, we ascended a very fine hill, crowned with the ruins of an ancient feudal castle, belonging to the Duke of Modena, and commanding a most delicious and extensive view over the surrounding plains on all sides, as well as over the soft Euganean hills, associated with so many classical recollections; and after an agreeable ride reached Rovigo in good time to take before supper our survey of the town, which though situated *pleasantly enough* upon the Adige, is a place of no great

note, and of rather a forlorn character. Were lodged here at "The Duc Torre." Accommodations not exceeding mediocrity; but our minds are so made up to expect worse, that we felt disposed to be perfectly satisfied.

11th. Came to Polysina to breakfast; after which, and about four miles from Ferrara, crossed the Po in a large boat, conducted by ropes and pullies, in the same manner as some years ago I crossed the Clyde near Renfrew. Addison mentions the "*flowing vallies*" through which this river, under its poetical name of *Eridanus*, is *said* "*to stray;*" but its banks, where I have seen them, are flat and marshy, and have no very strongly marked beauties. The stream is itself noble and voluminous, and stands first, I think, amongst Italian rivers.

We entered on the other side the territories of the Pope, which subjected us to the usual interrogatories of the custom-house, relative to our passports and baggage. Though I am of opinion that this evil of travelling has been exaggerated by some travellers, whose minds have possessed too much of the character of *their own British oak* to bend a little to the order of foreign regulations. It is easy to describe on paper the transition from one Italian State to another, but the performance of it is sometimes ludicrous enough, and not always unaccompanied by vexation, though since we left Switzerland we have never had our baggage actually inspected. The plan pursued on entering the Papal States may serve as a neat specimen of the rest. After the passports are examined and found correct the Doganieri inquired if we had any contraband goods? "Niente, per la Dogana," is the reply. "But we must institute a little search." "As you please: but we are simple travellers and having nothing but our needful apparel." "You are ready to sign a declaration to that effect?" "Certainly." This done we gave three silver lire of Milan, value about two shillings English, to the Master of the Customs, who politely thanked us, and away we go. The ride to Ferrara is pleasant, and does not give us an unfavourable impression of the territories of "His Holiness." We found Ferrara as described, an old, dull, grass-grown city, with fine, wide, open streets, calculated to contain about four times its population, which is about twenty-five thousand; in the centre, flanked with towers and moated round, stands the ancient fortress, where long dwelt.—

> "the antique brood
> Of Este, which for many an age made good
> Its strength within her walls."

"Yet melancholy as this city now looks," says Forsyth, "every lover of Italian poetry must view with affection the retreat of an *Ariosto*, a *Tasso*, a Guarini. Such is the ascendant of wealth over genius that one or two princes could create an *Athens* in the centre of this Bœotia." We lost no time in surveying the objects of interest, which are these: the public library, with a collection of eighty thousand volumes; here we saw the tomb and bust of Ariosto, transferred some years ago, with great pomp, from the Convent of St. Benedict; also his arm-chair, much worm-eaten, in which we sat; his inkstand, and a curious unique medal of him, found in his coffin; also a copy of his comedies, written by himself; and amongst other precious manuscripts, a copy of Guarini's "Pastor Fido," in the handwriting of that poet; a copy of the "Jerusalem Delivered," in the handwriting of Tasso, with his own corrections; and a little volume of Tasso's Poems, principally sonnets, written in the prison at Ferrara; open at that addressed to the Duke of Ferrara thus, "Il Signor Le Duca di Ferrara;" they also showed us some very splendid illuminations executed by Julio Clovio, in the fourteenth century,—nearly a century before Raphael's time, but replete with beauty and spirit. Proceeded from hence to the Church of St. Ferdinando, decorated as usual with pictures and statues; and the Cathedral, a fine old Gothic structure, which has some rich paintings; the old Ducal Palace, standing, as I have mentioned, in the Grand Square, and mostly celebrated for the dark deeds done within its gloomy walls; and concluded by inspecting the narrow cell in the Hospital of St. Anne, where Alphonso of Este confined for seven years and two months the unfortunate but illustrious Tasso: it is a narrow, dark, dingy hole, and we visited it with feelings of just and bitter indignation at the cruel and unworthy treatment offered by the little tyrant of his day to this celebrated poet, for which no flimsy theory of recent days, that it was with a design to his good, can, in my view, offer an adequate apology. At the entrance of the dungeon divers of our countrymen have written their names, and amongst others Samuel Rogers and Lord Byron, who has feelingly alluded to this circumstance in his "Childe Harold," and has well employed the mighty powers of his pen in describing the respective characters of the persecutor and the sufferer,—descriptions which must, I think, be recognised as just by all who are capable of rightly appreciating them: and with his eloquent concluding apostrophe I shall terminate my brief remarks upon Ferrara.

"Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'Twas his
In life and death to be the mark where wrong
Aimed with her poisoned arrows, but to miss.
Oh, victor, unsurpassed in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine! Though all in one
Condensed their scattered rays they would not form a sun."

We lodged at "The Three Moons:" a good inn, but extravagant and imposing in their charges.

12th. Arrived at the solitary inn at *Tedo* to breakfast, after which strolled out into the vineyards which surround the houses, where we found the peasants very busy in gathering in the grapes, which they liberally bestowed upon us, so that we filled our travelling basket at a very easy rate. Arrived at Bologna about three o'clock, much entertained with the bustle of the vintage: the numerous carts and waggons going to and fro, and the multitude of fine large wine casks, handsomely bound and ornamented with copper, and drawn by four oxen, which we saw traversing the city in all directions, to the great number this year, we were informed, of thirty-two thousand, arising from the abundant crop of grapes; while every cellar and every storehouse sent out the strong scent of new wine. The general appearance of Bologna is very interesting: the arcades, on which the houses are all built, are thought by some to give it a sombre air; but it did not so strike me, as those in the principal streets are high, lofty, and elegant. We were well received at "The Albergo San Marco," and having ordered dinner, sallied out to see what of the curiosities we could while daylight remained. The Church of San Petronis is a fine building,—a mixture in its architecture of the modern and the Lombard. On its floor is traced the celebrated meridian of Cassini. The Marascalchi Palace has a grand gallery of paintings, of the works of the Bolognese school; also some Corregios, etc., etc. This evening, on returning to our quarters, found there the Earl and Countess of Ashburnham and suite, proceeding in four carriages and four to Florence.

13th. Rose early and breakfasted: after which saw the Churches of San Domenico, St. Salvador, St. Paolo, and the Cathedral Church of St. Pietro; in the choir of the latter is a painting, in fresco, of "The Annunciation," the last work of Ludovico Caracci,—they may altogether be quoted as decorated with pictures and altars; the tall tower of Asinelli,

three hundred and ten feet in height; and the *leaning lump of brick*, called "the Garesenda," which is not far from it. The Piazza del Gigante, a fine open square, used as a market, is a lively spot when strewed over with all the produce of the country exposed for sale. In the centre is the justly celebrated bronze statue of Neptune, by John of Bologna: a noble and commanding object, and of very exquisite workmanship; but I think with some modern travellers, that it would have been better placed in some fine seaport, where this god of the ocean might have appeared more in his true character, surrounded by his native element. We visited in their course the Palaces Zembaccari and Aldrovandi, both rich in fine galleries of well arranged pictures, and then proceeded to the University, which is indeed a noble institution, and deservedly the glory of the city: it contains a fine collection of books, consisting of two hundred thousand volumes, well arranged under the care of the learned Abbate Mezzofante, the librarian; a fine collection of plaister casts of celebrated statues, a museum of natural history, a cabinet of ancient statues, and other antiquities, mummies, and other Egyptian curiosities; a very curious school of anatomy, a chambre d'accouchement, a series of philosophical instruments, very complete and in fine order; and amongst other interesting objects a much admired mosaic of Pope Pius V., which had all the beauty of a finished painting. From the University we proceeded to the Museum "Des Beaux Arts:" a splendid collection of paintings, in which the great masters of the Bolognese school hold a very prominent place; and it is here only that a just and accurate idea of the merits of Guido Reni, Domenichino, and the *Carracci* can be obtained, of whose works there are magnificent specimens in this noble gallery: some idea may be formed of their value from the French being compelled to restore to it sixty-five pictures. Amongst the most precious we noted with pleasure some fine pieces by Pietro Perugino, and Francia: "The Crucifixion" and "The Massacre of the Innocents," by Guido Reni, are in his very best manner, and are only rivalled by his "Apostles" at Milan; the "St. Cecilia" of Raphael is also a sublime picture; the "Madonna Della Rosario," vulgarly called "The Persecution of the Albigenses," and "The Martyrdom of St. Agnes," by Domenichino," are both magnificent works; "The Transfiguration" and "Madonnas" of Ludovico Carracci have also great excellence of execution: but time would fail me to enumerate the most excellent, and it is a hopeless task when I reflect that it is impossible to convey to others even a faint idea of such varied excellence.

From hence we proceeded to the Certosa, formerly the Carthusian Convent, and now converted into a public cemetery for the city. The church is rich and much ornamented, but not well compared by Lady Morgan to that of Pavia, to which it is greatly inferior; but the cloisters, which are composed of several large quadrangles, and round which the tombs are arranged, are very interesting. The distribution of the monuments is very elegant and ingenious: interspersed with flowers and flowering shrubs, and many of them are beautifully carved in white and coloured marbles, with statues, alto and basso-relievos. This burial-place, which is full two miles from the city (a commendable circumstance in itself), is intended for the interment of all classes; and will be, as time rolls on, more and more decorated with splendid mausoleums; a space is allotted for the interment of *Protestants* by themselves. We concluded the day's work by a visit to the Church of Santa Maria di Luca, situated upon a high hill about two-and-a-half miles from the town, and approached by a lengthened porticate, or covered colonnade gallery, supported with pillars: a stupendous performance, and erected by the contribution of all the inhabitants of the city. The church at the summit is rich and magnificent, and the views from its corridors into the Apennines, over the country, and the city of Bologna and its neighbourhood, are quite enchanting. We returned home extremely fatigued with this day's excursion, embracing, indeed, too great a crowd of objects, and too widely separated to be examined with the attention they deserved, and to which their superlative excellence lays such just claim; but we had occasion to take this noble city on our return, which enabled us to remedy a little the errors occasioned by our precipitation. Bologna is calculated to contain upwards of 70,000 inhabitants; its commerce is considerable, and it has, I think, deservedly the character of being the most cheerful, liberal, comfortable, and business-like city of the Papal dominions. It has always been the seat of the fine arts, and more especially painting, and they are still cultivated within its walls.

14th. Rose at half-past four, and proceeded on our way to Florence. At a few miles from Bologna, began the ascent of the Apennines, a range of very romantic and finely wooded mountains, though inferior both in elevation and grandeur to the Alps; but as we proceeded, the ascent became gradually so steep that we were twice obliged to yoke a couple of oxen to our carriage, to assist the horses to draw it up. Just at the entrance of Lojarno, where we breakfasted, a violent gust of

wind took off the head of our little vehicle, and at the same moment blew away my hat amongst the hills. The latter was soon restored, but the former took us some time to refix, so that we were late in reaching the comfortable inn of Cavalitajo; and after passing the village and locanda of Pietra Mala, we travelled in some apprehension amongst the wild scenery by which we were surrounded, till we were greeted by the welcome lights issuing from the hotel. We travelled this day in company of a gentleman of the name of Cumberland, of the same family as Richard Cumberland, the celebrated dramatic writer, and who was going with his wife and daughter to winter at Pisa. We found the inn at Cavalitajo quite full, and being late, we had no choice of apartments, so were obliged to put up with the only one that remained, where there were three beds, and in which we could find no window. The manner in which we were served, and the general aspect of the inn, led us to conclude it not to be deficient in good accommodations, if arrived at under more favourable circumstances.

15*th*. Left Cavalitajo early, and in a strong brouillard, under some care from the height of the wind, lest in passing the summit of the mountain, our carriage might be overset. But we were favoured to escape unhurt, and the day cleared as we descended to Taglia Ferro, where we breakfasted, and were enabled to enjoy the beautiful variety of objects which the ride presented: rich hills and vallies, clothed with chestnuts, vines, figs, and olives; the latter we saw this day for the first time. Several villas and turreted mansions also arrested our attention. After one more smart ascent, we came within view of the Val d' Arno and the city of Florence, situated in the midst; a prospect pronounced by Lady Morgan, with great truth and propriety, to be "*superb*." No language can describe the picture, where the eye wanders over an immense plain bounded by the Apennines, and spotted with towns, villages, convents, farm houses, and villas, all of the purest white, amongst which the Arno winds its tranquil way.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls:
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and plenty leaps
To laughing life from her redundant horn;
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern luxury of commerce born,
And buried learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

After a smart descent over roads of rather a rough construction, we arrived safe at the gates of Florence; where, the usual ceremonies being gone through, we were admitted into this justly celebrated and much admired city, and found good quarters at Madame Hembert's "Pension Suisse," an hotel situated on the Arno, where we have a small salon looking upon the river; thankful, I trust, to that kind and gracious Hand which has preserved us hitherto from all serious accident, and brought us safe thus far on our interesting tour.

16*th*. Rose, after a good night's rest, refreshed, and delighted to find ourselves encircled by those "fair white walls," towards which a few years ago it would have appeared almost presumptuous to have cast "a longing look;" yet how easily have we traversed the long tract of country which now lies between us and our "*sea-girt Isle*," to which we look, I trust, with feelings of filial affection, and tender remembrance of the many close ties, both of kindred and friendship, which connect us with our native land. We proceeded first to present our letters of introduction to our Friend John Church, the American Consul, and relative of my travelling companions, Frederic and William Jansen; by whom we were most courteously received, invited to dine the following day, to attend the evening conversations at our pleasure; and, in short, received with a kindness as great as we could have expected from friendship even of a long standing. After which we set out to explore the city, its glorious gallery, cathedral, squares, palaces, etc. But before I attempt to speak of them in succession, I can hardly forbear expressing a few words on the general aspect of this charming city, which I cannot do so much to my own satisfaction, as by introducing the lively exordium of Matthews on this subject. "Travellers," says he, "generally exaggerate most outrageously, but they have hardly done justice to Florence. It may well be called fair Florence. The Arno runs through it, with a turbid, but rapid, and therefore cheerful stream, forming as it were the middle of the principal street. Between the line of houses and the river is a broad quay, serving for carriages and foot passengers. Four bridges at short distances connect the two sides of the street, and add to its beauty. The absence of smoke, and the clearness of the atmosphere, enable you to see the surrounding country distinctly from all parts of the town. The views up and down the river are beautiful, and the immediate environs are ornamented with undulating shrubberies and villas without number. The prospect from these environs is rich beyond description. Florence is

laid out at your feet, and the Arno winds through a golden and fertile plain, till the scene is closed by the bold and rugged range of the Apennines.

'Gaudet que
Vertice se attolleas Pater Apenninus ad auras.'

Such is the first view of Florence; and within its walls is all that can conduce to gratify the senses or delight the imagination. The wonders of ancient and modern art are all around you, and furnish an inexhaustible field of occupation and amusement." Florence contains about seventy thousand inhabitants; is surmounted by a wall, in pretty good preservation, defended by square towers and by two forts. The streets, which in general are well arranged, are paved with large flat stones, of unequal and irregular dimensions and shapes, covering the whole surface, after the manner of the ancient cities, over which horses used to the city travel well; and the motion is easy and pleasant, yet I apprehend they must be dangerous in frosty weather. As to the architecture of the different edifices, there are few cities in Italy where so much beauty of proportion has been preserved, and a good taste prevails which doubtless had its origin in the sublime genius of Michael Angelo and his school. There is perhaps in some of the palaces a solidity of construction which almost amounts to heaviness, and may be accounted for by the period of its erection, when personal safety was often at stake, and required that elegance should give way to massiveness and strength. The churches would, without doubt, rank with the most beautiful of Italy, were they finished; but this is the case with but few of them, and they present to the eye a rough and unfinished exterior, particularly the façades, which remain as they were left centuries ago, with the holes left by the scaffolding poles scattered about them in a very unseemly manner, of which the Cathedral, St. Lorenzo, St. Croce, are prominent examples. The hotels in general are good; the hire of apartments, *at the best*, is dearer than at Milan; and the general price is ten pauls a-head for dinner and wine (about five shillings English). We give five pauls at Madame Hembert's table d'hote; but neither the dinner, nor the manner in which it was served up, could be at all compared to "The Croce de Malta" at Milan, for four francs of France.

But I cannot refrain any longer from adverting to the great pride of Florence: the Gallery,—the grand repository for painting, sculpture, and all the arts; which occupies three sides of a noble palace, whose front

looks upon the Arno. We were not long in finding it. After ascending a long flight of stairs, arrived at the vestibule, where are placed the statues of the Medicean Founders, either in bronze, marble, or porphyry; representing Cosmo I. and II., Francis I., Ferdinand I. and II., the Cardinal Leopold, and John Gaston. In the second vestibule, called the octagon, besides several very precious remains of antiquity, is found the celebrated Wild Boar, Apollo, Atlas, and the Emperors Augustus and Trajan. This opens into the two corridors, or, as we should call them, galleries, each four hundred and thirty feet in length; connected with each other by a third, of ninety-seven feet, which unites them together at the south-west. Along the walls, and arranged on fine pedestals upon the floors, are found a splendid collection, consisting of portraits of illustrious men, sarcophagi, and other bas-reliefs; busts, statues, and pictures in endless succession. Besides the rooms appropriated to the different schools of painting, there are the cabinets of ancient gems, of ancient and modern bronzes, of terra-cottas, the splendid hall of Niobe, and the gallery of portraits of distinguished painters and others, which branch out from the regular line of the grand corridors. We hastened to the Tribune,—a small octagonal building, richly decorated, in which are deposited the "pluras" of this splendid collection; and where we soon found the celebrated "Venus de Medicis," described by Thomson as—

> "The statue that enchants the world,
> And bending tries to veil the matchless boast
> The mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

She is properly the goddess of the Tribune, and around her are placed the Apollino, or young Apollo; the Wrestlers, the Fawn, and the inimitable Grinder,—all Greek statues, and in high preservation. The walls are hung round with chef d'œuvres of the great masters, which do no discredit to the statuary, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter: Raphael, Vandyke, Corregio, da Vinci, del Sarto, Titian, Guercino, Michael Angelo, —all lend their aid to adorn this splendid repository of talent and genius.

From the Gallery we drove away to the Cathedral, called Santa Maria di Fiore,—a magnificent structure, with its campanile, or belfry, coated with brown and white marbles; erected in 1298 by Lapo, and crowned by the celebrated Brunelleschi, with the cupola which first gave to Michael Angelo the idea of his splendid dome at St. Peter's. It is the first double cupola, and supposed to be the widest in Europe: the builder has left inscribed the following original distich:—

"Tal sopra sasso sasso
Di giro in giro eternamente io strussi;
Che cosi passo passo—
Alto girando al ciel mi ricondussi."

The whole structure is imposing: only in Italy can we hope to see so enormous a building coated with marbles. The interior is equally striking, and is lighted by long narrow windows of stained glass, not usual in this country, which,

"Richly dight,
Still cast a dim religious light."

On the floor is a celebrated meridian, laid by Foscanelli, in 1467; and an original painting of "Dante," by Orcagna, is to be seen on the walls. Proceeded next to the ancient Church of St. Lorenzo, one of the unfinished structures I have before alluded to. It has two rare objects of attraction: first, the new Sacristy, designed by Michael Angelo as a mausoleum for the Medicean Princes, under the pontificate of Clement VII., who has decorated it with several splendid tombs, which every lover of the fine arts must regret have never been finished. And who shall now attempt to work his chisel where that of this sublime master has traced the outline? The two most admired are those of "Juliano, Duke of Nemours," between figures of Day and Night; and "Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino," with those of Dawn and Twilight; the latter subordinate to the noble figure of the Duke which surmounts them. Second, the Chapel of the Medici,—a costly and most elaborate structure, containing the ashes and mausoleums of the *six* first Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The whole interior, the richest we have yet seen, is clothed with agates, jaspers, Oriental granites, ancient brescias, and other precious marbles; and if completed conformably to the original design, which there is some prospect may be effected, will rival in richness and grandeur any repository of *royal dust* in Europe. Alas, how much expense and how great pains are often bestowed to immortalize those who are only worthy to be forgotten! who, when living, were the oppressors of their people, and the enemies of all that really tended to the improvement of those over whom the hand of Divine Providence had placed them as rulers; but towards whom they were literally—

"Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impelled."

Who that surveys this stately mausoleum, and pauses over the ashes

it contains, but will naturally recall the severe but just apostrophe of a noble traveller, conveyed in a stanza which every true lover of the muses will hail with feelings of unmixed delight?

"What is her pyramid of precious stones,—
Of porphyry, agate, jasper, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant dukes? The momentary dews
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, diffuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the muse,
Are gently prest, with far more reverend tread
Than ever paced the *slab* which paves the princely head."

When referring, however, to the errors of the Medicean line of princes, we must ever except the great Cosmo, the founder of his family, and the father of his country; and the venerable Lorenzo the Magnificent, who so largely contributed to exalt and embellish it, and was the generous patron of the fine arts.

"This celebrated chapel," says Eustace, in his "Classical Tour," "appeared to us dark and heavy; and in architectural beauty, chaste decoration, and fair proportions, far inferior to the Orsini Chapel in St. John Lateran; and in riches it is equalled, if not surpassed, by the Borghese Chapel in St. Maria Maggiore, in Rome. Yet, though it yields in magnificence to those two unrivalled temples, it far surpasses all similar edifices, whether oratory or mausoleum, beyond the Alps. The dome of the Invalides at Paris, covers a chapel which is shown as the pride of French architecture; but when compared to the Medicean Chapel, how graceless are its proportions, how mean its materials!"

In availing myself of a sentiment expressed by this ingenious author, whose valuable and very interesting "Classical Tour," I have carefully consulted on the various spots it attempts to describe, I feel disposed to offer a few words of reply to the mass of indiscriminate censure which has been heaped upon him by some who have followed his footsteps through that land of wonders, and who finding him in error in a few particulars, have ventured to question his authority in all respects, and have even doubted if he had actually visited some of the spots to which his observations refer. With my mind occupied by impressions of this nature, I opened his volumes in Rome and Naples, with a feeling of distrust and prejudice; but I am glad to be able to bear my testimony to the general fidelity of his descriptions, and to the just and natural re-

flections with which they are interspersed. That he has faults I readily allow, and conclude that in some cases his ardent mind was too strongly tinged with credulity; that his measurement were in divers intances defective, arising from his referring to inadequate authorities; and that his complaints against French violence, French republicanism, and French robbery and exaction, are reiterated with a tiresome and puerile querulousness, at which the good sense and judgment of the reader are obliged involuntarily to revolt. Yet even for this exaggeration I can make some allowance *in a traveller* whose lot it was to visit Italy at *a period* when she was convulsed from shore to shore by the effect of political principles, pregnant with anarchy and infidelity, and when the precious monuments of the arts, both in sculpture and painting, were displaced from their pedestals and torn from their frames, in order to be carried over the Alps, to decorate the galleries and to gratify the pride of a nation who were only entitled to them by that most unjust of all right, *the right of conquest.* I think Eustace is an author worthy to be consulted by any one who meditates a tour in Italy; that his descriptions are in general accurate, often animated, lively, and glowing; that though he overlooked some things, and coloured others rather too highly (an error into which a man of his ardent and poetical mind would be apt to fall), he has, in the main, furnished a faithful chart to conduct the traveller to the great objects both of nature and of art, with which that classical country abounds. And who could desire to visit it without imbibing a measure of that enthusiasm which a survey of the theatre of many great events is so well calculated to inspire? His familiar acquaintance, also, with the Latin and Italian poets (though not absolutely needful to a traveller in Italy, as *I have found*), and his happy application of their best descriptive passages, give an additional zest to his work, which every scholar ought justly to appreciate. The late indefatigable traveller, Dr. Edward D. Clarke, whose opinion may be pronounced an authority on such subjects, was the first to press the publication of the "Classical Tour" upon its modest and retiring author, from a sense of its merit and fidelity; and in a letter written to a friend, soon after his decease, he has *this passage*, by which it is evident he had seen no subsequent cause to alter his opinion: "Eustace, alas, is with the years beyond the flood! He died at Naples, about a month ago. I feel the happier in reflecting that the monument he has left behind him, would, but for my exertions, have been buried with him."

First-Day, 17*th*. At home in the morning, which was spent as usual. In the afternoon a drive to the Casine, which is a large pleasure garden, after the manner of Hyde Park, laid out in straight paths, which skirt the Arno, shaded with lofty trees. It is ornamented with several fancy buildings, and a small place called "The Casino," where company resort. In the evening dined with our kind Friend John Church, where we were received with so much courtesy and true English hospitality, as made us forget for a while our great distance from home, and all its endearing connections.

18*th*. Visited for the first time the Gabinette Fisico, or museum of anatomy and natural history,—a curious and very interesting collection. We saw here arranged in fifteen chambers, under *detached* glass cases, models in wax, made under the direction of the celebrated Felix Fontana, representing all the various parts of the human frame. It has been properly termed "a shockingly accurate imitation of dissected subjects,—an exhibition too painful, and it might perhaps be added too indecent, for miscellaneous admission: yet all the world, men and women, lounge here; though all that is revolting and disgusting in disease and deformity is laid bare and exposed, with a nakedness that can only be gratifying to the eye of science." The mathematical instruments, astronomical, etc., are contained in eight chambers, and in one of them is the *telescope of Galileo*. Eight chambers of natural history succeed to these, consisting of birds and fishes, classed after the system of Linnæus; reptiles, fish, and animals, preserved in spirits; insects, polypes, and a collection of shells, esteemed one of the completest in Europe, and a curious series of botanical preparations in wax; and concluding with a rich collection of mineralogy, arranged in eight chambers; in the last of which are deposited the fossils, amongst which the most interesting are the petrified bones of the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, elephant, horse, ox, and other quadrupeds found in the upper vale of the Arno, where doubtless they were deposited by some great revolution of the earth. In one small chamber is represented, modelled in wax, on a small scale, the commencement and progress of the fatal plague in Florence; in details so terrible and affecting as would be impossible to contemplate, were they as large as life. Nothing I have ever seen has given me so just a conception of the miseries attendant upon all the stages of this loathsome disease as these two miniatures, drawn no doubt with great fidelity and truth. Contiguous to the Museum is the Botanic Garden; *not large*, but prettily arranged, and furnished with many valuable plants and trees, and

opening into the Gardens of Boboli, which are connected with the Pitti Palace, the chief residence of the Grand Duke, and which, from its contiguity, we were disposed next to visit, and were regaled with the inspection of a most splendid and admirable collection of pictures, by the first masters, arranged in suites of apartments worthy of the furniture they contain: indeed, numerous as this collection is, there are very few that do not rise high in merit, and reflect credit on the good taste and judgment of the princes who collected them. This gallery is open to the public two or three days in the week: the company assemble at a certain hour, and wait till a sufficient number are collected together, when one of the servants of the palace escorts them through the chambers; not in a hurried manner, but with that polite and considerate deliberation so uncommon in royal palaces, and so necessary when almost every piece is a chef d'œuvre of the art. To particularize where so much is excellent, or rather when every variety of excellence abounds, is a hopeless task. There are eight Raphaels; the most striking of which are: first, "The Madonna della Seggiola,"—a figure combining refined simplicity and elegance with the greatest tenderness; second, "Leo X. between two Cardinals,"—an almost speaking portrait; third, "Cardinal Bibbiena;" fourth, a holy family, called "The Impannata;" fifth, "Julius II.;" sixth, "The Virgin, with the Infant Jesus, and other Saints." There is also a fine copy of his "Julius II.," by Julio Romano; two "Madonnas," by Murillo, in his very sweetest and tenderest style; a battle piece, and several marine views, from the bold and daring pencil of Salvator Rosa; the "Judith" of Christofano Allori; the portrait of "Clement VII.," by Titian; a "Descent from the Cross," by Cigoli; a "Portrait of Rembrandt," by himself; a "Figure of St. Mark," and a "Piety," by Fra Bartolomeo de St. Marc; a fine group called "The Four Philosophers:" viz., Rubens and his brother, Justus Lipsius, and Grotius, by Rubens; "Portrait of the Secretary of Cosmo I.," by Paul Veronese; "Henri IV. of France and Mary de Medicis," by Philip de Champagne; "The Monaca," by Leonardo da Vinci; "The Conspiracy of Cataline," by Salvator Rosa; a "Holy Family," a portrait of himself, and several assumptions, by Andrea del Sarto; a "Magdalen," by Domenichino; a "Cleopatra," by Guido; "Calvin and Luther," from the Venetian school; "The Fates," by Michael Angelo Buonarotti; a "Piety," by Pietro Perugino; "The Marys at the Sepulchre," by Paul Veronese; "The Martyrdom of St. Agatha," by Fra Sebastian del Piombe; "St. Philip

before the Virgin," by Carlo Maratti; and "Cardinal Bentivoglio," by Anthony Vandyke, which Matthews has well described to be a magnificent specimen of the high talent of "*this prince of portrait painters.*" In a splendid boudoir, lined all round with mirrors, which reflect her figure to the highest advantage, is placed on a pedestal the celebrated "Venus" of Canova,—a statue which, notwithstanding the sentiment expressed by some critics, *pleased me* much; and I cannot but imagine will be a means of transmitting to posterity the merits of this ingenious artist, and be admired when envy has ceased to detract. After a pleasant drive in the charming vicinity, returned back to our hotel to dinner.

19th. First to the Church of St. Mark, in the fine square of the same name, the façade of which is modern and complete. The interior, which is almost entirely from the designs of John of Bologna, is full of fine pictures. But its principal celebrity arises from being the depository of the ashes of that extraordinary genius, *Picus of Mirandola*, in his youth a prodigy of science and erudition, who died in the arms of Lorenzo de Medici, at the age of thirty-two years; and of Politian, a celebrated philosopher, and literati companion in the studies of the same illustrious person. Contiguous to this church is the Musée des Beaux Arts, which contains a few fine pictures, particularly a fresco by Giovanni da St. Giovanni; and a good series of busts and relievos, represented in well executed plaster casts. In the saloon of statues, are many designs by great artists, etc. The same observation applies to that of architecture. Proceeded to the Duomo, which we again inspected, and then ascended the campanile or belfry which adjoins it, and which raises its elegant and slender form "above all praise, and beyond all description," says the lively tourist, Lady Morgan. It is 252 Italian feet in height, covered, like the Duomo, with various marbles, and adorned with statues. From its summit a beautiful panoramic view is obtained of the city and its environs. Then to the Piazza di Gran Duca, one side of which is formed by the old palace, with its lofty turret in the centre, and which now serves for public offices, and residences for the Secretaries of State, of War, etc. Round the palace, or occupying the square, are the great fountain, by Ammanati, decorated by a colossal Neptune, surrounded by Tritons and Satyrs in bronze, which latter are considered to be of excellent workmanship: the "David" of Michael Angelo; the "Hercules and Cacus," by Baccio Bandinelli; the sublime figure of "Cosmo I.," on horseback, by John of Bologna, in bronze; all of which are colossal

and fine statues. And over against the palace, stands the Loggia dei Lanzi, constructed by Orcagna, in 1355, for the use of the magistrates of the Republic; under the open arcades of which, exposed to the weather and every vulgar touch, are three superb statues: viz., "Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes," in bronze, by Donatello; "Perseus, with the head of Medusa," esteemed the chef d'œuvre of Benvenuto Cellini, also in bronze; and the "Rape of the Sabines," cut out of a single block of marble, by John of Bologna. Two lions which adorn the entrance, and six priestesses ranged on pedestals against the back of the loggia, are ancient, and were brought from the Villa Medici, at Rome. Nothing has, I think, excited in my mind more surprise than the contemplation of the works of these great masters (and especially of the Perseus of Cellini, which is a figure of light and delicate execution), standing as they have done for centuries, either quite abroad or in open galleries, exposed to the rude fingers of so many generations, amidst revolutions which have repeatedly convulsed, and factions which have shaken with fatal violence the internal tranquility of the city, and yet escaping totally unhurt; whereas it is evident that in England they would not have been many days preserved from the mischievous propensity of our countrymen to mutilate or destroy everything, however precious, that comes within their reach. And whence arises the difference? I know no other than this: with them, every individual, however humble, feels a community of property in the public monuments of the fine arts, and is therefore interested in their preservation; with us there is no such feeling of common interest, and the only rivalry seems to be who shall first lay his vulgar hands upon them to injure and deface.

Concluded this day by an excursion to the village of Fiesolé, situated upon a lofty hill, about three miles from Florence; and which, for its antiquity, its celebrity, and its situation, is one of the most conspicuous and attractive objects in its vicinity. It was an ancient Etrurian city, and surrendered to the Romans, under Sylla. Few antiquities now remain, except two columns in the cathedral, said to be from the temple of Hercules, and some remains of the ancient amphitheatre. This beautiful village still retains however its name and its delightful situation. Placed on the summit of a lofty eminence it looks down on the valley beneath, the city of Florence, with all its domes and turrets, and the numerous villages and country houses that environ it. The sides of the hill on which it stands are covered with vines and olives, and its recesses clothed

with the ilex and the cypress; while the widely extended prospect is bounded only by the Apennines. "Amidst so many beauties of nature," says Eustace, "it is no wonder we find it eulogised by *Milton*, panegyrised by *Politian*, inhabited by *Picus*, and frequented by *Lorenzo*." The ascent, which cannot be wholly accomplished in a carriage, is steep, and at last rather fatiguing; but the prospect obtained fully repays the labour. "I sat down," says the enlightened Forsyth, "on the brow of Fiesolé, and measured with my enraptured eye half the *Val d'Arno*, palaces, villas, convents, towns, and farms were seated on the hills in the very points and combinations where a Claude would have placed them.

"Monti superbi, la cui fronte Alpina;
Fa di se contro i vente argine e sponda!
Valle beate, per cui d'onda in onda
L'Arno, con passo, signoril cammina."

But while quoting a native poet descanting upon the charms of his favourite spot, I cannot forget the just and pleasing eulogium which our countryman Samuel Rogers,—a name dear to the muses,—has passed on the romantic beauties of this celebrated eminence:—

"And let us from the top of Fiesolé,
Whence Galileo's glass by night observed
The phases of the moon, look round below
On Arno's vale, where the dove coloured oxen
Are plowing up and down among the vines,
While many a careless note is sung aloud,
Filling the air with sweetness; and on thee,
Beautiful Florence: all within thy walls,
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
Drawn at our feet."

After a day spent in the survey of so many wonders both of nature and art, I need scarcely record that we returned highly gratified to our comfortable quarters.

20th. A long morning at the gallery, in inspecting, first, the series of imperial statues and busts, which may be deemed the most valuable of the antiques, not only as likenesses of the great personages they represent, but as exhibiting the state of sculpture from Julius Cæsar down to Constantine. Connected and arranged with these are many beautiful statues of antiquity, and some from the chisels of the great artists of the middle ages: amongst the former the "Venus rising from the Sea,"

"Bacchus leaning upon Ampelos," "The Cupid," "Mercury," "Leda," "Love and Psyche," "The Ganymede," restored by Cellini; "Ganymede with the Eagle," "The two Marsias,"—one restored by Donatello, the other by Varvechio; and among the latter the copy of the celebrated "Laocoon," by Bandinelli; the "David" of Donatello, and the "Baptist," by the same author.

From the corridors we passed into the chambers of *ancient* and *modern* bronzes: a fine collection. Amongst the former the noble statue of "The Man haranguing," found near the Lake Thrasymene; "The Chimera," with Etruscan characters engraved on his right leg; a "Mercury," found at Pisano; and a "Minerva," damaged by fire, found at Arezzo in 1541: in the modern collection the bronze "Mercury" of John of Bologna holds the first place, and is truly a "figure of ethereal lightness;" the bust of "Cosmo I.," by Cellini,—one of his finest works, and of which he speaks with interest in the Memoirs of his life; also a "Casque" and "Buckler," by the same famous artist; "The Sacrifice of Abraham," by Ghiberte, executed at twenty years of age; copies of the "Venus," the "Whetter," the "Wrestlers," and the "Fawn," made in the time of the Medici, by Soldani; the bust of "Michael Angelo," and the "David" of Donatello. The Sal de Niobe, round which is arranged the superb group of "Niobe and her children," is a most magnificent apartment. The figures which formerly ornamented the Villa of Adrian at Tivoli have, many of them, great merit; but "The Mother" is the most exquisite. Their present arrangement is very favourable for the study of the artist; but I think the group, on the whole, suffers by being placed round the room, and not assembled as they were originally. The walls are decorated with a few pictures, judiciously placed, chiefly by Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, Gerard Honthorst, and Snyders: "The hunting of the wild Boar," by the latter, appears to me to be his chef d'œuvre.

The *Sal de Barroccio* has a splendid collection, not only from the pencil of that painter, but others. We remarked an "Adoration of the Infant Jesus," by Honthorst,—a specimen of "his surprising candlelights;" a "Magdalen," by Carlo Dolci; a "Bacchanal," by Rubens,—a fine painting, and in good preservation; "St. Francis in a Grotto," by Barroccio; "Philip IV. of Spain," by Rubens; "St. Clovis," by Carlo Dolci; and "Galla Placidia," by the same. There are besides in this chamber four exquisitely beautiful inlaid mosaic tables, composed of fine stones and gems, which are called "Opera di Commesso." The principal

of these tables is of an octagonal form, and the richest of its kind, being composed of topazes, onyxes, agates, and lapis-lazuli. It was commenced in 1613, by Antelli, and twenty-two workmen were employed without interruption at this work for twenty-five years, and completed it in 1638: it is indeed a rare specimen of laborious art. In the hall of terra-cottas, or ancient vases, often called Etruscan, but now *properly* decided to be of Greek origin, are a few curious specimens of this sort: in the centre is an ancient statue, representing the "Genius of Death." The cabinet of gems and precious stones is not only rich in intrinsic value, but estimable from the celebrated persons by whom they have been wrought into their present form; in many of them the workmanship far surpasses the original material, however rich, and it is supposed that *Cellini* and his scholars had largely contributed to increase the collection; there are *eight columns* of agate of Sienna, and eight in rock crystal, curiously wrought and embellished with garnets, topazes, and turquoises; a superb vase, of lapis-lazuli, thirteen inches in diameter, of the finest colour and of one block; a figure of a man armed, in Chalcedonian sapphire; a vase of Oriental sardonix onyx, quite unique; a cup of rock crystal, with a cover of gold enamel; and another of lapis-lazuli, its handles enamelled and adorned with diamonds,—both by Benvenuto Cellini; a fine vase of red jasper; another in amethyst; a very precious little cup in emerald; a cat's eye, of extraordinary size, besides innumerable other specimens; and in the centre of the room is a table, in pietre dura, in the earliest period of that manufacture, representing the Port of Leghorn in its original state. In the Venetian school of painting, contained in two chambers, are some fine specimens of those masters: amongst the cream, a "Portrait of a General and his Esquire," by Giorgione; a "St. Catherine," by Paul Veronese; a "Portrait of the Sculptor Sansoveno," by Titian; "A Family Group," by Bassano,—one of his very best, both in design, in truth, and in colouring; "Francis de la Rovera, Duke of Urbano, and his Duchess,"—magnificent portraits by Titian, deservedly classed in the first rank of the chef d'œuvres of this sublime painter; "Portrait of a Knight of Malta," by Giorgione; "St. Catherine," richly attired, by Titian,—being a portrait of Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus. Again to the Tribune, where the celebrated "Venus" improves upon us at each inspection.

"There too the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty: we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which beheld, instils
Part of its immortality.

. . . . . .

I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell;
Let these describe the indescribable."

By an inscription in Greek on the base, we learn this statue was the work of Cleomenus; and although it is allowed that this inscription is not older than the fifteenth century, yet there is good ground to believe it was retranscribed from a more ancient one, on the reparation of the pedestal. The other statues before alluded to as gracing this Tribune are scarcely inferior in merit to the "Venus:" "The Whetter," so called from its representing a man on one knee, in the act of whetting a knife on a stone, is, in my estimation, a perfect statue: I regret that its proper meaning is not more correctly defined; "The Fawn," supposed from the chisel of Praxiteles, though without any positive proof, is evidently from the best age of sculpture: it has been so well repaired by Michael Angelo, that an inexperienced eye would hardly detect its not being the work of the same artist; "The Apollino" is also an exquisite statue, and justly pronounced "to be a model of symmetry." Four chairs are placed in this small apartment, in the most convenient places, to enable the artist or the dilettanti, to survey at their leisure, and in the best point of view, these inimitable remains of Grecian art: and on the walls hang a choice assemblage of the chef d'œuvres of the great painters,—fit accompaniments for the sublime productions of the sister art. The following appeared to us as deserving the first attention, if there can be a comparison where all are so excellent: a small circular picture of "The Virgin on her knees, the Infant Jesus, and Joseph," by M. A. Buonarotti, —one out of the small number painted by this great master most in repute for fineness of execution; two famous "Venuses" by Titian,—beautiful, but rather voluptuous figures, when compared with the chaste simplicity of the Greek statue; "The Virgin, with St. John the Evangelist and St. Frances," by Andrea del Sarto,—esteemed by connoisseurs one of the finest specimens of this master, whose freshness of colouring is everywhere conspicuous and very evident here, combined with much harmony of composition. Forsyth is, I think, too severe on him, when he pronounces, "that though a great colourist, he has neither *poetry in his head* nor pathos in his heart." The "Portrait of Cardinal Aquechia," by Domenichino; a magnificent figure of "Charles V. on horseback and armed," by Vandyke; the Pro-

phets "Job and Isaiah," by Fra Bartolemo; "Herodias and her Servant receiving the head of the Baptist," by Corregio,—exquisite; and six pieces by Raphael, intended to illustrate the commencement, the progress, and the full perfection of this great genius. I so much prefer the ease and grace of the latter that I shall instance only those that are specimens of that style: first, "John in the Wilderness, sitting,"—if a criticism may be at all allowed here it is only that the figure of John is too juvenile to be applied to that period; the "Portrait of Pope Julius II. of Rovera," and the portrait of his own "Fornarina,"—they may both be esteemed prodigies of art, and the beauty and vivacity of colouring exhibited in that of Julius is truly surprising, after the lapse of three centuries: this latter is a duplicate of one in the Pitti Palace by the same author. There is also a "Massacre of the Innocents," by Daniel de Votterra, which for delicacy and minuteness of detail is very striking; "A Virgin in contemplation," by Guido; and a superb "Portrait of the Prelate Bicadelli, with a brief of Julius III. in his hand," by Titian.

"But a catalogue of pictures," says the lively Matthews, "is a sad dull business, and I must rather endeavour to record my own sentiments and reflections. The cant of criticism and the dogmatism of knowledge would confine all right of judgment upon painting and sculpture to those alone who have been duly initiated in the mysteries of vertu; whereas it seems to me that it is with painting and sculpture as Johnson has pronounced it to be with poetry: it is by the *common sense* of mankind, after all, that the claims to excellence must be decided.

"Painting considered as a fine art is principally valuable as it is historical or poetical; by which terms I would not be understood to signify the ideas usually attached to them: but by an *historical* picture I mean one which represents the subject as it really was, by a poetical one which represents the subject as it existed in the mind of the painter. Mere excellence of execution is, I think, the lowest claim a painter can advance to admiration. As well might a literary production rest its pretensions upon the mere beauties of style. If the composition neither pleases the imagination nor informs the understanding to what purpose is it being written in elegant language? In the same manner drawing and colours,—the language of painting,—can, as little of themselves, form a title to praise. When I go to visit a collection of paintings, I go to have my understanding instructed, my senses charmed, my feelings roused, my imagination delighted or exalted. If none of these effects be produced it is in vain to tell me that a picture is painted with the most *exact attention* to *all the rules of art*. On such pictures I look without interest, and turn away from them with indifference. If the Promethean heat be wanting it is in vain that a connoisseur descants upon the merits of the drawing, the correctness of the perspective, and the skill of the arrangement. These are mere technical beauties, and may be interesting to the student in painting; but the *liberal lover* of the arts looks for *those higher* excellencies which have placed painting in the same rank with poetry. For

what in fact are the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Claude, Poussin, and Reynolds, but the sublime and enchanting, the terrific and heart-rending conceptions of a Homer, a Virgil, a Shakespeare, a Dante, a Byron, or a Scott *turned into shapes!* They are the kindred productions of a congenial inspiration. Yet I would not be understood to deny *all* merit to mere excellence of execution: I would only wish to ascertain its true worth in the scale. The perfect imitation of beautiful nature in the landscapes of Hobbima and Ruysdael, the blooming wonders that expand under the pencil of Van Huysom, and the exquisite finishing of Gerard Douw's laborious patience cannot be viewed with indifference. Still less would I wish to deny the praise that is due to the humorous productions of Teniers, Hogarth, or Wilkie: these have a peculiar mind of their own, and evince the same creative powers of mind which are exhibited by the true *vis comica* in the works of literature."

I agree with much of the ingenious argument contained in this extract, and without any pretence to science, connoisseurship, or vertu, I think, by following the simple dictates of truth and nature *we have seldom failed* to recognise those touching and sublime efforts of the pencil, which, from their superior excellence, have the highest claim to commendation; and this, I judge, would be found to be more generally the case than may, at first view, be supposed: to be ascribed no doubt to what our author calls, with great propriety, "an appeal to the unsophisticated taste and *common sense* of mankind." From the Gallery we passed to the Church of Santa Croce, situated in the place of that name: a fine edifice, but with its façade left unfinished; though it is evident, from the commencement made three or four feet from the base, that it was originally designed to have been covered with fine marbles. The interior is handsome, and distinguished for the mausoleums of illustrious men; a little after the plan of our Westminster Abbey, though on a much more limited scale. Numerous chapels surround the aisles, richly decorated and furnished with altar pieces, from the pencils of Giovanni de St. Giovanni, Sante di Tito, and others. The tombs most worthy of note are the following: viz., first, that of the celebrated Count Victor Alfieri, a modern dramatic poet of great eminence, and not less distinguished for the "fièrte" of his disposition and the peculiar turn of his mind: this is from the chisel of Canova; second, that of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, painter, sculptor, architect, and poet, who aimed on the banks of the Arno to rival the sublime efforts of the Grecian chisel; third, that of Nicolo Machiavelli, historian, politician, and literati,—celebrated for his book called "The Prince," supposed to be replete with pernicious maxims, which have too often

served as a political code to crowned tyrants,—but called by others "The legislator of kings, the friend of the people, the champion of Italian independence, the Sallust of Tuscany, and the Terence of modern Italy, the author so much talked of, and the man so little known." I am myself incapable rightly to appreciate his character: his talents were unquestionably of the first order. Fourth, the tomb of Galileo Galilei, the celebrated astronomer, whose light and knowledge travelled far beyond the conceptions of a narrow-minded, ignorant, and bigoted age, which was very near sentencing to the stake a man whose discoveries have done honour to modern science. He was condemned to abjure as errors what have by common consent been since admitted to be fundamental truths in astronomy, and was continued a sort of prisoner at large of the Inquisition, at one of the gates of Florence, without being permitted to enter the city. "I went," says our illustrious Milton, "to Italy in 1638, and then it was that I found and visited the famous *Galileo*, grown old a prisoner in the Inquisition:" and where he remained till his death.

> "In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
> Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
> Even in itself an immortality.
> . . . . Here repose
> Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his
> The starry Galileo, with his woes;
> Here Machiavelli's earth, returned to whence it rose."

Concluded this day with a delightful drive by the river side, after which took drives with our kind Friend the American Consul, where as usual the evening passed in literary conversation, or the reminiscences of our native land.

21st. Saw again the Museum of Natural History, and gave a more deliberate attention to the collection of minerals and fossils. The former are very rich, and well arranged according to the modern methods. We noticed many fine specimens of platina, gold, silver, lead, native copper, the different varieties of iron from the Isle of Elba, the meteoric iron from Siberia, described by Pallas; and proceeded again through the Botanic Gardens, to the Gardens of Boboli, contiguous and belonging to the Pitti Palace, the residence of the Grand Duke. These are much frequented, and open to the public three days in the week: they are, however, laid out according to the usual taste of Italian gardening, in long straight lines, terminated by statues, or meeting in radii; some of the walks

being covered with evergreens, have a pleasing appearance, and are agreeable when the sun is painful. Many of the statues are ancient, but not generally of superlative merit; others are copies of celebrated masterpieces. A bronze "Neptune," throwing out water from the centre of a large pond, is esteemed; as is a large colossal statue of "Abundance," begun by John of Bologna, and finished by Tacca and Salvini, in the reign of Ferdinand II. From several parts an interesting view is obtained of the city and its environs, and from none more agreeably than from a small elevated casino called the "Coffee House," where are several small chambers fitted up after the manner of what we call "summer houses." The whole is a curious specimen of the taste of the day in which it was laid out, but too formal and studied to be so pleasing as the more easy and natural style to which we have been long accustomed in our country, and for the introduction of which we were originally indebted to the good taste and judgment of John Evelyn, who had courage to deviate from the established custom in his gardens at Wotton, planned during the latter part of the reign of Charles II. Foreigners in general, and the Italians in particular, have, I judge, but little relish for rural retirement; and rarely visiting their villas and country residences, have been inattentive to the improvements that might at a little expense have been effected around them, and so it happens that one sees with regret many of these *country residences*, once magnificent and splendid, still adorned with statues of great value and furnished with curious and expensive waterworks, to say nothing of the obvious advantages of situation and climate, consigned over to undeserved neglect.

From the Pitti we proceeded to the Church of the Santissima Annunciata. In the middle of the square is an equestrian statue of Ferdinand I., made from bronze cannons taken from the Turks. This church is built in the form of a cross, and has many splendid altars; that of the Virgin, with its accompaniments, is of solid silver, and its altar-piece the head of our Saviour by Andrea del Sarto: but the great object of attraction to the lovers of the fine arts is the admired fresco by the same artist, called the "Madonna del Sacco," which is found over a door in the cloisters leading to the church. It represents "The Holy Family in Repose," with Joseph leaning on a *sack of wheat*, from which the painting derives its name, and which is said to be the price the painter received for his performance. I own I was rather disappointed in the effect produced by this performance, which fell below my expectation of

its merits. Time has also done *his part;* yet I could still discover sufficient ease and grace, both in the design and the execution, to redeem it from the ephithet of a "*fresco daub*," which a recent tourist has bestowed upon it. Others have, however, esteemed this to be the chef d'œuvre of the artist. To the Gallery.—Hall of ancient busts and inscriptions, which contains a great variety of antiques. Nothing in this chamber is more noted than Michael Angelo's unfinished head of Brutus, about which there are various speculations; but the most plausible in my apprehension is, that it was left so by reason only of the fickleness which prompted this great artist to leave so many grand efforts imperfect, as witness his "Day and Night," "Evening and Twilight," in the "*Capella dei deposite.*" To the Cabinet of the Portraits of the Painters.—These are contained in two chambers, the walls of which are closely covered with them, amounting to about three hundred and fifty. In the centre of one room is a magnificent base from the Villa Medici at Rome, representing, in fine sculpture, the story of the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia,"—a precious morsel of antiquity; and in the other a sleeping Hermaphrodite, in the same attitude as one now at the Louvre, which formed part of the *Borghese collection.* As these portraits were many of them presented by the artists themselves, they are probably good likenesses, and on *this account*, as well as their execution, *valuable.* Amongst the most interesting are those of the great Raphael, of Julio Romano, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Paul Veronese, the Caraccis, Domenichino, Albano, Guercino, Holbein, Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, etc. *In the French school* are many pieces of merit; but our attention was most drawn towards two modern portraits, representing "Count Victor Alfieri" and "The Countess of Albany," his wife, the last of the Stuarts: superbly executed, and probably faithful likenesses. There are, however, paintings by Vernet, Poussin, Mignard, and Nautocil, which also deserve attention. In the centre are two ancient statues: (1) a Venus sitting in the attitude of drawing a thorn from her foot, called "The Venere della Spina;" (2) a Youth naked, wounded in the foot, which he appears to be looking at attentively; besides two tables inlaid with different marbles. *The Dutch and Flemish schools* contain a beautiful collection from the pencils of the masters of those countries, out of which it is rather difficult to select; yet we remarked especially a "Portrait of Sir Thomas More," counsellor of Henry VIII. of England, and another "Portrait Unknown," all by Holbein, and excellent; a bust of an Old Man, by Denner; "The

interior of a Church," and also of a prison, by Peter Neiss, worked up with incredible regard to detail; "A Schoolmaster teaching a Young Girl to read by the light of a candle;" a picture remarkable for the force of the chiaro-oscuro, for the fine effect of the lights, and for its general harmony of conception, by Gerard Douw; a series of small pieces, nine in all, by Francis Mieris; a fine landscape by Ruysdael; a landscape on copper, by Polemberg; and a picture by the same artist, representing "The Adoration of the Shepherds." *In the Flemish school* is a fine scagliola table, made by Paolini in 1732, and in the Dutch, two rich tables of Oriental alabaster. *In the School of Italian Painters* the most remarkable things were some fine landscapes by Salvator Rosa, with a few pieces by Titian, Domenichino, Guido, etc. *Of the Tuscan school*, after several careful surveys, it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient commendation. The specimens are contained in two large and well-lighted apartments. Amongst the most precious are "The Head of Medusa," with the hair changed into serpents, a morsel celebrated both for its rarity and beauty, by Leonardo da Vinci; "Judith, with the Head of Holofernes," by Cristofano Allori; "St. Ive sitting reading the petitions delivered to her by the Widows and Orphans," by Iacomo d'Eupoli; a splendid picture, "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," by Biliberti;" two large paintings by Gerlandajo, representing the history of saint Zenobia; a collection of Saints by Fra Bartolemeo; "The Descent of our Saviour into Hell," by Angelo Allori, called Bronzino, esteemed his chef d'œuvre, and one of the most classic productions of the Italian pencil; "Joseph conducted to Prison," and "Joseph at the moment of Presenting his Father to Pharaoh," both by Pantormo, in that painter's best style; "Lorenzo the Magnificent," by Vasari, a portrait very interesting from the subject which it represents, as well as from the manner of its execution; "The Martyrdom of St. Stephen," by Cigoli, a picture full of affecting expression, the subject well conceived, and the execution in all respects admirable; "The young Tobit at the moment of Restoring Sight to his Father," by Pagani; three pictures by Lorenzo di Credi; "The Adoration of the Kings," by Leonardo da Vinci; and "The Visitation of Elizabeth," by Mariotto Albertinelli. Such are the cream; but it would not be difficult to make a large addition to them from these two chambers, which indeed do honour to the school of Tuscany. I think I was more interested in the survey of them than in any other of the distinct schools of painting. There are also connected with this gallery collections of engravings of

medals and of cameos, which are not exhibited to the public but by special license. The rest is open every day, except Sabbaths and feast days, or days of saints, which latter occur rather too frequently, both for the reasonable affairs of the world as well as the curiosity of the traveller.

22nd. A day at Vallombrosa, rendered famous by our celebrated Milton, who has described the legions of the fallen angels as,—

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
> High over-arched embower."

Accompanied by our friend John Church, his two sons, and their tutor, and the two young Wilbrahams, we left Florence at six o'clock in the morning, in two carriages, for Pilago,—a village romantically situated at the foot of the Apennines, about fifteen miles from the city: the first thirteen miles of which the road runs through the Val d'Arno, and along the banks of the river. At Pilago we breakfasted on eggs, beefsteaks, coffee, bread and butter, and *vino stupende*, at least such our worthy host pronounced it to be, though we thought *it rather sour:* after which we began the ascent of the Apennines,—five of us on horseback, and the four young lads in a basket, drawn up by two oxen. Six miles of smartish ascent, partly through groves of chesnut trees, in full fruit, which the peasants were busy in threshing down; at other times winding along the sides of the hills, with delicious views of their pointed summits crowned with villas, or their slopes covered with the vine, the olive, or the ilex, brought us at last to a grove of venerable fir trees, which skirt the enclosure in which the Convent is placed; and soon after passing this a straight paved ascent conducts to the gate of the Monastery, which is erected under shelter of a mountain, yet higher, crowned with oaks, red when we saw them with the changing hues of autumn. We were courteously received by the Father Forestario, so called from his appointment to receive strangers, and shown into a comfortable salon, fitted up for the reception of visitors. While dinner was preparing we ascended to the Paradisino,—a hermitage placed on the summit of a rock that overlooks the convent, and prettily divided out into small chapels, cells, and galleries; from the windows of which a charming view is obtained, through the openings in the fine range of Apennines, of the Val d'Arno, and the city of Florence in the distance. On our return to dinner, being a maigre day, we could have no meat; but were regaled on three sorts of fish, omelets, pancakes, fruit, and wine. After dinner we saw the library,

which is respectable, and has sundry old illuminated manuscripts, and the collection of engravings of the Madonnas, alluded to by Forsyth; also the chapel, the refectory, and the cells of the monks, which are neat. This venerable abbey, so romantically situated, and affording so grateful a retreat during the summer months, was founded by John Gualbertus, a Florentine nobleman, towards the middle of the eleventh century, and is still inhabited by monks of the Benedictine Order, from whom travellers receive every kindness, and all the hospitality of which they stand in need, and which they are expected in return to acknowledge in a pecuniary way. It is supposed that amidst the charms of this wild and sylvan solitude Milton first caught the impression of that scenery which he has so successfully transplanted into his "Garden of Eden:"—

"Where delicious Paradise
Now nearer crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade:
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palms,—
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view."

But I expect these woods have suffered considerably under the axe since Milton's time. Returned to Pilago in the evening, where, rejoining our carriages, reached Florence by about nine o'clock, highly interested with our day's excursion.

23rd. Again to the Gallery, which we rarely omit to visit when open, and gave an attentive examination to the grand collection of ancient and modern statues contained in the corridors: "The Laocoon," by Bandinelli, is a fine copy of the original in the Vatican; the "Hercules and Nessus," at the extremity of the other corridor, is of inferior workmanship. Passed through the several schools of painting, and again contemplated the beauties of the Tribune, which increase in value on each fresh inspection. Attended to commissions in the evening, and preparing our passports, in order to our proposed excursion to Leghorn by Pistoia, Lucca, and Pisa.

First-Day, 24th. At home in the morning. In the afternoon a little drive: after dinner called at our friend John Church's to take our leave.

25th. On arriving at the gates of Florence, to take our departure, found our passports were not properly signed; the signature of the French Ambassador being wanted, and some others: were consequently obliged to return, and as "His Excellency" was engaged in a "mass" offered up for the soul of Louis XVIII., we were not able to accomplish our clearance before three o'clock; at which time we quitted the city, and passing through several villages, where the inhabitants seemed mostly occupied in the *straw plait* which furnishes a staple commodity to Tuscany; and also through Prato, where there is a royal palace. Arrived at Pistoia, by about half-past six, which appeared a large, regular, handsome town; but said to be thinly peopled. As it was too dark to make any observations, we can offer no remark upon it or its neighbourhood, which latter however is considered rich and fertile. Inn, "The Soleil:" rather dear.

26th. Came on through *Pescia*, a town pleasantly situated, and of respectable character, to *Lucca*, formerly the capital of a small republic, but now governed by a Duke; described to be about forty-three English miles in length, and sixteen in breadth, about two thirds of which are comprised in mountains and defiles, and the remainder forming the delicious plain round the city. This day's ride embraced every variety of natural beauty: through cultivated gardens, and fertile plantations of vines, figs, and olives; the mountains on our right covered with the autumnal foliage, and sprinkled over with country houses and villages. We arrived at Lucca in time to see the Cathedral, erected in the eleventh century, which is a mixture of what we call the heavy Saxon style of architecture, with the light Arabesque; the interior cased with marble, and ornamented with rows of little arches. Also some other churches, and the residence of the Gonfalonière of the Republic (now the Ducal Palace); after which we made the tour of the ramparts, a circumference of about three miles, very agreeably laid out in *walks* and *drives*, well planted with trees, and commanding delightful prospects of the rich plains and verdant mountains by which Lucca is surrounded. In the course of our walk, met the Duke and his family, in deep mourning for the late King of France. Were all lodged at "The Pelican."

27th. After leaving our hotel, drove round to the Chiesa Romana, to see the splendid allegorical picture of "Fra Bartolemeo de St. Marc," which is in high preservation, the colouring beautiful, the group well arranged, the figures expressive, and most of them portraits of distinguished

persons then living, amongst whom were pointed out to us the Gonfalonière and his family. The road between this city and *Pisa*, which we reached to breakfast, runs for the most part at the foot of high wooded hills, over a rich, well watered level, thickly inhabited, and extremely well cultivated. We passed many farm houses of very comfortable appearance, the walls of which were covered with the heads of the Indian wheat hung out to dry, very neatly arranged so as to case the whole fronts, excepting the windows, and which from the brightness of the colour had a very lively effect. We also saw at a distance the celebrated Certosa of Pisa, an ecclesiastical establishment once famous for its wealth, splendour, and extent; and passed the road which leads to the baths of Lucca, to visit which it is needful, by a whimsical ordonnance of the Lucchese Government, to hire post horses, unless you *can truly declare* you travel with your own cattle. This circumstance, combined with the unfavourable state of the weather, induced us to decline a *visit to the baths*, the neighbourhood of which, as well as the road leading to them, we were assured, present some of the sweetest scenery to be found in this part of Italy. Pisa appears to great advantage in the approach to it from Lucca, with the swelling dome of its venerable cathedral, its baptistery, the singular form of its *leaning tower*, and its various lesser domes and towers. Were entertained at "The Tre Donzelle," but not *with the courtesy* we have generally received in this classic and polite land. It is however pleasantly situated on the Lung d' Arno, a long street which skirts the banks of the River Arno, over which there are three rather handsome bridges. Pisa is still a fine city, covering an enclosure of nearly five miles in circumference, the streets wide and handsome; and those which face the Arno have some palaces, and other bridges, not deficient in magnificence. Amongst its churches, we noticed on the river side the little Chapel of Santa Maria della Spina, a low, square, and somewhat whimsical structure of what is called the Saracenic-Gothic style of architecture, crowned with pillars, pinnacles, and statues, the whole having a curious appearance when contrasted with the Grecian style, which so much more generally prevails in this quarter. "But the real magnificence of Pisa is all confined," says Forsyth, "to one sacred corner: there stand the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo, all built of the same marble, all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with years, and fortunate *both in their society and their solitude.*" The Duomo, constructed in 1154, is covered with partly coloured marbles, inside and out, which are

still fresh and clean, and has one bronze door of equal antiquity with the building, and three others by John of Bologna, of fine execution. The arrangement of the interior is rich and striking, and it has many pictures by great masters, but none of much interest, in my estimation, from the subjects being "mostly obscure and lengendary." The baptistery is a handsome building, detached as usual from the church; has two elegant wreathed columns at its principal entrance, and is adorned with much sculpture and relievos. The interior is supported by eight columns of granite. The splendid font has a figure of the Baptist in bronze, by John of Bologna; and the pulpit or reading desk is of alabaster, curiously carved, and very rich. The Campo Santo is a burial ground, surrounded by cloisters, with light and elegant Gothic windows opening into it, and is filled with holy earth brought from Palestine, and was much used formerly for interments. It is now converted into a museum of antiques, and has a large collection of Roman and Grecian sarcophagi, many busts, and some statues, inscriptions, etc., interspersed with a few modern monuments, finely sculptured in Carrara marble; amongst them the tomb of the celebrated Algarotte. The walls of the cloisters are covered with frescoes of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, in large compartments, exhibiting the gradations of the art. Being exposed to the open air, and many of them *five hundred* years old, it is no wonder they have suffered from damp and time. If such a profanation were permissible, I should say they deserved *to be retouched.* In the small chapel of the Campo Santo, are a few very ancient crucifixes and Madonnas. The Campanile, or leaning Tower, is all of white marble, and may be justly deemed one of the wonders of the world, being thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It consists of eight stories, all supported by columns, surmounted at top by an iron ballustrade only. Its whole elevation is about 180 feet, and the staircase winds through the inward wall. In spite of its obliquity, it is an elegant structure, and its general effect is pleasing. It has stood in this situation upwards of 600 years. Various have been the speculations relative to this celebrated tower, but I think there is no doubt but it derives its obliquity from the softness of the soil giving way on one side, and not from design; and it is evident this occurred previous to the completion of the structure, as we find in the construction of the upper part, that the weight is disposed in a way to support the equilibrium. From its summit you have a most charming panoramic view of the city of Pisa, the

flowings of the Arno, the neighbouring mountains, the port of Leghorn in the distance, Monte Nero, and the Mediterranean sea.

The climate of Pisa is particularly dry, soft, and salubrious, and being sheltered from the north winds by the range of the Apennines, it enjoys advantages over many other places of resort in Italy for invalids in consumptive cases, or of general delicate habits. Its population in the days of its power and prosperity, when the Pisan gallies triumphantly ploughed the Mediterranean, and Pontiffs and Emperors courted its alliance and acknowledged the efficacy of its services, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand souls, who then filled its vast precincts with life and animation, and spread fertility and riches over its territory. They are now reduced to about sixteen thousand: "A number," says Eustace, "which in the days of her prosperity would have been insufficient to man one half of her gallies, or guard her ramparts during the watches of the night." We reached Leghorn, a distance of about thirteen miles, by a flat level plain, just as day was closing in, and were glad to find shelter from a rough and stormy wind, which accompanied us all the way, at a comfortable hotel, kept by an honest Scotchman of the name of Thompson, where we were well lodged, and found excellent entertainment.

28th. We found in Leghorn, called here *Livorno*, a modern, respectable, and regular city of about sixty thousand inhabitants, of which number from eighteen to twenty thousand are Jews. Its port is safer and more frequented than that of any other in the Mediterranean, and in commercial rank it stands higher than any other port in Italy. It is defended by a mole, which extends far into the sea. We sallied out after breakfast to inspect the mole and the port, by a very interesting walk amongst the shipping of all nations, which are nicely arranged in docks, near which is the only monument to be found here, which is a colossal statue of Ferdinand I., in marble, surrounded by four slaves in bronze, which are well executed. The view from the end of the mole over the Mediterranean is very fine and bold. We then visited the Jews' synagogue, next to that of Amsterdam said to be the largest in Europe,—a plain useful building; also the Lazaretto, with all the ingenious provisions for persons performing quarantine. The Church of the United Greeks small, but richly gilt in panels after the Venetian fashion; it has several ancient painted heads of saints set in silver. But the most interesting object this city presents to the eye of the traveller is the English burial-ground, which is neatly walled in, kept in the neatest order, and full of tombs,

all of white marble, surmounted with columns, obelisks, urns, or busts. We found that of Tobias Smollett, who died here; also that of the late Francis Horner, M.P., whose bust, an exact likeness, I recognized perfectly; and those of our interesting young friends, Abigal Harwood and Lydia Whitehead, who had departed this life during the preceding year, the one at Pisa, and the other at the baths of Lucca. The two last were of a neat plain construction, of an oblong form, surrounded with a low wooden paling. On the top of that covering, the remains of Abigal Harwood, after her name and age, were affixed the following lines:—

"Weep not for her: she died as Christians *die*,—
There was no earth-born struggle of the heart,
No shuddering terror, no reluctant sigh."

While lingering amongst the mausoleums of so many of our countrymen and women of all ranks, who in the pursuit of health, business, or pleasure, or occupied in surveying objects of just and laudable curiosity, have found their place of rest within this elegant enclosure, a melancholy sympathetic feeling stole over our minds, accompanied, I trust, with a measure of gratitude and thankfulness to the Author of all our mercies for His gracious preservation of us *thus far* on our journey from every harm, and in the enjoyment of perfect health. We closed this day with a visit to the manufacture of alabaster ornaments, consisting of urns, vases, columns, busts, statues; many of them copies from precious antiques, and others from the productions of Canova. I bought here three Ballerini, copies of that great artist, and two vases of elegant form and very delicate workmanship.

29th. Occupied in making our purchases and paying a visit to our friend Henry Routh, to whom we were favoured with an introduction from our friend at Florence. We remained at Leghorn till about one o'clock, when we quitted for Pontalerd, which we accomplished by a shorter cut than returning to Pisa, a journey of about twenty-two miles, in good time in the evening. We found here a large and populous village, but furnishing nothing remarkable.

30th. Came on to Empoli, a respectable town, by a very interesting route, delightfully varied in hill and dale, with very beautiful views at intervals of *the Arno;* saw at a short distance on our right the church and castellated fortress of the tower of San Miniato, said to be the birthplace of the Bonaparte family; and to this fact of his Tuscan ancestry Napoleon himself alludes in a conversation with the Marchesa

Capponi, preserved by Lady Morgan in her "Italy." After breakfast returned to Florence, which we reached in good time for dinner, by a road more rough and uneven than we have usually found in Tuscany.

First-Day, 31st. At home. Drove in the afternoon "*to the top of Frisole*," once more to contemplate the sweet views from that exalted eminence. Found, part of the way up, the equipage of the Grand Duke, who had ascended to attend the service of the cathedral. After dinner, spent two hours with our friend John Church, where we met the Wilbrahams, Sir Elliot and Lady Duke, and made report of our recent excursion.

11th mo., 1st. At home finishing letters. The feast of All Saints and the Gallery closed. Walked with our friend H., and saw the Church and Convent of St. Miniato, situated on a fine hill on the south-east side of the town, and furnishing a noble view over it. It is an ancient edifice, erected, in 1013, by Hildebrand, Bishop of Florence, and is decorated within by a double range of columns taken from a more ancient edifice; thirty-six columns of marble also support *the confession*, besides which there is a roof with Mosaics, and a monument to a "Cardinal de Portégal," by Rossileno. The views from the terrace, opposite the grand façade, are however the greatest charm of this elevated Basilica. We returned from the Porta St. Nicolo to the Porta Romana by a walk that leads on the outside of the old city walls, and concluded the day by an interesting promenade in the gardens of Baboli.

2nd. To the Palazzo Vecchio,—a strong edifice: began by Lasso in 1298, and finished by G. Vasari in 1550. Its lofty tower is two hundred and eighty six feet in height, and contains a bell of 12,750 lbs. weight, which is however so lightly hung as to be sounded by a single person. The council chamber is covered with oil paintings and frescoes, by Vasari, representing the principal exploits of the Florentines; and has a "Portrait of Cosmo I.," by Cigoli; and statues of Cosmo, "The Pater Patria," by Bandinelli; "Virtue overcoming Vice," by John of Bologna; an unfinished "Victory," by M. Angelo; "John de Medici," called "The Invincible," by Bandinelli; with several others, scarcely inferior, from the chisel of Vincent Rossi; besides four ancient statues from the Villa Medici at Rome. In other apartments we were shown more portraits and statues of the Medicean Princes, and in the hall of audience the paintings of Francis Salviati; also three fine cabinets, richly carved, and two others full of ivory carvings, and one ditto with amber, and other curiosities. Visited next the Corsini Palace, the residence of

Prince Thomas Corsini, pleasantly situated on the Quay of the Arno, and may be considered as an exception to the heavy architecture which prevails in most of the Florentine mansions, as the Palais Pitti, Palais Strozzi, and Palais Vecchio. In the grand vestibule is a statue of "Clement XII.," who was of this family; after which succeed splendid suites of chambers, well furnished and decorated with many good pictures. We noticed four landscapes, by Salvator Rosa, in his usual bold style; and ten portraits, by Carlo Dolci, of which "The Madonna," "The Saviour," and "The Head of Poetry" are the most striking: the latter is indeed a specimen of exquisite finish, and deserves the commendation Matthews has bestowed upon it, when he describes it "as one of the most beautiful countenances he ever saw; the charms of which are lighted up by that indefinable expression which makes the face the index of the mind, and gives the assurance at the first glance of intellectual superiority." There are also portraits of Petrarch and Dante, by Cigoli; a "Fortune," by Michael Angelo, and a very grand modern picture, by Benvenuto, representing "The Death of Priam."

Accompanied by our kind friend J. Church, we then proceeded to the Pia Casadi di Lavore, or House of Industry, having made a previous appointment with the superintendent. This institution, which embraces all Tuscany, finds employment for five hundred and sixty poor men, women, and children, and is a very interesting establishment. They are occupied in carding wool, spinning, knitting, shoemaking, weaving linen, broad and narrow silks and fringings, carpet making of all descriptions; of which latter article we saw some excellent specimens, particularly a very rich one, composed of wool and goats' hair, twenty feet by seventeen, the price of which was 330 scudi, or £80 sterling. The refectory for men and women was comfortable, the kitchen clean, the lodging rooms *decent*, the provisions abundant. The profit derived from the work done does not defray the expenses of the institution by about £4,000 annually, which is supplied by the Government; but a fund is raised from each individual by an ad-valorem deduction from their respective earnings in the house, which he takes with him when he quits it: and this is both a stimulus to industry within its walls, and a foundation for prosperity in after life. I consider this a valuable institution, and in the main well managed. More general attention to cleanliness would be an improvement; and also greater regard to the instruction of the numerous children in the common rudiments of learning, which appears not to receive all the consideration it

deserves. Drove in the evening to the Certosa, or Convent of the Chartreuse,—two clear miles from Florence, on the road to Sienna. It looks like a Gothic fortress, crowning a considerable eminence; and "once rivalled," says Forsyth, "the Pisan, in riches, situation, and extent." From the roof of the church a delightful view is obtained over the Apennines, and also the city of Florence. The chapel is neat in its interior, and has several good pictures: we remarked especially a modern "John," by Benvenuto. This convent was honoured by a visit from Pius VI., of which a record is preserved. We spent a short time with a respectable Capuchin monk, who spoke a little English, and with whom we had some interesting conversation.

3rd. The morning at the great Gallery: employed in a general inspection of its wonders, and amongst others the Tribune; but having on a former day recorded our impressions derived from this and other visits conjointly, I shall not now repeat them. Suffice to say that at every fresh inspection of this amazing collection of the treasures of ancient and modern art we received additional delight, and could not recur without respect to the memories of those princes who had spirit and generosity enough to bring together so many precious and inestimable specimens.

"There be more things to greet the *heart and eyes*
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet,—but not *for mine:*
For I have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields
Than Art in galleries, though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage."

Drove to the royal palace of the Poggio Imperiale, and returned to dine once more with our kind friend John Church, his wife, and amiable family.

4th. Spent the morning at the Pitti,—a repetition of a magnificent treat. Raphael here outdoes himself: his "Madonna della Seggiola," his "Leo X." and "Julius II." are beyond all praise; "The Two Popes" seem almost restored to life for our gratification: "we ne'er shall look upon their like again." This collection is also very rich in Titians,—some excellent; and "The Four Philosophers," by Rubens, before alluded to, is an almost speaking group. Salvator Rosa has also contributed finely, not only in landscapes and battle pieces, but in historical subjects: his "Oath of Catiline," of which I purchased an engraving, is a horrifying

scene. An "Adam and Eve," by Albert Durer, who died in 1528, may be considered amongst his best performances. But I must forbear to quote further, and close my observations on this head by the introduction of some verses, written by my friend Bernard Barton, on seeing a similar, though smaller, exhibition of the works of the great masters, at Bredfield House, Suffolk :—

"They erred not, who relied for fame
On works of such magnificence;
Whose charms, unchangeably the same,
Surprise and rapture can dispense.

"*Their* genius, whose conceptions planned
What still such feelings can supply;
Their master touch, who could command
Such phantoms forth, have long gone by!

"Yet here triumphantly they live,
With power to waken smiles or tears;
And to unconscious canvas give
What lived and breathed in distant years.

"What still shall captivate, when we
Who now with admiration gaze
Like those who fashioned them, shall be
The creatures of departed days!

"Still shall that sleeping infant's face
Beauty and innocence reveal:
That sainted mother's matron grace
To every mother's heart appeal.

"Those misty mountains still shall rise
As now they do; those vales expand:
And still those torrents, trees, and skies
Tell of each master's magic hand.

"Oblivion by that art is scorned,
Which thus survives the slow decline
Of splendid piles it once adorned,
And still seems deathless and divine."

This afternoon made our farewell call on our friend John Church, when he showed us over his large and roomy museum, formerly a convent, containing in all seventy apartments, divided into a summer and a winter suite. In the old refectory of the Convent,—a large room, with a groined roof,—are some fine frescoes, by Giovanni de St. Giovanni: the garden is also pleasant and spacious. We parted with our valuable

friend with grateful acknowledgments for his kind attentions, which had contributed to make our stay at Florence so agreeable; and for that friendly interest in all our transactions, which not only gave us confidence, but added much to the facility of our daily movements. From hence we drove again to renew our visit to the friendly monk of the Certosa, who not only entertained us with his conversation, but showed us his cell, his oratory, and his little garden, and treated us with cakes and rosolio, with much kindness and urbanity. Dined for the last time at our table d'hote (Madame Hembert) with Sir James Ramsey and others: our friend Gilbert, who had been our companion in several of these excursions, having preceded us to Rome.

I pause here to make a few observations on three or four objects which were attentively and repeatedly surveyed by us, but have been omitted in their order of time and place, and yet are objects too generally interesting to the traveller to be altogether passed by without remark.

(1) The Baptistery, which is contiguous to the Cathedral; a building of an octagonal form, and of the Lombard style of architecture, erected towards the end of the seventh century. Its interior is lined with marbles, the roof adorned with Mosaics, and supported by numerous columns of granite. Its three gates of bronze are however its most distinguished ornaments: one by *Andrea Pisano*, bearing date 1330, and divided into compartments, illustrating the life of the Baptist, has great merit; the other two by *Ghiberti*, representing the principal events of the Old and New Testament, may be considered chef d'œuvres *of the art*, and are universally admired; that over against the façade of the Cathedral is the most esteemed, having in the middle of the cornice the head of Ghiberti himself; that to the south has three bronze statues by Danti, and beside it are two large and ancient porphyry columns, given to the Florentines by the Pisans in 1117, and to them are suspended the chains which formerly served to inclose the harbour of Pisa, taken from thence by violence in 1362. "Such trophies," says Lady Morgan, "are ungenerous: but when was conquest generous?"

(2) Not far from hence is the Church of Santa Maria Novella, a fine structure, situated in the place of the same name, built in 1279, and its façade finished in 1470, by Alberti. The interior, which is imposing, owes much to the skill and judgment of Michael Angelo; and has a series of uniform altars by Vasari, ornamented with rich altar-pieces by Santi de Tito, Allori, Bronzino, Cigoli, and Ghirlandajo; and a celebrated

ancient painting of "The Virgin," by Cimabué, which gave one of the earliest tokens of the revival of the arts in Florence:—

> "But let not painting, sculpture, poesy,
> Nor they, the masters of these mighty spells,
> Detain us: our first homage is to virtue."

And here we find, amongst other tombs, that of the steady and courageous patriot Filippo Strozzi, so cruelly sacrificed to the vengeance of the implacable tyrant Cosmo I.

(3) In the cloisters of the Church of San Lorenzo, before alluded to, is placed the famous Laurentian Library, which unfortunately remained shut during the whole of our stay in Florence, which prevented our having the pleasure of seeing its valuable manuscripts, and other curiosities. Amongst the former are the ancient copies of Virgil and Tacitus, the "Decameron" of Boccacio, and the celebrated Pandicts, supposed by some to have been brought from Constantinople by the Pisans. Amongst the latter is *the finger* of the celebrated Galileo, pointing to the skies he loved to contemplate, preserved under a glass case.

(4) Of the bridges of Florence, four in number, the Ponte Vecchio is the most curious, being lined with houses and shops, like the Rialto of Venice, and as London-bridge once was, and has besides a gallery communicating from the Pitti to the old Palace. Near it is placed the superb group of "Hercules killing the Centaur Nèssus," from the chisel of John of Bologna. But the Ponte de la Trinita is the most attractive, being of very light and beautiful architecture. It is adorned with four statues of the seasons, and opens into the fine Palace of the Trinita, which is decorated with a marble column, surmounted by a figure of "Justice," erected by Cosmo I.

The gates of the city are all of a plain, massy, and inelegant form, covered with a mean roofing of tiles. The arch of triumph, *over against that* of San Gallo, erected in 1729, is however magnificent in its design, and has a good effect.

(5) Amongst the charitable institutions, besides the Pia Casa de Lavoro, before alluded to, may be quoted the Hospital of Bonafazio, and that of Santa Maria Nuova, both large and well conducted institutions; the Refuge for Orphans of St. Filippo Neri, the Hospital for the reception of such poor persons as have no house of their own, and many others. But the most interesting thing this city has to boast of in this line, is the Confraternity of St. John the Baptist, consisting of seventy-two indi-

viduals of the first ranks in the city—nobles, priests, and merchants,—who relieve each other in divisions, and whose office is to bear to the hospital those who in any part of the city may happen to meet with accidents, for which purpose they are provided with biers, usually carried between four. They have a general place of rendezvous, and are summoned to the spots required by the ringing of a bell. They are all clothed alike in black suits and cloaks, and long black linen masks cover their heads and faces, with apertures for the eyes and mouth, which effectually prevent the rank of the parties being known. We met several sets of them thus engaged, and they have, as may be supposed, a very grotesque appearance. There are also, we were informed, upwards of thirty schools of mutual instruction, after the plan of Bell and Lancaster, in Tuscany, two or three of which are in Florence; but by reason of the absence of Count Jerome de Bardi, to whom we were especially recommended by our Friend William Allen, we did not see them. Considering the known hostility of the priesthood to institutions of this class, it is to the credit of this enlightened part of Italy that so many of them exist. Much is doubtless due to the personal interest of the Grand Duke, who appears, like his late excellent father, to have the prosperity and happiness of his subjects at heart; and when *absolute monarchies* fall into such hands, we must acknowledge the capability of such princes to do good is more copious and extensive than others, because they have none to obstruct the progress of their just or benevolent measures, so that we must almost assent to the declaration of the poet:—

"Whate'er is *best administered*, is *best*."

5th. Left Florence for Levarno, breakfasting on our way at *Incisa*, said to have given birth to Petrarch, though this honour is warmly contested by the people of Arezzo. The day's ride, finely diversified in hill and dale, through a rich and fertile country. We found a decent traveller's inn at Levano.

6th. Came on to Arezzo to breakfast, a large old town, but cheerful in its aspect and apparently well peopled. We saw here the Cathedral church, a large building of the Gothic style, to which a very handsome modern chapel has been appended. We noticed in it the chief altar, which is rich, and the ancient and curious tomb of Guido Tarlate, Bishop of Pietra Mala, designed by John of Pisa; also Lapieve, or old Cathedral, of the Lombard style, which seems to have been erected upon the ruins

of a more ancient temple, as we observed sundry columns, apparently of Roman workmanship, incorporated with the fabric: it is however a building of but little interest, and without symmetry or order in its composition. In the Church of the suppressed Convent of the monks of Monte Cassino, a cupola painted in perspective by the Jesuit Pozzi, so as to produce a perfect deception, attracted our attention; and in the convent itself is a fine picture by Vosari, representing "The Feast of Ahasuerus." In the grand promenade, laid out and planted with trees, is a bust, I think, of Aretino. The road from Arezzo to Camuccia is through a rich and fertile valley, and towards the close of our ride we obtained sight of the old Etruscan town of Cortona, *anciently Corytum*, whose sides are covered with vines, olives, and fruit trees: "And rising thus," says Forsyth, "amidst its vineyards, with black mountains behind, it struck me at a distance like a picture hung upon a wall." We were glad, on arriving at the solitary inn of Camuccia, to secure ourselves the best quarters we could; and the evening proving fine, and the moon very bright, we set out to examine the ancient Etruscan basement of the walls of Cortona, which still remain, and furnish the foundations for the present walls, erected in the fifteenth century. They consist of enormous blocks of stone, put together without cement, and are most perfect towards the north. It is calculated they have now stood about three thousand years. We regretted that the absence of daylight prevented our seeing the fine prospect which this elevated eminence commands, or penetrating into this ancient city itself, the scene of so many historical recollections.

Justly does that sprightly tourist, Lady Morgan, describe "the whole of this region as pregnant with interest; for it has been studied," says she, "for its antiquities by those who are now themselves ancients: by *Livy*, by *Varro*, and by *Pliny*, who loitered amidst its ruins, and examined its fragments, as the antiquary of the present day ponders on the sites to which these *classic names* have given a dignity and a value." I should hardly advise the traveller to lodge at Camuccia, if he can avoid it, the accommodations are so inferior.

First-Day, 7th. Were obliged at an early hour to start on our journey, and were in our carriage before the moon had given place to the orb of day, which we afterwards saw gilding at a distance the lofty turrets of Cortona. Came on to Magione to breakfast, where we rested and read as usual. This morning's ride was one of unusual interest, the road passing by the lake of Perugia, a fine sheet of water, formerly Thrasymene,

and over the spot where Hannibal entrapped the Consul Flaminius in a defile between the mountains and the lake, and routed and overthrew the Roman army with a most terrible destruction; and so furious were the combatants that Livy says, "An earthquake, which overwhelmed several fine cities in Italy, passed unobserved by these sanguinary combatants." Near this spot is the Roman Dogana, which, by the kind care of our Florence friend in providing us with a Lascia-passare from the Papal Government, we passed unsearched; and afterwards a small brook, named Sanguinetto, from that day's slaughter, which is the only memorial of it that now remains; for, as Byron says,—

> "Far other scene is Thrasymene now;
> Her lake a street of silver, and her plain
> Rent by no ravage, save the gentle plough;
> Her agèd trees rise thick, as once the slain
> Lay where their roots are."

Winding round the lake, amidst clumps of venerable oaks, we next passed Passignano, a miserable and forlorn fishing hamlet, situated upon the shores of the lake, and soon afterwards arrived at Magione, and after breakfast proceeded on to Perugia. The ascent to this town is steep, and the fort near the gates, on the summit of the hill, commands a noble view over the country. We saw here an ancient arch, called the Arch of Augustus, and inscribed "Augusta Peruvia;" the Cathedral, with a "Descent from the Cross," by Bareccio, and "The Marriage of the Virgin," by Perugino; the Church of San Pietro, which has a range of old marble columns, and sundry pictures by Perugino, Albano, and others. All the paintings of the *Collegio del Cambio*, anciently a sort of change, or mercantile rendezvous, and also its chapel, are from the pencil of Perugino, who it is well known was the master of the great Raphael, some of whose early essays are to be found in this town, which partake of the stiff and formal manner of his predecessor, whose groupings have generally much of this character, though it must be admitted that his countenances possess a finish and a sweetness of expression truly admirable. We were lodged here at "The Coronna," though we afterwards believed "The Poste" to be a better house.

8th. Left Perugia by a magnificent descent, which presented to advantage the town, built on the slope of a verdant hill, and which remained for many miles an imposing object glittering in the beams of the morning sun; and soon after crossed the Tiber for the first time,

by the old bridge of Saint John,—at this spot a narrow stream, but too full of classical recollections not to be hailed with pleasure; afterwards, the large Church and Convent of the Madonna degli Angeli; and on our left, at a short distance from the road, the old town of Assissi, agreeably situated on the side of a hill, with its convents, churches, castle, and ancient walls, and celebrated as having been the retreat and the burial place of St. Francis d'Assissi, the founder of one of the greatest Mendicant Orders, who terminated a life of much self-denial and religious austerity at this place, in the year 1225, leaving behind him a character which, in spite of the different estimate we now take of such sacrifices, must, I think, command our respect.

Breakfasted at Foligno, a cheerful and respectable town, agreeably situated at the foot of the Apennines, which are here covered alternately with oaks, chestnuts, olives, and cork trees, presenting all the various and delightful tinges of autumnal foliage; but which has no object within its walls to attract the attention of the traveller, the famous picture of Raphael, called "The Madonna di Foligno," and once placed in the Convent of the Comtessa, being now removed to the Vatican. A delightful afternoon's drive through the valley of Spoleto brought us to the ancient town of that name, in the course of which we passed the river Clytumnus, tasted its crystal stream, and saw the delicate little temple at Labene, built by the Romans, and dedicated to that river-god, supposed to have been the same alluded to by Pliny: "Adjacet Templum, priscum et religiosum." It is an elegant little object; but the twisted columns that adorn it have been thought by some not to accord with any building that could have been *old* in Pliny's time: a just objection, unless we admit the conjecture of Eustace, that the portico has been changed, and the twisted columns substituted for the more ancient at a later period of Roman arts. These and some other contiguous objects are so sweetly alluded to from the sixty-fifth to the seventy-second stanzas of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," that I cannot omit to refer to them, though I deem it not needful to insert them here. We lodged this night at the inn of "Giovannini," recommended by Lady Morgan, outside the walls on the Roman side of the town, and commanding from its back windows a view of the grand aqueducts built by the Goths across the broad valley which lies between the town and the neigbouring hills. This we visited and inspected in the evening, and also an old gate called the "Porta Annibali;" but known in the town

by that of "Porta Fuga," from which the inhabitants boast their ancestors repulsed that famous general Hannibal, after his great victory at Thrasymene.

9th. Soon after quitting Spoleto we began to ascend Monte Somma, the most elevated of this part of the Apennines; descending again, we arrived, after a delightfully varied ride, at Ferni, famous for the noble fall of the Velino, called "The Cascata del Marmore," to be seen in its vicinity; to *visit which* it is needful, by order of the Papal Government, to hire post horses. The weather on our arrival at Ferni proved wet, and we were not able to visit the fall till one o'clock, when we accompanied two other gentlemen in a caleche; and after winding through romantic glens, and skirting the sides of verdant hills, at the foot of which the river Velino flows in delightful meanderings, we ascended a stupendous eminence, by a road that but for its protecting wall would be terrific, and soon arrived at the top of the cascade, where that river makes its first descent of three hundred feet in one unbroken sheet: "a war of waters" indeed. Language is too feeble to represent such scenery. About midway from a little projecting pavilion, always wet with the spray of the river, another fine view is obtained; and again descending about a mile into the valley, a more complete one, embracing the three falls together in grand succession, seen from a rustic arbour constructed on purpose, where, at "ease reclined," you survey the majestic scene. The splendour and magnificence of the cascade accord well with the grand amphitheatre of *wooded* hills in which it is placed, and which from their great variety of hues, when we saw them, added interest to the scene. We rejoined our carriage through the gardens of a gentleman, where the path winds through defiles of rocks decorated with foliage, at the foot of which the river flows rapidly along, and terminates under the shade of a noble row of orange and lemon trees in full flower, and fruit the largest we have yet seen. "But I must leave them all," as says the intelligent Forsyth, "in *silent admiration*," hopeless on conveying even an imperfect idea of such varied attractions; but coinciding however with a noble author when he pronounces this "*matchless cataract*" as "worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together." Indeed, beautiful as they are, the Falls of the Reichenbach, the Giesbach, the Staubach, that of Sallenches, the Arpenaz are but comparative rills to the Velino.

10th. Came on to Otricole, the ancient Otriculum, to breakfast; previous to which we passed through Narni, placed like most other

Italian towns, on an eminence, commanding most delicious prospects, and particularly on the southern side; when the height of the verdant hills, and the variety of their shapes, combined with the beautiful windings of the River Nera beneath, reminded me of the vicinity of the Wye. This morning's drive (sometimes passing over the sides of the hills, and sometimes skirting their bases, which are covered with oaks, ilexes, and arbutus, both in fruit and flower) agrees with the description Matthews gives of the general character of Italian scenery, and which appears to me pretty correct. He says:—

"The features of an Italian landscape are very peculiar: the scenery is always rich, and sometimes romantic; the bold and the grand are constantly blended with the soft and beautiful. Thus, amongst the rugged rocks of Terni, the ilex, the cypress, and the fir, with the spring leaves of the other trees of the forest, refresh the eye with every variety of green; while the mountain ash, the acacia, the laburnum, and the pink flowered Judas tree, all in full blossom, add a richness which never belongs to the English landscape."

The different season of the year at which we visited some of these interesting scenes, would of course vary some of the details; but the general features, and the grand outline, would appear the same in the autumn as in the spring. In the eyes of many, the former would be preferred.

Previous to entering Narni, we quitted the carriage, and descended to the river, in order to survey the remains of a fine Roman bridge, built in the time of Augustus, originally of three arches, one of which is *entire*, of prodigious height, and eighty-five feet in span; the whole a magnificent specimen of the best period of the arts amongst the wonderful people by whom it was constructed. On our return to the town, passed through a portal apparently of the same period, built obliquely turning towards the bridge, in an ingenious manner. Otricole is placed on a considerable eminence, which is especially abrupt on the Roman side, and overlooks finely the ruins of the more ancient city, and the meanderings of the Tiber in the valley beneath; but its interior is mean and wretched in the extreme. Descending this hill, we had a nearer survey of the ruins alluded to, which present nothing remarkable; and passed through Civita Castellani, situated on an eminence, with a deep romantic glen surrounding it, which is passed by a long and lofty bridge, and has a fine castle of the middle ages, in good preservation.

On the left of this town, and forming for many miles a conspicuous

object, the old mountain Socrate, now called Oresti, rears its dark and bold ridge, rising in abrupt and sullen majesty from the level plain. We also noticed in the road an old *altar of the sun*, with four faces, re-erected on a pedestal, by one of the Popes. Lodged this night at the post-house at Nessi, a town, the environs of which are very pleasant, and adjoining which is a large aqueduct, in tolerable preservation, but whether of Roman or of later origin, I cannot determine. The town itself has nothing remarkable.

11th. Left Nessi in good time in the morning, with a view to be early into Rome. At Baccano, obtained the first view of "the eternal city." We were all on foot, walking up a steep hill; and on reaching the summit, our Friend W. J. and servant Henri, who were first, caught the earliest glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's, which F. J. and myself soon partook of, amidst a general exulting exclamation of "Roma: Roma!" It is here the traveller descends into the Campagna, so famous for its impure and unwholesome air, and so fatal to those who dwell in it, as their *very countenances testify*, more especially in the summer season. Its character is dreary and desolate, yet I was on the whole agreeably disappointed in passing for the first time over it. It resembles somewhat, though with more of inequalities, what Hounslow Heath once was, and is certainly not more forlorn in its appearance, though doubtless more insalubrious, than Salisbury Plain. In spite of what we gather from ancient writers, I much doubt if it was ever *well* planted, cultivated, and built upon; yet I cannot divest myself of the impression that the evil so justly complained of is capable of diminution by such means, but we have not here English spirit and English capital. This silent and uncultivated plain, surrounds Rome, in all directions, about eighteen miles; and however we may on some grounds reject it, I incline to unite in the sentiment expressed by the classical Eustace, that "the solitude which encircles the fallen metropolis of the world is singular and grand. It becomes its majesty: it awakens a sentiment of awe and melancholy, and after all may be more consonant both to the character of the city and to the feelings of the traveller, than more lively and more exhilarating scenery."

We breakfasted at "La Storta,"—a solitary public-house of a moderate description; after which proceeded to the Capitol. The descent of the last hill towards the Tiber is very fine, with the city spread out below, and St. Peter's and the Vatican on the right; and by the side of the road is an old tomb, vulgularly called that of Nero. At Ponte Molle,

anciently the *Pons Emilius*, you cross the Tiber,—a bold, rapid, and imposing stream at this spot, which is remarkable as having been the scene of the great battle between Constantine and Maxentius, in which the latter was defeated and slain; and the whole sovereignty being thus vested in Constantine, the Christian religion, through his influence, became more fully established in Rome. A straight road, of about a mile in length, conducts from the bridge to the *Porta del Possato*,—having the fine eminence of Mons Marius on the right, and the Pincian Hill on the left. This gate, which is rather handsome and imposing, opens into a great square, where two fountains, a noble obelisk, and two churches present themselves to the eye, and three streets, which meeting here in a radius, furnish their long perspectives at the same *coup d'œil*. Our lascia passare was here again very valuable, as on producing it we were permitted to pass to our lodgings at "The Hotel de Parige" without let or molestation, and without any inspection of our luggage. The sun this day shone out bright and warm; the air was particularly soft and pleasant. Our little company, favoured with the enjoyment of good health and spirits, and animated with the hopes of receiving here good accounts of our absent friends, which were soon realized; it cannot therefore be wondered at that we entered this ancient city, once the arbitress of the world's destinies, with much delight and satisfaction,—a feeling which accompanied us in a great measure during all the subsequent period of our sojourn within its venerable walls.

12th. Behold us then safely arrived at *Rome*, and preparing to walk over the spots where trod the heroes, the philosophers, and the poets of antiquity; where *Augustus* bore sway, where *Cicero* harangued, and where *Horace* and *Virgil* basked in the meridian sunshine of *Mœcenas'* favour, amidst the crumbling wreck of ages, amidst the ruins of a world gone by, yet awful in its decay; where the worthless tyrants of their day "*strutted* and *fretted* their hour upon the stage, and then were seen no more:" the scene where the great Apostles of the Gentiles gathered, amidst the dark and benighted court of Nero, an early Christian Church, and where the floors of the arenas were too often wetted with the blood of its martyrs. Behold us, I say, about to pursue our safe and quiet way over paths *once hedged up* with the darkest bigotry and the most disgusting intolerance, and to this hour clogged with degrading superstitions which put out the eyes of truth. Her Church governed by principles which aim at the extension of her influence, by excluding as much as

possible all right of private judgment, and all the blessings derived from the instruction of the poor and the study of the Holy Scriptures. What a mass of historical recollections crowd on the mind! What an intensity of interest is felt in the reflection of *where we are*, and *what we are* about to contemplate!

A train of reflections of this character passed through my mind whilst dressing myself this morning, which were somewhat disturbed by observing out of my chamber window a shop-board, written in plain English, informing the public that "ladies' and gentlemen's hair were dressed there in the most fashionable style, and perukes made in the very neatest manner,"—so closely does everything that is English follow us wherever we go: I dropped my soliloquy, and forgot for a moment that I was not in England. Our first occupation this morning was to secure ourselves lodgings, which, after some search, we succeeded in obtaining at No. 15, Bastianello, corner of the Piazza di Spagna, where we engaged an airy, pleasant, and quiet suite of apartments, at the rate of fifteen louis d'ors, equal to so many pounds sterling, per month. After this walked down to survey the famous Basilica of St. Peter's; the external appearance of which is very imposing, with its splendid colonnades, its beautiful fountains, and its grand Egyptian obelisk. But how shall I describe the magnificence, the riches, the chastity, of the interior of this vast and surprising temple: its gilded roof, its glorious cupola, its marble floors; the paintings, the statuary, the tombs of the sovereign Pontiffs, the columns of precious marbles, the chapels, the shrines, the baldachino, and above all, the rare and surprising Mosaics, executed with such fidelity and care as that they may be easily mistaken for excellent paintings! All combine to impress the mind with a feeling of astonishment and admiration. And how appropriate is the spirited description of a noble poet:—

"But thou, of temples old or altars new
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee;
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be
Of *earthly structures* in His honour piled
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty,—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

"Thou movest: but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness, which grows,—but grows to harmonize,—
All musical in its immensities:
Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where flame
The lamps of gold; and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures,—though *their* frame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim."

After taking a hasty glance at the interior, we ascended the outside of the dome, and entered the ball which supports the cross. From the roof of the church (*itself* an immense height), the effect is very singular, and the dome there appears a large isolated church, surrounded with the lesser cupolas. The view from the outer gallery is superb, embracing all Rome,—the Campagna, with Albano, Frascati, and Tivoli, on one side; and on the other, the Mediterranean sea, with the Tiber flowing towards it; though I think, as it respects the city, the prospect is not so interesting as that we afterwards obtained from the tower of the modern Capitol, which is more central, and more in the vicinity of the ancient ruins. From St. Peter's we bent our way to the Pantheon, now called Santa Maria della Rotonda: certainly the noblest and most perfect specimen which has descended to us from the ancients. The grand colonnade is entire, and has a noble effect; but the general appearance of the interior is much injured by two ugly belfrys erected by Urban VIII., which are in very bad taste. The interior (except the loss of the bronze from the dome) is much as it was in the days of Agrippa. You look up to the same circular aperture (its only window, and always open to the weather),—you tread upon the same marble pavement,—you contemplate the same marble linings, and the same magnificent Corinthian columns of Giallo antico, as adorned it when it was the *property*, and perhaps the *admiration* of this munificent patron of the arts. The recesses, once filled with statues of all the deities of Rome, and since with those of the great men of modern Italy, are now occupied with shrines for the Madonna, and other saints, surmounted and decorated with paintings. Here we saw the tomb and bust of that excellent and moderate man, the late Cardinal Consalvi, who swayed the Councils of the Vatican during the latter years of the last Pope Pius VII., with much sound policy and discretion.

13*th*. Quitted "The Hotel de Parige," and entered upon our com-

fortable quarters at 15, Bastianello, where we passed upwards of a month greatly to our satisfaction, finding Henri's services, combined with those of the good man of the house, very useful to us. Henri prepared our coffee, rolls and butter, meat, fruit, etc., for breakfast, and also our tea; while our dinner of eight dishes was always regularly served to us from a neighbouring traiteur's, at five pauls a head, or about two shillings and threepence English, we finding bread, wines, and desert, at our own cost. The ordinary wine is that of Villetri, which is however excellent; and the Orvieto, a delicious wine, not very different from *good perry*, usually cost us about a *paul*, or from fivepence to sixpence a bottle; and for *Marsala*, *Lachryma Christi*, sound old wine, we paid our wine merchant five pauls a bottle. Fruits of all kinds were cheap. On our first arrival, grapes were very plentiful, and from one halfpenny to twopence a pound of twelve ounces; but they increased as the winter advanced, to threepence-halfpenny and fourpence, continuing excellent during all the time of our stay. Afterwards took a cursory view of the Column of Marcus Aurelius, the Column and Forum of Trajan, the remains of the Temple of Concord, the ancient Roman Forum, the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, the three Columns of the Comitium, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, that of Remus, the Arch of Titus, the Temple of Peace, or Basilica of Constantine; the grand Arches of Severus and Constantine, and the Flavian Amphitheatre; returning home by the Basilicas of St. John Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore, pretty well tired with our excursion.

14th. Spent the morning in quiet retirement and reading the Holy Scriptures. Our minds introduced into a degree of thankfulness to the great Preserver of men, for His unmerited mercy and goodness in bringing us thus far in safety; so that we might say, with grateful propriety, "*Hitherto the Lord has helped us!*" In the afternoon drove round by the three great Basilicas: St. John Lateran, St. Maria Maggiore, and St. Peter's. At the latter we stopped a few minutes; the evening vespers performing in the great chapel, with much vocal harmony. I insert this day in my diary some stanzas, written by the late Robert Ramsay, on the prospect of visiting Italy in 1820, which express in pleasing numbers the feeling of our minds on the prospect before us:—

"Yes, I will tread this hallowed scene
Where Tiber winds through Latin plains,
And mark the world's *departed Queen*
Enthroned amidst her mouldering fanes.

"Here many a column, weed o'ergrown,
And many a fountain's ceaseless noise,
And many a form of breathing stone,
And many a muse with heavenly voice;

"And many a recollection grand,
And many a virtue's record sweet,
Invite the wise of every land
Hither to turn their pilgrim feet.

"Yes, then shall memory love to dwell
On vanished joys and hope's decay,
Where all around the tale shall tell
Of night and glory past away.

"And who, howe'er oppressed by fate,
Would mourn his individual doom,
When 'midst the wreck of all that's great
He gazes on a nation's tomb?"

15*th.* To St. Peter's, and spent an hour in surveying the Mosaics and the tombs in the central part of the church. But, before proceeding, I ought to observe that the real magnificence of this vast temple seems only to begin when one enters on the grand façade, or portico, supported by two superb columns, thirty-seven feet in width and four hundred and thirty-nine feet in length; having at one end a noble equestrian statue of Constantine the Great, by Bernini, and at the other one of Charlemagne, by Cornacchini. Over one of the doors of the portico, opposite to the great bronze door that opens into the church, is a celebrated Mosaic by Giotto, called "The Navicella," made in 1298 to ornament the ancient Basilica of St. Peter's. Five doors open into the church; two of them are constantly open, or only closed by large heavy foldings of leather. The central and principal entrance, closed except on State occasions, is of bronze, ornamented with bas-reliefs, made for the old church, under the reign of Eugenius IV.; of the remaining two, that on the right is called "The Porta Santa,"—never opened but on years of Jubilee, when the Pope makes himself a passage through it with much ceremony. On entering the Basilica, the attention is naturally attracted to the grand nave, the baldachino, and the magnificent cupola. Near the end of the former, on the right hand, is the celebrated bronze statue of St. Peter, placed on a fine pedestal of marble, with one foot rather extended, which the pious repeatedly kiss and rub their faces against, in token of their veneration for "*the Prince of the Apostles;*" and the statue, which in size accords ill

with the gigantic features of all around it, being about the natural size, was cast, it is said, from an ancient bronze statue of the Capitoline Jove, which gave occasion to the well-known pun, of *Jupiter* being still worshipped under the new appellation of the "*Jew Peter.*"

The Confession of St. Peter, where they pretend are deposited the remains of the great Apostle, was erected by Paul V., and has a hundred lamps round it, that burn day and night, and are supported by handsome branches of bronze, gilt. Below is a fine monument, erected in 1822, to the memory of Pius VI. (Braschi), by Canova, representing the Pontiff on his knees, looking towards the shrine. The baldachino, or canopy, which covers the great altar, and comes next in succession, is a very superb and magnificent ornament, and was erected by Urban VIII., in 1633, on the design of Bernini. It is all of bronze, richly gilt, and is supported by four beautiful columns of a twisted form, evidently copied from some more ancient pillars, of white marble, *said to have been brought from the ruins of Solomon's Temple by Titus*, and which are inserted in the wall of the church, under the cupola; and that this latter notion prevailed in the time of Raphael is evident, as in his famous cartoon preserved at Hampton Court, he has given to "*the beautiful porch*" of the temple pillars precisely of this form of figure. This baldachino is altogether eighty-six feet in height, and forms a conspicuous object when seen on the ground floor; but from the top of the cupola its appearance is more like a child's toy. It is said to have been constructed from the bronze brought from the dome of the Pantheon, and this tasteless spoliation of another most magnificent temple made me look upon it with less admiration than it otherwise deserved. The cupola, the grand design of Michael Angelo, is a work that must command the praises of lovers of the sublime and difficult in architecture, and combines lightness and elegance with the greatest solidity. It is raised on four immense columns, two hundred and six feet in circumference, and decorated with four colossal statues of white marble, fifteen feet high, of the same character as are scattered throughout the edifice; representing St. Veronica, with her sudarium; Santa Helena, the mother of Constantine; St. Longinus, or the soldier who pierced our Saviour's side, and they say was converted to Christianity; and St. Andrew, which last is much esteemed, and came from the chisel of Francis Quesnay, commonly called Fiamingo. The whole dome is encrusted with carving, gilding, columns, pilasters, and Mosaics; which latter, from their im-

perishable nature and unfading qualities, are finely adapted for the purpose, and have admirable effect. Round the frieze of the entablature are written in Mosaic these words (of course of gigantic proportions), "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram adificabo Ecclesiam meam, et tibe dabo claves regni Calorum."

The Tribune and Chair of St. Peter, at the furthest end of the church, is a superb toy of bronze gilt, and covers the original chair of wood, in which it is said Peter and his successors sat: it is supported by four enormous figures, of the like precious material, representing St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, fathers of the Latin Church, and St. Athanasius and St. Chrysostom, fathers of the Greek Church. On the right side of this tribune is the fine Monument of Paul III. (Farnese), who died in 1549, executed by Giacomo de la Porta; the Pope himself, in bronze, and the attendant figures of Justice and Prudence, in marble. On the left, that of Urban VIII. (Barberini), who died in 1644: the figure of this Pope is in bronze, and those of Charity, which surround him, of marble, the work of Bernini. I have been thus explicit in these two objects because they occupy a very conspicuous part of the Cathedral, and to which you ascend by two immense steps of red porphyry. At one o'clock we were admitted to the Museum of the Vatican, the ascent to which is by a very magnificent staircase, communicating with the colonnade of the Cathedral, through several grand apartments, terminating in the Sala Regia. We devoted three hours to a very cursory and hasty survey of this accumulation of treasures, especially the ancient statues, busts, inscriptions, relievos, and sarcophagi, of which the specimens are countless, and the value inestimable. These are contained in very splendid suites of corridors and chambers, distinguished by different names,—as the Chiaramonti Gallery, the new branch of ditto, the Borgia apartment, the Belvidere, the Musco Pio Clementino, the Chamber of Meleager, the Portico of the Court, the Hall of Animals, the Gallery of Statues, the Hall of Busts, the Cabinet, the Chamber of the Muses, *the Circular Chamber*, the Hall of Candelabras, and last, but not least in interest, the celebrated Chambers of Raphael, and those for the reception of the tapestries. The works of art interspersed in all these apartments are, as I have described, so numerous, that it is impossible to advert to more than a few of the most precious, without enlarging this diary to a catalogue; I shall therefore content myself with remarking those objects which, on each succeeding visit, most attracted our attention in the

different chambers; premising that after two opportunities of general inspection, we found it needful to divide this vast collection into sections, and limit ourselves to a certain portion each visit. This museum is open *to the public* on two days of the week,—second and fifth days; to travellers and artists, every day, except Sabbaths and saint days, which latter are rather numerous in the Romish calendar. In the Chamber Borgia is deposited a celebrated ancient fresco, found in 1606, in the ruins of an old house near the Arch of Gallienus, called "The Marriage of Aldobrandini," because the subject is a marriage, and the original proprietor was of that house. It is distinguished by great delicacy of execution and correctness of design, and till the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum esteemed the finest remain of ancient painting. There are also five small female figures of the same period, well executed, and representing, as the names express, five celebrated women of that age. I thought these great curiosities, but they are rendered less curious by reason of the paintings recently recovered from the disinterred cities. We drove home this evening by the banks of the Tiber, and at the foot of the Monte Maria, re-entering the city by the Ponte Molle and the Porta del Popolo,—a very interesting ride, to which I shall now and then have occasion to refer. I was agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the Tiber, which is a fine rapid stream, and retaining its *yellow colour*. Some travellers have exaggerated, and others have curtailed its breadth.

16*th*. Accompanied by a laquais de place, we sallied out to take a general survey of the objects of curiosity with which this city abounds, intending at our leisure to re-visit such as we judged were deserving our attention. Such a cursory survey, with the assistance of Vasi's useful "Itinerary," may be fairly accomplished in eight days. They may be divided into three classes: (1) the antiquities; (2) the churches and modern edifices; (3) the works of art, ancient and modern.

In reference to the first class, those which have come down to us perfect are few in number; others are in a mutilated state, yet still show their original design and plan; while a larger proportion serve only, from their uncertain character, to perplex the antiquaries; and much consists of rude and shapeless masses that set even conjecture at defiance. In the second class may be included the seven Basilical Churches, so called from their form, and from their having been originally constructed out of basilicas, or Pagan halls of justice and trade; four of which, viz., St. Peter, St. John Lateran, St. Maria Maggiore, and Santa Croce di Geru-

salemme, are within the walls; the remaining three, viz., the ruins of St. Paul (destroyed by fire in 1823), St. Lorenzo, and St. Sebastian, being without the walls. To these may be added a considerable number of churches, distinguished either by their connection with antiquity, the magnificence of their design, or the richness of their decorations. To the rest, with their ornaments, ceremonies, relics, and miracles, we may safely apply the quotation of Forsyth: "*Non iagionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*" Connected with these are the palaces and villas; and those most worthy the attention of the traveller, are the palaces Doria, Colonna, Farnese, Corsini, Borghese, Barberini, Ghigi, Sciarra, Farnisina, Costaguti, Spada, Rospiliosi, Torlonia, and Braschi; and the villas, Borghese, Pamphili Doria, Albani, and Ludovici. The fountains also contribute both to the beauty and cleanliness of the city, and three of them are supplied with water conveyed from great distances by ancient aqueducts. The most distinguished are those of Trevi, Acqua Paula, the Piazza Navona, the Acqua Felice, and those within the colonnade of St. Peter's. The third class contains the superb collection of the Vatican, the museum of the modern capitol, and the collections of the private palaces, which are opened with great politeness and liberality to the traveller and the artist. Of the antiquities of Rome, I can easily consider it probable that a warm and ardent imagination, full of high conceptions of the grandeur and opulence of the ancient mistress of the world, and not schooled down by judicious reading and reflection, would at the first survey, and perhaps ever after, experience a feeling of disappointment; yet when *we consider* the silent and desolating hand of time through so many successive ages,—the many masters into whose hands, during the sad period of "*her decline and fall*," this devoted city fell,—the inroads of subsequent barbarians,—the effects of civil wars and intestine commotions in the middle ages, when most of the splendid monuments of antiquity were converted into fortresses,—the lawless rapacity of some of the dependents of the earlier Popes, and the tasteless indifference with which such objects were long regarded, with others, to which Pope has well alluded in his well known stanzas—

> "Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
> Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire,"—

we may rather admire that so many remains of its former consequence have descended to us in so perfect a state as we now see them.

We visited this day the following interesting objects, the little outline attempted to be given to any of which will be readily conceived to be the result of other and more deliberate examinations: (1) The Fountain of the Acqua Felice, esteemed one of the grandest in Rome, not only for its volume of water, but also for its embellishments. It was constructed by eminent artists, under Sextus V., and represents Moses striking the rock, with men and camels behind him: a fine and expressive group. At the base are two lions of basalt, brought from the Pantheon of Agrippa. (2) The ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, which cover a great extent of ground, and were said to have been erected by the hands of the early Christians during the period of one of the ten great persecutions. The principal apartment, called the Pinacotheca, has been transformed into a magnificent church in the form of a Greek cross, by the celebrated Michael Angelo, under the Papacy of Pius IV., and which both Forsyth and Matthews consider next in dignity and grandeur to St. Peter's; and indeed the advantage of the Greek cross over the Latin in architecture, is nowhere more strongly demonstrated than in this edifice. Eight columns of granite, sixteen feet in circumference, and forty-three in height, each cut from a single block, remain as in the time of Diocletian, and support the ancient Corinthian entablature which runs round the interior, and is very rich, and in fine preservation. Many large and excellent paintings adorn the walls, many of which were brought from St. Peter's hither. "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," a fresco, by Domenichino, is esteemed by connoisseurs as one of his chef d'œvres; and Carlo Maratti, Chevalier Vanni, Pompeo Battoni, and Bianchi, have also contributed to its embellishment. The entrance to this temple is by a circular vestibule, which formerly served as a chamber connected with the baths, and in it are the tombs of those celebrated painters, Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti. There is a meridian on the floor of the church, traced by Bianchini, with the signs of the Zodiac in stones of different colours. The cloisters, also, designed by Buonarotti, have a long colonnade supported by columns of travertine, surrounding a large orangery in the centre of which is a fountain, with three very old and lofty crypresses, a fourth having recently been blown down. (3) The Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, or Basilica Liberiana, situated on the Equiline Hill: a sumptuous edifice, though I think its exterior is injured by the old belfry of brick, which rises too conspicuously amidst the elegance of more modern architecture. In front of the grand façade is a noble fluted column of white marble of the Corin-

thian order, brought from the Temple of Peace, deemed by some the finest ancient column in Rome, fifty-eight feet in height and surmounted by a statue of the Virgin; and opposite the other façade is a plain obelisk of red granite, forty-three feet high without the pedestal, brought from Egypt to Rome by Claudius, to adorn the mausoleum of Augustus. The interior of this Church is very imposing: the roof, richly gilt in compartments, with the first gold brought from Peru, is supported by thirty-six columns of white marble of the Ionic order, taken from the Temple of Juno Lucina, near which the present erection stands, besides four pillars of granite, which support the principal arcade of the nave; at the chief entrance are the tombs of the Popes, Clement IX. and Nicolas IV.; the grand altar is formed by a large urn of porphyry, covered with a splendid baldachino, constructed by Benedict XIV., and supported by four columns of the same material, of the Corinthian order, surmounted by gilt palm leaves; the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, erected by Sextus V. from the designs of Fontana, is covered with costly and beautiful marbles, and contains the tomb of this munificent Pontiff, and also that of Pius V., which are adorned with columns of verde antique, fine relievos, statues, and precious stones. On the other side of the Church is the splendid chapel dedicated to the Virgin, called the Borghese, erected by Paul V., who was of that house, of the Corinthian order, which, besides the usual decorations of painting, gilding, and costly marbles, has the tomb of its founder, Paul V., and that of Clement VIII., of the House of Aldobrandini. (4) The Basilica of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme, called the Seporian Basilica, first erected by Helena, mother of Constantine, but restored by Benedict XIV.; it has a curious subterranean chapel dedicated to St. Helena, ornamented with paintings and Mosaics; eight fine old columns of Egyptian granite support the roof, and the high altar, under which in an antique urn of basalt repose the ashes of two early Christian martyrs, is covered with a baldachino, supported by four columns of Brescia. Except as far as relates to its character as a Basilica, there is little in this church to attract attention. In the monk's vineyard are the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Cupid, so called, but doubtful. (5) The Church of St. John Lateran, or the Basilica Laterana, the grand façade of which, decorated with colossal statues, is particularly sumptuous and imposing, and is placed in an elevated situation, overlooking the city walls and the surrounding country. Under the grand portico is a colossal statue of Constantine the Great, found

in his baths; and in another part an equestrian statue of Henri IV., of France: "Placed," as Evelyn quaintly says, "in a dark dingy hole; perhaps from their not thinking him a sincere proselyte to the Romish faith." The great bronze doors are supposed to have originally belonged to the ancient Basilica Amelia, in the forum. The interior is richly decorated with pilasters of the composite order, fine arches, and colossal statues of white marble of the twelve Apostles, placed in appropriate niches and well executed, each enchased between two beautiful columns of verde antique. But the general effect of this Church did not please me so well as the simple Basilical form and elegant columns of Santa Maria Maggiore. Amongst the chapels, the Corsini, built by Clement XII. in honour of St. Andrew Corsini, one of his ancestors, holds the first place, and may be deemed the most magnificent in Rome. It is of the Corinthian order, and cased with beautiful ancient marbles. On the altar, between two columns of verde antique, is a Mosaic, representing the patron saint, copied from an original painting by Guido Reni, surrounded by fine statues and relievos. On one side is the beautiful mausoleum of Clement XII., his remains being deposited in a superb ancient urn of red porphyry of exquisite workmanship, found in the portico of the Pantheon of Agrippa, and supposed to have formerly contained the ashes of that illustrious person; and opposite to it is the tomb of Cardinal Neri Corsini, uncle to the above mentioned Pontiff. The whole is a blaze of rare and costly magnificence and splendour, such as I think I have never seen exceeded; but we do not recognize in this, and many other similar instances of lavish expense and decoration, much of the temper and spirit of those lowly disciples and followers of our Lord, whose descendents and successors these proud Popes pretended to be. On the floor in the centre of the nave is the tomb, in bronze, of Martin V., of the house of Colonna, who died in 1430; and the great arch of the nave itself is supported by two columns of red Oriental granite, thirty-four feet high. In the centre of the cross is a grand Gothic tabernacle supported by four columns of granite, containing, they say, the heads of the blessed Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. We mounted it by mistake, being left open to be cleaned and decorated for the approaching jubilee, and looked into the little chamber where these precious relics are deposited, but saw nothing. On descending our servant received a severe reproof from one of the priests for permitting us, whom they regard as heretics, to ascend stairs only allowed to be trodden by the consecrated feet of the Pope and his Cardinals.

The altar of the "Holy Sacrament," in the north transept, amongst other splendid decorations, has four beautiful fluted columns of bronze gilt, of the composite order, which are supposed to be the same that were constructed by Augustus, after the battle of Actium, with the bronze taken from the *beaks* of the Egyptian gallies, though Evelyn was informed they were brought from Asia by Titus. Two noted painters, the Chevalier d'Arpenas and Andrea Sacchi, are interred here, and have monuments erected to their memories. The Palace of the Lateran adjoins the Basilica, and was for many centuries the residence of the Popes; but latterly has been converted into a hospital for the poor.

"It commands," says Lady Morgan rather *caustically*, though perhaps after all too truly, "the sublimest view of the waste its *Lords have made;* of the Campagna, stretching to the base of the blue Albanian Hills, its desert here and there spotted with ancient ruins of the tombs of heroes, or imperial aqueducts, with the walls of villas and the wrecks of monuments, which skirted the noble road from the gates of the Lateran to the suburbs of Naples."

No prospect affected me more sensibly than the one just alluded to: there is a combination of magnificence and desolation about it that imagination may picture, but pen cannot pourtray. In the piazza opposite the side entrance of the church is placed the finest obelisk existing in Rome, which was brought from Thebes, in upper Egypt, to Alexandria, by Constantine the Great; and by his son Constantius removed from thence by sea to Rome, and raised in the Circus Maximus, amidst the ruins of which it was found by Pope Sixtus V., in 1588, buried sixteen feet under the surface, and broken into three pieces, when it was restored and placed on this spot, under the direction of the Chevalier Fontana. It is of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, which are as fresh as if just cut, though it is supposed to have been originally erected by *King Rameses*, at Thebes, three thousand years ago. It is one hundred and nine feet high, without the pedestal, and eleven feet broad at the bottom, and was originally one entire shaft. Nothing I saw in Rome struck me with more amazement than these obelisks, both in reference to their great antiquity and the enormous labour and expense of their production and transportation. They carry the mind back to periods when even Rome herself was unknown. (5) Adjoining the Basilica stands the ancient Baptistry, of an octagonal form; erected originally, it is said, by Constantine, but restored to its present state by Urban VIII.: very rich in marbles, old Mosaics, and paintings; the latter

chiefly from the pencil of Andrea Sacchi. The large baptismal fonts are of basalt, and of great antiquity, covered with a cupola supported by eight columns of *porphyry;* besides which other pillars of the like valuable stone, of serpentine and Oriental alabaster, adorn the edifice. At no great distance, but nearer to the grand façade, is the celebrated Santa Scala, or holy staircase, of white marble, said to have been brought from Pilate's house at Jerusalem, and to be the very same ascended by our Saviour previous to His condemnation. They are always ascended on the knees, as a token of veneration; and to prevent their being worn away by this operation are now covered with a wooden casing. We saw at different times many persons perform this troublesome and fatiguing operation, repeating prayers at every step; but there are two lateral staircases for those whose piety is not of so *active a character.* Over the altar at the head of the stairs is a very ancient picture of our Saviour,—much esteemed; and a chapel called Sancta Sanctorum, which is not opened except on peculiar occasions, by the Pope himself. On the outside of this building, in a large niche, is seen a very old Mosaic, in good preservation, but rude in its design and execution: it was originally placed by Leo III. in his trichinium at the Lateran Palace, and therefore takes date about 795. (6) The Church of *St. Pietro-in-Vincules,*—an old structure, founded, according to tradition, by Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Valentinian, in order to contain the chains with which Herod bound the Apostle Peter *in Jerusalem.* The nave is supported by twenty ancient fluted columns of Greek marble, of the Doric order, but which are not esteemed to be amongst the best specimens of that simple style. There is in this church an antique seat of white marble,—very curious; a Mosaic of St. Sebastian, of the seventh century, where he is represented aged and with a beard, in contradiction to all the sublime efforts of modern artists, who have uniformly described this saint as a young man, exhibiting all the graces of form and visage; there are also two paintings by Guercino, of "St. Margaret" and "St. Augustine," which are esteemed, and particularly the former. But the chief object of attraction here is the colossal "Moses" of Michael Angelo, which forms part of the sumptuous monument of Julius II.; "which some have considered," says Burton, in his valuable "Description of the Antiquities, and other Curiosities of Rome," "as the chef d'œuvre of that great artist, while others have abused and ridiculed it." Perhaps there is some room for criticism both in the

design and the execution of its details; yet it must be allowed, I think, that there is a noble expression in the whole, and that it is the work of a *great sculptor*. No common artist could have conceived such a work; and as Forsyth well observes, "The true sublime resists all ridicule. The offended lawgiver frowns on, undepressed, and awes you with inherent authority." There is something so forcible in the version an ingenious writer has given of the celebrated sonnet of Giovanna Zappi on this subject, that I venture to insert it here; though without joining issue in the concluding stanza, which is, as a composition, inflated, and as a *sentiment*, *profane*.

"What living form, in solid marble bound,
Sits here gigantic, while each stretch of art
Springs into being? Hark! there seems to start
Forth from those living lips no fancied sound;—
'Tis he, his brow with forkéd radiance crowned,
His beard's full flowing honours speak his name:
'Tis Moses. Thus from off the mount of flame,
With God-like light encircling him, he came.
Such was his form when rude and roaring waves
Stood self-supported round him; thus he bade
The sea to close, and form a nation's tomb.
And did ye raise a molten calf, ye slaves?
Had your vain idol been like this arrayed,
To worship such were light, and lighter were your doom."

We saw here the box which contains the chains that give name to the church, but it is not easy to get permission to see the relics themselves. Perhaps they think the thing has grown too ridiculous as an object of veneration. (7) In an old vineyard and garden, formerly belonging to the Villa Magnani, we saw an ancient brick building, round without, but a decagon within, with a great part of the roof fallen in, which from the circumstance of the celebrated statue of Minerva Medica, *now* in the new arm of the Chiaramonti gallery of the Vatican, being found here, has been supposed to be a temple dedicated to that divinity. It is now despoiled of its marbles, and has no traces of grandeur, though still a picturesque and interesting ruin. Modern critics infer from its form, that it is not a temple at all, but the hall of a villa of the age of Diocletian; yet there are buildings allowed to be temples, at Tivoli, Baiæ, etc., which have this shape. (8) The Amfiteatro Castreuse is a portion of an amphitheatre built for the amusement of the soldiers of the Pretorian guard, and is now incorporated with and forms part of the city walls, as they

were enlarged in the time of Aurelian. (9) The Baths, or more properly the ruins of the palace of Titus, supposed to have been constructed upon the foundations, and with the materials of Nero's golden house, and the residence of Mæcenas, exhibiting fine specimens of the opus reticulatus, or reticulated brickwork of the Romans. We saw here a succession of chambers long and narrow, but of *great height*, for the complete clearing out of which we are indebted to the labours of the French. In several of them the frescoes on the ceiling are still fresh and perfect, exhibiting male and female figures, birds, fruits, flowers, intermixed with lively arabesques, executed in a good and elegant style. Also the scrawl alluded to by Matthews, the chief wonder of which is that such a denunciation should have been judged necessary within the precincts of an imperial palace. In one of the rooms the bath itself remains: a large circular basin of about twenty-four feet in diameter. These chambers were first excavated in the time of Raphael, and it is said by some that he ordered them to be closed up again from *selfish motives*, after he had copied from them his *Arabesque in the Vatican;* a charge as unworthy of this great artist, as inconsistent with the known liberality of his character, and his profound veneration for the remains of antiquity. Many of these chambers we observed had no apertures for windows, and had evidently always been lighted by lamps, from which we may conclude that the art of making window glass was unknown to the ancients, though this is at variance with the frequent discoveries of glass vessels of every description made at Pompeii, and also some found at Velleia, near Parma. And it is also evident from some letters of Pliny, that rooms were sometimes so constructed for the purpose of preserving them fresh and cool in the heat of summer; and being brilliantly lighted up by "*the golden lamps*," the paintings, statuary, marbles, and richly gilt and decorated furniture, would have even a more magnificent and imposing effect than when seen by the light of day. In such a chamber was found, during the pontificate of Julius II., the famous statue of the Laocoon, the beauties of which are most discernible by *torchlight;* and there is good reason to believe it was originally sculptured with reference to such a display. At no great distance from these ruins are the Setti Sale (so called, though there are now nine of them); most probably a reservoir for supplying the baths with water. The manner in which the openings from room to room are placed is curious, and the cement or deposit on the walls extremely hard.

SECTION III.

Containing a continuation of the antiquities, palaces, churches, and other curiosities of Rome and its vicinity—an excursion to Frascati and Tivoli —the journey from that city to Naples; and an attempt to render the same in a versified form: and some account of the latter city, of the Studio, and its treasures—the Villa Reale, and its general aspect—and a visit to the Grotto del Cane, and the Lago d'Agnano.

1824.

11th mo., 17th. Saw the Church of St. Carlo-in-Corso, which on account of some festival was richly hung with crimson damask; it has some paintings, but nothing very remarkable, except the general structure, which is elegant, and the exterior, which is particularly noble and imposing. We next visited the pillar of Marcus Aurelius, in the Place Colonna, which was erected by the Senate to his honour, and is of white marble, covered with bas-reliefs, which surround it in a spiral form, and describe the exploits of this Emperor. It is about one hundred and forty feet high, and from the balcony, to which we ascended by a good staircase, there is a fine panoramic view over that part of the city which was formerly the *Campus Martius*. We next proceeded to the Pillar of Trajan, which we also ascended by one hundred and eighty-four marble steps, and which, though older, is in yet better preservation than that of Aurelius. It is adorned with bas-reliefs, which go round the whole from the bottom to the top, in twenty-three spirals, representing the exploits of this Emperor in his Dacian expeditions, and are tolerably sharp and perfect; it is about the same height as that of Aurelius. Part of what constituted the magnificent Forum of Trajan, in which this column stood, has been uncovered by the French, and the plan of it in some measure developed. Fragments, more or less mutilated, of noble ranges of granite columns are now exposed, which probably constituted

part of the celebrated Ulpian Basilica; also the ancient floor covered with marbles, over which are scattered many pieces of fine columns, capitals, fragments of statues, and other relics. These two pillars were formerly surmounted by statues of gilt bronze, representing their respective Emperors, which have now given way to those of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

"Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus or Trajan's? No: 'tis that of *Time!*
Triumph-arch-pillar, all he doth displace,
Scoffing; and Apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime."

We now directed our course to the Capitoline Hill, called the Campidoglio, to which we ascended by a noble flight of stairs. The top of it is covered with the remains of antiquity: viz., two colossal statues, called Castor and Pollux, standing by their horses, found in the quarter of the Jews; two trophies, called those of Marius, over the Cimbre; statues of Constantine Cæsar and Constantine Augustus; also the first milestone on the Appian Way, called the Milliarum Aureum; and in the centre of the square above is a noble equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze gilt, which stood originally in the forum, and is the only equestrian bronze statue remaining of ancient Rome. Some critics have attempted to find fault with it, but not, I think, justly; for, as Forsyth well observes, "the spirit and fire of the general figure would seduce the most *practised eye*." In front of the stairs is the Palazzo Senetario, built on the ruins of the ancient tabularium, of which there are some remains still visible in the forum; and on each side are two buildings of rather a graceful form, erected by Michael Angelo, in which are deposited the Museums of Antiquities, Paintings, etc., belonging to the capitol; while to the left the Church of Ara Cœli occupies, however unworthily, the site of the Temple of the Capitoline Jove. The Palace of the Senator has a lofty tower in the centre, from whence we obtained a noble prospect of the interesting ruins beneath, and perhaps the finest view both of ancient and modern Rome is obtained here.

"Whoever wishes," says Burton, "to take a survey of the seven hills at once, must ascend this tower. He will here command a prospect which surpasses in interest anything that the world can furnish. The natural features of the country are themselves *beautiful;* and if nothing was known of the history of Rome, the ruins would still rivet his attention. The seven hills are distinctly discernible; but their

boundaries are not *so marked now* as they were formerly, from the accumulation of soil which has taken place in the valleys. Of the seven hills, the Capitoline, the Cælian, the Viminal, and the Quirinal are still in part built upon; while the Palatine, Esquiline, and Aventine are mostly covered with gardens, and contain but few houses."

We descended from hence to the Mamertine prisons, said to be the work of the two Kings, Ancus Martius and Servius Tullus, and consisting of two apartments, one above the other, composed of large masses of stone, apparently laid together without cement. They show on the side of the wall the miraculous impression of Peter's face when he was imprisoned here; and in the lower prison is a fountain of water, which they say sprang up at his command, and in which he baptized his gaolers and others. These forlorn dungeons appear to have had no light admitted to them, and as they were originally without stairs, the unhappy occupants, who were usually State prisoners, were probably let down into them by ropes. More horrible places for the confinement of human beings can scarcely be imagined; and yet there is reason to suppose that Lentulus, Jugurtha, Catiline, and his associates, and other illustrious prisoners were confined here.

We next visited the Arch of Janus Quadrifons, supposed to be the most ancient arch in Rome,—a square building, with a large open portal on each side, surmounted with a turret of brick work, erected by the Frangipani family, when it was converted by them into a small fortress, in the middle ages. Antiquarians are divided in opinion as to the original object of this ruin. Near it, and adjoining to the Church of St. George-in-Velabro, is the Arch erected, as the inscription imparts, by the merchants and bankers of the Forum Boarium to the honour of Septimus Severus, his wife Julia, and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, though the name of the latter has been effaced, and other words substituted,—most likely after his murder by his brother Caracalla. The same is also evident in the large Arch of St. Severus in the forum. The Cloaca Maxima is at no great distance from these, built, it is said, by Tarquinius Priscus, only one hundred and fifty years from the foundation of Rome; and like the prison, constructed of large blocks of tufa, put together without cement, and must be considered a very great undertaking for the age that produced it, which has raised well founded doubts of the accuracy of our information on the more early history of this wonderful people. "It is," says Lumisden, in his very interesting and valuable "Researches into the Antiquities of Rome," which through the

kindness of a friend we had the pleasure to peruse on the spot, "one of the most ancient remains of Roman buildings; and it is surprising to find an infant State should have been able to carry on a work in which much art and great expense are so conspicuous, and which was reckoned, as Livy informs us, in the midst of the Roman grandeur, among the wonders of the world." Yet it is said by another traveller to have been constructed by a Prince whose territory did not extend in any direction sixteen miles, and must have been made to accommodate a city that was calculated chiefly for the reception of cattle herdsmen and banditti. Ferguson has some ingenious suggestions relative to the existence of a still more ancient city; but this is not reconcilable with the silence both of history and tradition on the subject, and we must therefore leave the question where we found it. Between these objects and the Tiber is found the Temple of Vesta,—a circular building, with a portico all round it, of fluted Corinthian columns. The cornice and the ancient roof have disappeared, and the latter is replaced by a modern covering, that corresponds but ill with the rest of the edifice, which is otherwise tolerably perfect, and forms an interesting and elegant object. It accords in shape with the ruin at Tivoli, with great propriety, I think, now called a Temple of Vesta; and antiquarians are generally agreed thus to designate *this* structure, though they are not agreed as to the period of its erection, nor whether it be the Temple of Vesta alluded to by Horace. Near it, and contiguous to the Ponte Rotto, or ancient Palatine Bridge, at present in ruins, is the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, now called Santa Maria Egiziaca, originally erected, it is said, by Servius Tullus; but evidently of too elegant a construction for that early period, as the remaining fluted Ionic columns and the richly ornamented cornice demonstrate. A few paces further is a building said to have been the house of the celebrated *Cola di Rienzi:* he flourished in the reign of Clement V., and rendered himself famous by his endeavours to reduce the lawless power of the Roman nobles, who had become insolent and oppressive, through the non-residence of the Popes. There is a barbarous inscription on the walls, which I could not decipher; but Lumisden says it is as early as the tenth century, and of course long before Cola di Rienzi, and that it describes the residence of Nicolas, son of Crescens and Theodora. I should, however, be sorry to have the illusion destroyed that would make it the house of *Rienzi*, who, whatever his faults and errors, was still vastly superior to the ignorant

and lawless crew by whom he was surrounded; and who not only thwarted the designs of his great and enterprising mind, but have endeavoured to blacken his memory in the page of history.

"Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name:
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame;
The friend of Petrach, hope of Italy,—
Rienzi: last of Romans! While the tree
Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be:
The forum's champion and the people's chief;
Her new born *Numa* thou, with reign, alas, too brief."

Returning by the Temple of Vesta we found the Church of Santa Maria di Cosmedin, the interior of which is decorated with antique columns, has two ambones, or stone pulpits, used in ancient times for reading the Gospels and Epistles; and in the Tribune is an old pontifical seat of marble. This church is also called La Bocca della Verita, from a huge old stone mask, with a mouth in the middle, said to have been anciently used as an ordeal, but more probably the ornament to a fountain or aqueduct.

We drove next to the ancient pyramidal Monument of Caius Cestius, situated near the Porta Paolo, and incorporated in the city walls as built by Aurelian. This singular structure (the only specimen of a pyramid now existing in Rome, and which conveys to us, though in miniature, an idea of those in Egypt) is built entirely of white marble, grown black with age, and measures one hundred and twenty feet high, and ninety-six broad at the base. At the corners of it stand two columns of Giallo antico. Within is a chamber where the sarcophagus was placed, the walls of which are adorned with paintings of female figures, well executed, and still very perfect. We know but little of this Caius Cestius, except from the inscription on the monument; but he was doubtless of a rich and noble family, and is supposed to have lived in the time of Augustus. Contiguous to this is the burial place for the English and other heretics, which is neatly kept, but not like that at Leghorn.

Proceeded next to visit the ruins of the old and venerable Basilica of St. Paul, situated about a mile and half from the gate of the same name, on the Via Ostiensis, and unfortunately burnt by fire in 1823; a loss ever to be regretted on account of its age, its precious materials, and its general magnificence. We saw with much regret the wreck of this

sumptuous edifice, and the remains of the forty Corinthian fluted columns, formerly the delight of artists and antiquaries, said to be unrivalled in ancient Rome, and the admiration even of Pliny and Statius. They were thirty-six feet in height, and of exquisite beauty, twenty-four being of violet coloured marble, called pavonezza, and sixteen of marble of Paros, and are supposed by some to have been brought from the tomb of Adrian; but if we admit the accuracy of the dates given by Procopius, it is more probable they came from the Basilica Emiliana in the forum. The pillars which support the aisles, of a simpler form, and less precious, have escaped the fire; but the two immense columns of granite, forty-two feet high, which supported the grand arch, are shivered from top to bottom. In a recess over this arch, is an ancient Mosaic of A.D. 440, representing our Saviour with the twenty-four elders, St. Peter, and St. Paul; which though much damaged, still remains; but the series of Popes from Peter to Pius VII., which was painted round the nave, is for the most part destroyed. I picked up sundry precious morsels of marble and Mosaic, which had fallen from the ruin. Attached to the Basilica is a cloister built about 1215, which is surrounded by an arcade, supported by columns of fluted, twisted, and other fanciful shapes, and many of them curiously coated with Mosaics.

A mile further on, and a little to the left of the high road to Ostia, we saw the Tre Fontane, anciently *ad aquas Saloias*, where are three ancient churches, built by the early Christians, one of which is erected on the spot where it is supposed the Apostle Paul suffered martyrdom, and has three fountains called miraculous. We are told that when his head was struck off it made three bounds, and at each place where it alighted, a fountain sprang up. There are the three fountains *still*, whose waters we tasted; but the truth of the miraculous production of them I must leave, though I entertain no doubt but that it was on this spot the great Apostle of the Gentiles suffered death, and rose to the bright fulfilment of that anticipation of everlasting felicity to which he alludes in the fourth chapter of the second Epistle to Timothy, written at Rome, where he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love His appearing."

Returning home, we inspected the ruins of the theatre, erected by

Augustus in honour of his nephew Marcellus; which must have been originally a noble structure, but it is now partly buried in the soil that has grown up about it, and is quite incorporated with modern houses. Near it was the prison of the Decemvirs, celebrated for the well-known story of the Roman charity, but of which no vestige remains; the Church of St. Nicholas-in-Carcere being built on the site. At no great distance is the Temple, called that of Antoninus Pius, now the Custom House; the walls of which are built between and supported by the remaining eleven columns of the portico, now much injured by time, and the capitals and bases almost entirely worn away, although a part of the vast cornice they support is still tolerably perfect on the outside. Some suppose this to be part of a Basilica, and others a Temple of Mars Ultor, built by Antoninus Pius.

We were next shown a portion of the Tarpeian rock, which we examined from a small stable yard covered with litter. It is difficult to assign the proper site to the celebrated spot, or at least that part of it from whence criminals were formerly precipitated. What we saw did not appear well suited for the punishment, nor does it agree with the height mentioned by Lumisden and others; but we must make great allowance for the vast accumulation of rubbish through so many revolving ages, which has raised the soil from twenty to thirty feet, and even in some degree since it was seen by these writers. Matthews' lively observations accord better with our views on this subject. Proceeded thence to the Forum of Nerva, supposed to have been begun by Domitian and finished by Nerva. We saw here an immense wall of Peperini, composed of large blocks laid together without cement, through which there is an arch, called the Arco di Pantani, which seems to be at least half buried up in the accumulation of the soil. Within are three superb columns and a pilaster of Parian marble of the Corinthian order, fluted, fifty-four feet high: the architrave which is supported by them is handsomely ornamented; but the whole is disfigured by the old high brick tower of the Convent of the Annunciata, which is placed over them. Antiquarians are not agreed whether this ruin was part of a Temple dedicated to Nerva himself, or to Mars Ultor. Pliny speaks of an edifice erected to Nerva as one of the most magnificent in Rome, which would seem to fix it; as this, when perfect, must have been of this character. Not far from this, and still nearer the forum, is a more beautiful fragment, consisting of two columns, supporting an architrave, the frieze of which is very rich, con-

taining bas-reliefs characteristic of Minerva, of good workmanship, which is supposed to have belonged to a temple dedicated to that deity. Lumisden, in 1797, complains that this ruin is seen to great disadvantage from the columns being more than half buried in the soil; and they remain the same now, which is much to be regretted, when so much pains have been taken, particularly in the contiguous Forum Romanum, to expose to view the whole elevation of the different buildings. We now visited the ruins of the Portico, originally part of a noble colonnade, erected by Augustus to inclose the two Temples of Jupiter and Juno, and dedicated to his sister Octavia. This, though a very imperfect relic, is at least an undisputed one; but it is seen to great disadvantage from the Peschiera, or fish market, a damp and generally very dirty spot. The beautiful rows of Corinthian pillars were originally double all round, and consisted of two hundred and seventy in all. Of these only remain two pillars and two pilasters of white marble fluted, and opposite to them two other pillars and one pilaster, forming perhaps the grand entrance. On the capital of the pilaster is an eagle, with thunder, and a part of the entablature and inscription are yet visible. We concluded this day by inspecting the superb Fountain of Trevi, which is supplied by the Aqua Virginis, conducted to Rome by M. Agrippa, to supply the baths connected with the Pantheon, through aqueducts supposed to be fourteen miles in length. This magnificent edifice, situated at the foot of the Quirinal Hill, which does so much honour to modern Rome, was erected by Nicholas Salsi in the reign of Clement XII., and is decorated with sundry fine statues of marine deities, sea horses, etc.; and as the volume of water they throw out is very considerable, it must be a very refreshing object in warm weather. It is however to be regretted that on this spot, as on many other very interesting ones in Rome, such filthy and indecent habits prevail as give a feeling of extreme disgust to the traveller, even in the midst of so much beauty and magnificence.

18*th*. Called this morning on Luigi Fabri, 5, Capoli Cose, where we saw two sets of engravings of Rome. Then to the Palace Doria, in the Corso; a splendid structure, "But erected," says Forsyth, "in contradiction of the first elements of the arts." You ascend by a magnificent staircase of marble to a fine suite of apartments, arranged, as we have found them described by most travellers, round a great quadrangular court. The Hall of Audience, which comes first, having a stately canopy, under which the great man of the house gives his levées, or

court days; but notwithstanding this scale of splendour, there is generally speaking but little worth seeing in a Roman palace, except the works of art. The rooms too often display a want of comfort and an inattention to cleanliness, and the furniture is more indicative of days of grandeur gone by than of the present taste and opulence of the owners. A few of the palaces once celebrated for their collections have been quite dismantled, and the treasures sold; but to these observations there are exceptions. The numerous chambers of the Doria Palace, as well as a very noble square gallery, are hung round with valuable pictures. One wing of this gallery is particularly magnificent. There are two rooms appropriated to Gaspar Poussin's green landscapes, much esteemed by some; and scattered through the others are several superb Claudes: one of which, representing a "Sacrifice of Apollo at Delphos," and another, "The Repose in Egypt," are particularly fine. Two landscapes however by Torregians almost rival them, as does a fine one by Nicolas Poussin, of "The Flight into Egypt." Here is also a copy of "The Aldobrandini Marriage," by the same artist. Amongst the vast assemblage of valuable paintings we noticed "Abraham and Isaac," and "A Head of Andrew Doria," by Titian; "A Dead Christ," and several landscapes, by Annibal Caracci; "A Holy Family," by Sasso Ferrato; "A Virgin," by Guido; several of Honthorst's surprising candle-lights; "Pope Innocent X., of the House of Pamphili," by Velasquez; "Holbein," by himself; "The Death of Abel," by Salvator Rosa; and a portrait of his Wife, by Rubens.

Next to this we saw the Colonna Palace, built by Martin V., of the princely house of Colonna; "which," says an ingenious writer, "by their friendship manifested towards the illustrious Petrach have exalted themselves more than by all their triumphs gained at the battle of Lepanto." This palace has some splendid pictures, though many, I judge, have been removed or sold; and a gallery, two hundred feet long and thirty-five in width, perhaps the most magnificent and the most ornamented in Rome, being supported by polished columns of the richest giallo antico, the floor composed of ancient Mosaics, and the walls hung with mirrors and paintings. They showed us in another part of the building a curious ancient twisted column of rosso antico, supposed by some to be the Columna Billica of the Roman Republic; which Forsyth doubts, and I should conclude that the marble of which it is composed would tend to confirm that suspicion.

We were now admitted for the first time to inspect the Museum of

the Capitol, which is crowded with antiquities, consisting of ancient statues, busts, relievos, columns, inscriptions, and sarcophagi. In the court of the building, on the left as we ascend, is the famous statue of a river god, called Marforio, on which formerly the answers to the squibs and libels exhibited on Pasquin's statue were affixed. A colossal armed figure, found on the Aventine, called Pyrrhus; or, the god Mars. In the Canopus are placed the series of Egyptian statues found in the Canopus of Adrian's Villa at Tivoli; chiefly of basalt, and some, evidently imitated from them by the Roman sculptors, but of a better construction and in a better taste, in *noir antique*. Near these we found a superb sarcophagus, with figures on the lid, supposed to represent Genesius Marcianus and Mammea, the parents of Alexander Severus; the sides of the sarcophagus, which is large and in fine preservation, have the story of the Iliad in relievos. On the walls of the staircase leading to the upper rooms are some very curious fragments of the plan of ancient Rome, of white marble, in twenty-six compartments, found at the Temple of Remus in the forum, and supposed to be of the age of Septimus Severus: they are in such small pieces that but little can be gained from them; the Theatre of Marcellus and the Portico of Octavia may however be identified. In the Stanza del Vaso we noticed several rare curiosities: viz., a very rare vase of white marble, adorned with leaves found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is placed upon an ancient circular altar, round which are sculptured in good style the twelve greater Pagan Divinities and their attributes; another vase of bronze, now worn very thin, given by Mithridates, King of Pontus, to the College of the Gymnasiarchs, as the Greek inscription imparts; a curious figure of Diana Triformis, under her three characters of Luna, Diana, and Hecate; the Ephesian Diana, Mullimammea,—a statue we have seen several times repeated, and called the mother of all living things; and an ancient Mosaic, in the highest preservation, called Le Columbi de Furiette, representing four doves drinking, with a border round them, supposed to be the same described by Pliny (see Liber, 35); and found in 1737, in that vast depôt of innumerable curiosities, the ruins of Adrian's Villa, at Tivoli. In the Stanza degli Imperadore is a collection of the Roman Emperors and their families, from Julius Cæsar to Julian: an ancient sun dial is placed outside one of the windows, in its proper situation. The Hall of Philosophers and Poets succeeds, which has many valuable busts: we noticed especially those of Diogenes

the cynic, Demosthenes the great orator, Euripides and Sophocles, four of Homer, striking, and Herodotus and Thucydides, the celebrated Greek historians. In the Salon, amidst a variety of antique treasures, is the "Venus coming out of the Bath;" a bronze statue, gilt, representing "Hercules with the Hesperian apples;" and a fine statue of Harpocrates the god of silence. In the Hall of the Fawn is a fine Fawn of rouge antique, found in Adrian's Villa; a large sarcophagus, in admirable preservation, found at Salona, sculptured with the battle of Theseus against the Amazons; and a beautiful morsel of ancient sculpture, representing an Infant playing with the mask of Silenus; and amongst the inscriptions is the famous bronze table, called the Lex Regia, by which a servile Senate conferred on the Emperor Vespasian the sovereign authority, found at St. John Lateran. The last chamber, called that of the Gladiators, is rich in precious morsels: the Dying Gladiator is an exquisite piece, though some doubt if it be a gladiator at all: "It is sufficient for me," says Matthews, "that it is a dying man." Byron has very happily and feelingly touched on this subject:—

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,—
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him. He is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

The celebrated Venus of the Capitol is also here; the Juno and the Antinous, called also of the Capital, and one of the Hours, which are all of fine design and admirable execution. The Venus of the Capitol has been compared by some to the Venus de Medicis, while the Antinous is esteemed by others as superior to the Apollo Belvidere; sentiments with which, perhaps from a *habit of deference* to great names and long received opinions, I am not prepared to unite.

The remaining treasures of the Capitol are preserved in the opposite building, called the Palazzo dei Conservatore, to which I purpose to devote a few observations at a future opportunity. Returning home this day by the ancient Roman Forum and the Via Sacra, which extend from the foot of the Capitol to the Coliseum, we devoted some time to the examination of the various interesting objects which here present them-

selves, than which nothing can perhaps be more striking, nor could either the antiquarian or the lover of the picturesque wish them differently arranged. The walk from the Capitol to the Coliseum is indeed full of classical recollections, "and comprises," as Matthews says, "the history of ages. The splendid succession of ruins tell the tale of former times, in a language at once the most pathetic and the most intelligible. It is a mute eloquence, surpassing all the powers of description." The Forum is planted with rows of trees, and is generally known by the name of the Campo Vaccino; but I think I observed a disposition toward the restoration of its ancient, as well as its more dignified appellation:—

"The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns, with Cicero."

In descending from the modern Capitol, the first object that meets the eye is the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, situated at the base of the ancient Tabularium, or record office, consisting of three fine columns of Greek marble of the Corinthian order, fluted, surmounted by capitals and frieze, finely wrought, supposed to have been erected originally by Augustus, and restored by Severus and Caracalla, as a fragment of the remaining inscription seems to import. These columns were till recently half covered up with soil, but are now laid open to the base. On the right of them are eight columns of granite, with bases and capitals of white marble, long supposed to form part of the Temple of Concord; but by some modern antiquaries, appropriated to that of Fortune. On the architrave we read:—

"Senatus, Populusque Romanus,
Incendio consumptum restituit."

On the left is the grand arch of Septimus Severus, consisting of one large opening, and a smaller one on each side, which is covered with statues and bas-relievos, describing the Parthian and other victories of this Emperor, not executed in the best style, which may be attributed partly to the decline of the arts in that day, and partly to the soft quality of the marbles of which it is composed. By the inscription we learn that it was dedicated to Septimus Severus, and his two sons Caracalla and Geta; but like that in the Boarium, the name of the latter has been erased, and other words substituted in its place. This arch was formerly buried to half its height, but was laid open to the bottom, and surrounded with a wall, by the late Pope Pius VII., when the pavement of the

ancient Chois Asyli was discovered. Not far from this stands a solitary column, for ages half buried in the soil, and a subject of antiquarian speculation. It was excavated by the late Duchess of Devonshire, when on the pedestal was found a flattering inscription, informing us that it was dedicated by Smaragdus, exarch of Italy, to that execrable tyrant the Emperor Phocas. This pillar, which is of Greek marble of the Corinthian order, fluted, and about forty-six feet high, has probably been stolen from some more ancient building. A little further on, and at the foot of the Palatine, are three more columns, supporting a small portion of the frieze and cornice, supposed to have been part of a temple dedicated to Jupiter Stator, though others have assigned them to the Comitium, or the Greco stasis. They are also of white marble of the Corinthian order, the largest fluted columus I believe in Rome, and are calculated to inspire us with a high idea of the magnificence of ancient architecture. On the right of these is the small circular Church of St. Theodore, supposed to have been a temple of Romulus, but is now so much modernized as to retain but few traces of antiquity. Here was found the famous bronze Wolf of the Capitol. On the opposite side of the Forum, and near the arch of Septimus Severus, is the Church of S.S. Cosmo and Damiano, part of which is very ancient, and is supposed to have been a temple dedicated to Remus or Quirinus. The old building having been found very damp, on account of the great accumulation of soil outside, the floor was raised by Urban VIII. about twenty feet, so that the old bronze doors and porphyry pillars which inclosed them, were formerly much lower down than they are at present. We descended to the floor of the original temple, which however presents nothing remarkable. The Temple of Antoninus and Faustina his wife, succeeds, now converted into the Church of St. Lorenzo, in Miranda. A considerable portion of the ancient building is here preserved, and also the portico, composed of ten columns of cipolene, or green shaded marble, anciently called the Lapis Phrygius, of the Corinthian order, but which either from their original quality or the effect of time, have a mean appearance. There are also some ornaments on the frieze, of griffins, candelabras, etc., well executed, and in tolerable preservation. The inscription also remains, and identifies the building:—

"Divo Antonio, et Divæ Faustinæ, ex. S. C."

A little further on are the gigantic remains of a building, which has been long supposed to have formed part of the Temple of Peace, built by

Vespasian; but recently acquired information has induced antiquarians to decide against the opinion. Vasi calls it a Basilica of Constantine's; but there appears no good evidence for this designation, and its appearance denotes a better period of the arts. It is thought that a small portion of the original building now remains; but the parts of it are on a prodigious scale. It consists of three very large arches, each about seventy-five feet across; the ceilings of which are formed of stucco, and appear, like that of the Pantheon, to have been once overlaid with silver or brass, in rich and elegant compartments. The Church of St. Francesca Romana, which comes in the line, has the tomb of the patron saint, and also that of Pope Gregory IX., ornamented with precious marbles and gilt bronzes.

Descending towards the Coliseum, we now pass the arch erected by the Senate and people of Rome, to commemorate the triumph which followed the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, with this inscription:—

"Senatus, Populusque Romanus,
Divo Tito. Divi Vespasiani. F.
Vespasiano Augusto."

A relic of antiquity, which, whether we consider the elegance of the sculpture or the interesting subjects represented upon it, deserves our particular attention. Under the arch, on one side, is the Emperor seated in a triumphal car, drawn by four spirited horses, conducted by the Genius of Rome, and behind a winged Victory, crowning him with laurel. On the other side are the ornaments of the Temple at Jerusalem: viz., the table of the shewbread, the seven-branched golden candlestick, the vessel of incense, and the silver trumpets borne by the soldiers in triumphal procession; which were no doubt copied from the originals brought from the Jewish Temple by Titus, and being the only faithful record that exists of those sacred antiquities, must be deemed very interesting bas-reliefs. This arch was formerly encumbered with houses on one side, which have been removed, and the dilapidations occasioned by time have also been repaired; and while we were in Rome they were clearing away the rubbish from the base, and building a wall round it, as is the case in the other triumphal arches. It is said that no Jew will pass under this arch.

Proceeding from hence, we find on the left, and nearly facing the front entrance of the Coliseum, a ruin, supposed to have been part of a Temple dedicated to Venus and Rome conjointly. Two semi-circular tribunes,

or porches, joining each other, are all that now remain, though there is reason from the ground plot to suppose that when the building was entire it was extremely magnificent. Others, and amongst them Piranesi, suppose this to have been a triclinium to Nero's golden house, which is thought to have occupied this site, as well as that of the Convent of St. Francesca Romana before alluded to. On the right of the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, and keeping, I suppose, the line of the Via Triumphalis between the Palatine and the Cælian Hills, is the noble Arch of Constantine, which is, as Lumisden well says, "the most entire of all these proud monuments erected by flattery." Like that of Severus, it consists of three arches, or passages, and the whole is richly ornamented with fine colums of gallio antico, statues of captive Dacians in violet marble, and very exquisite basso-relievos: all of which, the period of its erection considered, when the arts were so much on the decline, would surprise us, were we not informed that the superb arch dedicated to Trajan, and placed in his magnificent forum, was despoiled of its ornaments and destroyed to furnish materials for this of Constantine, so that we may more properly deem this fine monument an erection in honour of the former than the latter Emperor. Some few sculptures were necessarily added to make the work complete; but it is easy to distinguish the superior elegance of the bas-reliefs of Trajan from the half Gothic ones added to celebrate the actions of Constantine. The inscription, repeated on both sides, is very perfect, and may be seen in Rossini's admirable etching. Within the centre arch is written on one side, "Liberatori Urbis," and on the other, "Fundatori Quiætis." The whole has reference to his great *victory over Maxentius.* Near this is a small ruin of brick, of a conical form, called the Meta Sudans, being the remains of an ancient fountain of that name that once decorated this grand assemblage of wonders.

We now come to the Flavian Amphitheatre, from its vast dimensions called the Coliseum,—a stupendous fabric, awful even in ruins, and which does not disappoint one's expectation, however highly raised: commenced by the Emperor Vespasian, and finished by his son Titus. It is, as usual, of the elliptical form, and its original dimensions, according to Burton, are: circumference, seventeen hundred and forty-one feet; whole length, six hundred and nineteen; width, five hundred and thirteen; and height of the outer wall, one hundred and seventy-nine feet. It would accommodate, it is computed, eighty-seven thousand persons,

seated, besides twenty thousand more, who found standing places; which would seem an incredible number, unless we duly considered its extraordinary dimensions and the very excellent arrangements made in the interior for the accommodation of the spectators: this stupendous building, considering the object for which it was intended, being the most complete that ingenuity ever devised or art executed. Of the exterior walls nearly one half, I think, remain entire; the rest is more or less dilapidated, but nowhere sufficiently so to prevent our forming a very accurate idea of the general plan. The external elevation forms four stories, and an open portico of eighty arches surrounds each of the three first stories; the arches of each being decorated with different orders of architecture: viz., the first, Doric; the second, Ionic; the third, Corinthian. The fourth story, which is not open, is adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and is higher than the others. Above them appear projections intended to support a beam that passed through the great cornice of the building, and served to sustain the awning that was used to protect the spectators from the heat of the sun. Three broad steps surrounded the building, by which they entered the lower portico, adding to the beauty of the whole; and these have recently been cleared of the dirt and rubbish that had covered them for ages, so that the whole elevation of the edifice is now disclosed. It is plain that the eighty arches of the ground plot served for so many entrances to the Amphitheatre, each of which was numbered; thirty-one of these arches so numbered still remain: viz., from twenty-three to fifty-four. Between thirty-eight and thirty-nine we observed an arch a little wider than the rest, without a number, which is supposed to have been the passage by which Titus and his suite entered the Coliseum from his palace on the Esquiline Hill. This vast fabric is said to have suffered from earthquake, and it long served for a stone quarry, out of which modern Rome was ornamented: the Farnese Palace, built by Paul III.; that of Venice in the Corso, the Cancellaria, as well as the Port of the Rissetta, are known to have been built from it. Even the iron, or lead, that unites one block of stone to another, has been pillaged, as may be seen by the holes made in them for the purpose of extracting it, which have a very unsightly appearance. This was probably effected at a very early period, as Theodore complains of a similar spoliation of other buildings even in his time; and it is well known that the Frangipani and the Annibaldi, the more tasteless Goths of the middle ages, in the fury of the civil contentions which then agitated

Rome, converted this massy structure of their ancestors into a fortress: indeed it is difficult to say to what extent this robbery and spoliation would have proceeded, probably to the destruction of the *whole edifice*, had not Benedict XIV., considering it sanctified by having been the scene of the martyrdom of many of the early Christians, under the different Roman Emperors, and possibly also from a degree of veneration for this magnificent relic of antiquity, converted it into a religious building, built chapels all round the interior, and erected a large crucifix of wood in the centre, the keeping of which entitles the performer to two hundred days indulgence, and thus by making it sacred suspended the work of destruction. Besides this an immense buttress of brick, the height of the original wall, was erected on the side of the Lateran, to support the whole fabric, by the late Pope Pius VII.; and we saw a similar one erecting by the present Pope on the side of the Capitol, which will give stability, perhaps for centuries, to this part of the building. Great reparations have also been made in the porticos and the arcades, tending not only to strengthen the fabric, but to restore the original design; all of which reflect credit on the taste and judgment of these two Pontiffs.

The interior presents a most complete scene of destruction. By means of staircases erected for the purpose, you may ascend to a considerable height, and be almost lost in the labyrinth of ruins; and it is from such a view of these remains that the best idea of their vastness is formed: but if seen by moonlight, as we twice saw them, when the scattered fragments of stone, and the shrubs that grow on them, are exhibited at a distance in alternation of light and shade, "the mind," as Burton well says, "receives impressions of gratification and melancholy which perhaps no other prospect in the world would produce."

In spite of all the ill usage it has sustained it is still perhaps the most wonderful monument remaining of Roman magnificence, and its majestic fragments are even magnified by the desolation and solitude that now prevail around them. They showed us the passage in which it is supposed the Emperor Commodus was slain by the conspirators. A sentinel generally keeps guard at each entrance, who opposes in the evening the entrance of intruders,—a precaution which became necessary from its having formerly served as a retreat for robbers, who could readily hide themselves in its vast recesses. A solitary friar, the only other guardian of the arena, often amused us by his importunate applications for alms

for the poor and for the souls in purgatory, which he levies indiscriminately on the faithful and on the curious.

It is impossible to survey the astonishing pile of ruins which encircle this vast arena without adverting, with feelings of painful regret, to the barbarous purpose to which it was applied, and to the vast effusion of human blood, as well as the destruction of so many thousands of noble animals, which have taken place within its venerable enclosure; and we may form some faint idea of this, in remembering that when this amphitheatre was first dedicated by Titus the games were continued one hundred days, during which period, besides the gladiators who fought, and whose number it is difficult to estimate, five thousand wild beasts were mercilessly slaughtered "to *make a Roman holiday.*" And as these disgusting barbarities, in spite of the check given them by Constantine, were continued till the reign of the Emperor Honorius, and the hunting of wild beasts much later, we may make some estimate of the ferocious excesses to which the walls of the Coliseum have been silent witnesses. Forsyth, with his usual judgment and acumen, makes the following observations on this interesting subject, which I venture to insert, though fully sensible how much precious material I have already drawn from his *mine* of original remarks:—

"Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of our's, we can *all humanely* execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the *truly brave* are never cruel: but this monument says, *No.* Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours sport shed in these imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery. A virgin always gave the signal for the slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, *those ladies* sat down in the wet and streaming arena, to a luxurious supper. Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself: decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand; half grey, and half green; erect on one side, and fallen on the other; with consecrated ground in its bosom; inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste: for moralists, antiquarians, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray." "In contemplating antiquites," says Levy, "the mind itself becomes antique. It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the point and polish of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule."

And though our author does not here advert to it, I could not myself survey the awful remains of this gigantic structure, without reflecting that we have authority something higher than tradition for believing that great

numbers of the early Christians in various ways suffered martyrdom in this amphitheatre, of which the particulars may be read in the different ecclesiastical writers. And yet the most glowing picture we can draw, will perhaps but partially represent the crimes perpetrated here under the sanction of Emperors, many of whom we cannot doubt were in the general administration of their governments, mild, merciful, prudent, and virtuous Princes, which may be instanced in Titus, Trajan, Nerva, the Antonines, etc. What do we not owe to the introduction of *that* Christianity which has opened to the *humblest* of its followers a purer code of morals, and a juster sense of the reciprocal duties of man to man, than was enjoyed by the brightest and wisest of the Pagan philosophers, and the most illustrious of the long line of Cæsars: as Young well observes,—

> "As wise as Socrates, if such there were
> (Nor will they bate of that sublime renown),
> As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
> The definition of a modern fool."

A regard to candour and truth compels us however to acknowledge that we find painful exceptions to this position, in the horrid spectacle of the bull fights so often exhibited in Spain; the brutal pugilistic combats practiced amongst us, in defiance both of law and decency and to the indelible disgrace and infamy of all persons connected with them, of whatever rank and station in society; as well as the destruction of so many thousands of our fellow creatures in bloody and desolating wars between one professedly Christian country and another, so contrary to the pacific principles of the Divine Author of our religion, and whereby it is manifest

> "That the fatal disorders are fed and increased,
> Which the Gospel of Christ was intended to cure."

19*th*. Visited the studio of the late celebrated Antonio Canova, the business of which is now carried on by his brother; where we saw copies of some, and models of others of his great works, but few original works now in operation. Proceeded to the Porta St. Sebastiano (anciently Capena), near which is the arch said to have been erected by the Emperor Claudius, in honour of his father Drusus: a plain structure, and of no great interest. The substructions of the gate itself are of large stones, and apparently of great antiquity; and the towers of it, which had suffered in the Gothic wars, were repaired by Belisarius and Narses. This opens on the remains of the far-famed Appian Way, which may

still be traced for some distance, and brings us to the Church of St. Sebastian, which, except that it occupies the site of one of the ancient basilicas, has nothing sufficiently remarkable to demand a notice. Within this Church is the entrance to the Catacombs: a series of labyrinths running off in different directions, so that without torches and good guides, it is unsafe to examine them. There can be no doubt but that these immense galleries were originally excavated to furnish materials for building the ancient city; and it is an interesting fact generally accredited, that the primitive Christians retired hither for the undisturbed performance of their devotions during the time of the different persecutions, and that the remains of many thousands of them were here interred, which were inserted tier above tier in the solid tufa, and shut up in front either with bricks or with slabs of stone or marble, with appropriate inscriptions, of which latter the greater part are now removed to the Vatican. Some altars still remain, either dedicated to the martyrs found here, or used formerly for devotional purposes. At no great distance, on a slight elevation of the road, stands the superb tomb of Ceciliæ Metella, of whom but little is known beyond the inscription, which is yet very legible: "Cecilæ 2 Critici F. Metellæ Crassi." This magnificent mausoleum is, however, calculated to give one an high idea of the wealth and grandeur of the person interred in it. The lower part is square, and the upper circular; the walls are of vast thickness, and encrusted with Tiburtine stones, of immense size: an elegant frieze of marble runs round the whole, decorated with festoons and bulls' heads alternately, from whence the building has acquired the name of the Capo di Bove. It was fortified in the middle ages by the Gætani family, and sundry ruins of that period are scattered about its neighbourhood.

"There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,—
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown:
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid? A woman's grave."

A little to the left of the Appian Way are the remains of a circus, called that of Caracalla, though I think upon dubious authority; it is

nevertheless a very interesting fragment, and sufficiently preserved to give a very distinct idea of these favourite resorts of the Roman people: the whole line of the outer wall, more or less dilapidated, with the chief gate of entrance, and a small fragment of the Temple of Consus, still remain. The outline of the spina is also very discernible, as well as the carceres, which have the ruins of an old tower at either end. We noticed inserted in the walls a great number of earthen vessels, which it is now generally supposed were intended to improve the sound. Near this is an ancient building of a singular construction, consisting of galleries ranged round a large square court, with a circular temple in the centre, of about one hundred feet in diameter, and whose walls are of immense thickness: supposed by some to have been dedicated to the divinities of the circus, and by others a Serapion, or Temple of Isis and Serapis, which it is known existed formerly in this situation; and this building appears to me to have somewhat resembled those at Pompeii and Puzzioli, which were consecrated to these Egyptian deities. We next visited the remains of the pretended Temples of Honour and Virtue, situated in a garden or vineyard. These ruins are at no great distance from each other, and in a situation which favours the idea that they are the fragments of the *twin* temples erected by Marcellus after his conquest of Sicily, when not being permitted by the Roman superstition to lump them together, he erected a temple to each divinity so called, and placed them in such a manner that no one could enter the Temple of *Honour* but through that of *Virtue*. "Wise and noble idea," says Lumisden, "and worthy of that great man." At no great distance, and situated on a fine eminence, is the ancient Church of St. Urban, formerly a Roman temple, and probably dedicated to the nine muses, as its ancient name, *Ad Camœnas*, would seem to import. It is by some called a Temple of Bacchus, chiefly from an old altar dedicated to that deity found here, and which now serves to support the basin of holy water. Some fluted columns adorned the façade of this temple, which are now partially enclosed in that of the modern church: its interior is curious, and appears to have undergone but little alteration. We saw there some six or eight ancient urns of terra-cotta, of green colour and gilt, and some frescoes of the eleventh century adorn the walls. From these ruins we descended to the celebrated Valley of Egeria,—"In Vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas Juvenal,"—where we saw the remains of the fountain supposed to be dedicated to this nymph and the muses. It is, however, considered

by *some* doubtful, and its object is certainly *not very* distinct; but its situation is so romantic, and the scenery about it so very picturesque, that I would fain slumber on in the illusion that here the peaceful Numa came to draw pretended inspiration from his oracular goddess, and that here she deigned to fix her seat. The opus reticulatum, the niches, the mutilated statue perhaps of the fountain, still remaining,—all bespeak its antiquity; though in candour I ought to add that the statue is evidently a male figure, possibly that of the river Almon, and that there are but six niches instead of nine for the muses, which brings me to the *dissimilis veris* of old Juvenal. Forsyth says that he drank of the water of this spring through a reed he found on the spot: we had that pleasure twenty-five years afterwards, through the same means. We came next to a curious structure, built of red brick, with all its pilasters and other ornaments of the same composition: supposed to be a temple dedicated to the god Ridiculus; but not, as antiquarians generally agree, upon good grounds. It is tolerably perfect, and more probably a temple erected to some rural deity, or an ancient tomb, perhaps of about the age of Nero.

Rejoining the Appian Way, and entering again the gate of St. Sebastian, we stopped to visit the sepulchre of the Cornelian family, discovered in the year 1780, and like the catacombs, dug out of the solid tufa. The remains of these illustrious Romans were here deposited in niches, with inscriptions recording their names and honours placed on the sides. The inscriptions (some of them very ancient), together with the sarcophagi and other curiosities, have been very properly removed to the Vatican, and copies substituted in their stead. There is but little to be seen here now but a series of dark chambers, which we explored by the help of a candle:—

> "The Scipios' tombs contain no ashes now;
> Their very sepulchres lie tenantless
> Of their heroic dwellers."

We next visited the Baths and Palace of Caracalla, on the Aventine Mount: a stupendous range of colossal ruins, aptly compared by Burton to those of some of our old English castles, and next to the Coliseum, presenting the greatest mass of ancient building in Rome. The outer wall may be traced in nearly its whole circuit, though it has lost something of its height; its length is calculated at one thousand eight hundred and forty, and its breadth one thousand four hundred and seventy feet. The number of rooms in the interior, and the dimensions of them, are

truly astonishing, and "prove," as Forsyth well says, "how very magnificent a brutal ruffian could be." The famous Cella Solearis, or hall of the slipper, is two hundred and three feet long, by one hundred and forty-six broad, and was originally covered with a flat roof, deemed very surprising by the ancients. Many precious statues have been found here, as the Hercules and the Flora, now in the gallery at Naples, and the famous Toro Farnese, in the gardens of the Villa Reale, of that city; and considerable excavations are now carrying on for the like purpose, but we did not learn that much had yet been brought to light, except some mutilated statues, Mosaic floors, and fragments of ancient marbles. We concluded this day by inspecting the ruins of the imperial Palace of the Cæsars, scattered over the Palatine Mount, formerly decorated by all that art could devise or luxury confer, but now a shapeless and indescribable mass.

"The whole of this region," says Matthews, "comprehending all that remains of the residence of the Emperors and the golden House of Nero, is now a desert, full of ruins and fragments of temples and baths, presenting an awful picture of fallen greatness. The spot is beautiful, and commands a fine view of Rome; and the soil seems rich, if one may judge from the crops of cabbages and artichokes which it is now made to produce."

Part of the original ascent to it remains, and a flat stuccoed terrace overlooking the Circus Maximus, from which the Emperors gave the signal for the commencement of the games. There are also several chambers in tolerable preservation, and on the summit the ruins of a small summer house, overgrown with briars and ivy, into which we entered, and from the windows a sublime prospect must formerly have been obtained both of the magnificent city and the surrounding country. It is difficult, from the wreck that remains, to form any clear idea of the stateliness of this imperial residence; but we gather from the page of history, that the extent, the variety, the beauty, and the richness of it, pronounced it the habitation of the *then masters of the world.* Perhaps it is scarcely within the compass of language to set forth with more fidelity and pathos than Lord Byron has done, the feelings that crowd naturally upon the reflecting mind while surveying it in its present fallen condition:—

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch-crushed, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steeped

In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight. Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can: for all that learning reaped
From her research has been,—that *these are walls.*
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'Tis thus the mighty falls.

"There is the moral of all human tales,—
'Tis but the sad rehearsal of the past:
First freedom, and then glory,—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption; barbarism at last.
And history, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but ONE page: 'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous tyranny had thus amassed
All treasures,—all delights that eye or ear,
Heart, soul, could seek,—tongue ask! Away with words: draw near,—

"Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep: for *here*
There is such matter for all feeling. Man,
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of glory's gewgaws shining in the van,
'Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled!
Where are its golden roofs? where those who dared to build?"

20th. Saw the Palace Sciarra, with a collection of paintings rather select than large, and by the first masters. There are many landscapes, and amongst them a "Flight into Egypt," by Claude. Of the other paintings, the following appeared to us the most deserving notice: "The Vestal Claudia," and the "Circe," by Benvenuto Garofalo; "The Gamesters," by M. A. Caravaggio; "Vanity and Modesty," two celebrated portraits, by Leonardo da Vinci; "The Family of Titian," by himself; and a "Magdalen," by Guido, in his best style. Near the gate of this palace was found, under the pontificate of Pius IV., some remains of the arch erected to the honour of the Emperor Claudius, after his conquest of the British Isles.

Passing hence by the Porta Pia, a gate constructed by Pius IV. in place of the more ancient Porta Nomentana, through a fine range of patrician villas, we crossed the Anio by the Ponte Lamentana, anciently Nomentana, on which there is a Gothic ruin erected by Belisarius, and came to the Mons Sacer, where the Roman plebeians twice retired from the injustice or the severity of their patrician rulers: an interesting spot, and carrying the mind back to the best days of Rome. On occasion of

the first secession, in the year of Rome 260, the office of tribunes, or annual magistrates, taken from their own body, was first appointed, whose factious and ambitious conduct hastened in the sequel the ruin of the Republic. "On this classic spot," says Lumisden, "we were in a manner seized with the true spirit of liberty: a liberty not licentious, but founded in order, and regulated by wise laws." There are on the sides of the hill the ruins of two ancient buildings, probably built at some subsequent period to commemorate the event. On our return we stopped at the Church of St. Agnes, to which we descended by a fine old staircase of white marble, having several ancient sepulchral inscriptions on its walls. It was originally built by Constantine, and is supposed to exhibit more perfectly than any other the ancient basilical form. We saw here sixteen fine old columns of granite, porta santa and violet-coloured marble. The high altar, covered with a baldachino, supported by four exquisite pillars of porphyry, an ancient Mosaic of the time of Honorius I., and a beautiful antique candelabra. The view also from the terrace of the church over the plain below is pleasing. Contiguous to this church is another ancient building, called a Temple of Bacchus, from the representation of a vintage in Mosaic on the roof. It is now generally supposed to have been a Bapistry, erected by Constantine the Great as an annexation to his neigbouring Church of St. Agnes; and here, in a magnificent sarcophagus of red porphyry richly carved, and now preserved in the Vatican, were found the remains of his daughter Constantia, to whom the edifice was dedicated, in 1256, by Alexander IV.; here are also some columns elegantly grouped, but probably taken from more ancient fabrics.

We now directed our course towards the Porta Salara, near which is the celebrated Villa Albani, erected towards the middle of the last century by Cardinal Alexander Albani. Here we saw in the Casino, and in the various ornamental buildings with which the grounds are decorated, such a prodigious collection of statues, busts, basso-relievos, vases, sarcophagi, columns, inscriptions, and other ancient monuments, arranged under the direction of the famous antiquary Winkilman, as would require volumes to describe properly. It would reduce my simple diary to the level of a mere catalogue, as dry as Vasi's, to enumerate even the best pieces preserved in this noble museum; but I should offend against good taste and judgment were I to omit all allusion to a few of the chef d'œuvres. In the open portico in front of the Casino we noticed interesting and well executed antique statues of the following Emperors: viz., Tibe-

rius, Lucius, Verus, Trajan, M. Aurelius, Antoninus Pius, and Hadrian. On the wall of the staircase a noble relievo, representing the Children of Niobe killed by Apollo; in one chamber a curious Diana, of alabaster, with the head, hands, and feet of bronze; over the chimney-piece of another, the much admired bas-relief found in the ruins of Adrian's Villa, representing the beautiful Antinous in profile, and esteemed the finest morsel in this collection; a caryatides, which bears the Greek inscription of two Athenian sculptors, Criton and Nicolans; an elegant ancient column of solid alabaster fleuri, and another of Sicilian jasper; a curious Ephesian Diana Multemammea; a fine marble sarcophagus, carved with the Marriage of Peleus and Thetis; a relievo of Diogenes in his tub, and Alexander the Great. In the garden, which is adorned with numerous fountains, we observed amidst a crowd of antiquities two colossal and well-executed busts of Titus and Trajan; and underneath the circular portico of an ornamental outbuilding is a majestic head of Bacchus, a singular bust of Æsop, with others of Chrysippus, Isocrates, Caligula, Aurelian, and many more. At the entrance of the vestibule is a large and curious antique basin of Egyptian brescia, which has quite an artificial appearance, so very detached are the pieces, and so distinct the colours of which it is composed; and within are two statues of Juno, and a Nymph, at the bases of which are well executed and delicate ancient Mosaics. Every facility is given by the noble owner for the inspection of these precious remains of antiquity; but I am sorry to be obliged to add that this magnificent villa has on the whole too much the appearance of neglect to comport well with such splendid and costly decorations. Re-entering the city by the Porta Salara, we came to the Gardens of Sallust, which that great historian had laid out in a splendid manner, and decorated with houses, baths, and temples, and where he spent the last years of his life in learned luxury. They afterwards became the property of the Emperors, by whom they were adorned with many precious statues, some of which have been recovered from the ruins. They were destroyed on the invasion of Alaric, and the site is now occupied by a gardener's ground. Some fragments of the Villa remain, and a circular building in tolerable preservation, denominated the Temple of Venus, though it may possibly have only been a vestibule, or grand porch to the Villa. We readily traced the outline of the circus, once adorned with the obelisk now placed on the Pincian Hill, but no part of its buildings remain. In these gardens a small portion of ancient wall is still sub-

sisting, said to have been part of the city walls as erected by Servius Tullus. It consists of large square blocks of stone, not unlike the Etruscan basements of those at Cortona.

Concluded this day by a visit to the Rospigliosi Palace, built by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, and ornamented as usual with paintings and statues: but its grand object of attraction is the famous fresco by Guido, called "The Aurora," which we found in the ceiling of a pavilion, placed in an elevated and agreeable garden overlooking the great court. This painting is justly esteemed to be one of the finest that exists, combining the perfection both of design and colouring, and the frieze round it was painted by Tempesta. In the same chamber is a statue of Diana, and a bronze Horse, both antique; and in an adjoining room a fine ancient bust of Scipio Africanus, very valuable; and two large pictures, by Domenichino, representing "Adam and Eve in Paradise," and "The Triumph of David;" "Sampson Destroying the Philistine Temple," by L. Carracci; and "A Group of the Apostles," by Rubens.

First-Day, 21st. Spent the morning at home, as usual; in the afternoon a drive to the ancient ruined Church of Santa Maria della Rosaria, situated between the Vatican and the Monte Maria, which commands a view in some respects the same, but not equal to that obtained from the latter eminence: the eye, however, wanders delighted over the greater part of the city,—the Campagna, the mountains beyond it, with the towns of Albano, Froscati, and Tivoli. Returning by Ponte Molle we fell by accident into the long dusty lines of carriages which on this day usually parade up and down from the Corso to the Tiber,—a motley mixture of princes and plebeians.

22nd. Called on Charles Eastlake, an English painter of some eminence, to whom we were introduced by letters from England, and who kindly favoured us with the loan of Eustace's "Classical Tour" and Lumisden's "Antiquities of Rome:" works which from their size we could not expect to be furnished with from home. After which we proceeded to the great Church of St. Peter's, and calling by the way at the Post-office, found there a letter from a beloved relative, which, previous to entering upon the inspection of the curiosities, we sat down and perused in the north transept. Nothing can be imagined more delightful than the even warm temperature of this church during the coldest weather ever experienced in Rome, owing, it is supposed by some, to its walls absorbing so much heat during the summer that it is never

wholly discharged throughout the winter. The exclusion of the outward air and the ever-burning lamps contribute also, I imagine, in some degree to produce this effect. We devoted some time this day to the examination of the rich ornaments that decorate this vast edifice; which are comprised in the gilded roof, the paintings, the Mosaics, the statuary, and the splendid tombs of the sovereign Pontiffs. Of the *paintings* but few now remain: it having been found that they were more liable to sustain injury by time and damp than Mosaics, the former have been removed, and copies of the very best performances of the great masters now extant, have been substituted for the originals, which are executed in such a surprising and masterly manner, that at a proper distance and in certain lights, even an experienced eye might fancy them to be paintings: indeed I much doubt if at any period of the world this curious and elaborate art was ever carried to such a pitch of perfection as at present. There are twenty-nine altars in all thus decorated; but those which pleased us best were: "The Disinterment of St. Petronella," copied from a chef d'œuvre by Guercino, considered the finest Mosaic ever executed; "The Communion of St. Jerome," from Domenichino; "The Transfiguration," from Raphael; "The Martyrdom of Peter," from Guido Reni; "Michael the Archangel," from the same; "The Apostles in a Storm of the Lake," from Lanfranc; "St. Processus and St. Marcianus martyred," by the Chevalier Valentine; "St. Erasmus," from Poussin; and "The Unbelief of Thomas," from the celebrated living artist Cammicini: and, having seen and carefully studied the originals themselves, I know not to which I give the preference. Of the statuary so profusely scattered through the church the most prominent are the colossal figures of the Saints and Founders of the religious orders, to which I have on another occasion alluded: they are all sixteen feet high, and some of them very finely executed. There is also a magnificent altar of white marble, executed in relief by Algardi, representing the Pope St. Leo dissuading Attila from approaching Rome, by showing him St. Peter and St. Paul in the air, irritated against him; and in the first chapel on the right a beautiful figure of the Virgin, supporting on her knees a dead Christ, commonly called a Piety, executed by M. Angelo at twenty-four years of age, and supposed to be his earliest performance. Of the Tombs of the Pontiffs I may safely assert that nothing of the kind can be more magnificent: the porphyry, agates, jaspers, and rich marbles lavished upon them are really extraordinary, and the sculpture

and relievos on many of them exquisite; but I think it has justly been excepted against them that the sitting or kneeling posture of the principal figure,—the representation of the Pope himself,—is very stiff and formal in most. The allegorical designs which accompany and attend upon the chief figures are much praised. I have before mentioned two: of the rest the most imposing are the following; (1) Clement XIII. (Rezzonico), by the great Canova. The Pope kneeling: the attendant figures, Religion with the Cross and the Genius of Death; "which seems," as Forsyth says, "to sigh celestially:" two noble Lions, the finest production of the modern chisel, lie at the base of the sarcophagus. (2) Alexander VII. (Chigi), by Bernini, and his last work: the Pope is here represented kneeling, amidst attendant allegories; while, rising from under a superb covering of marble, Death presents to him a glass, to show him that his last hour is come. (3) Leo XI., by Algardi,—a sitting figure: this Pope was of the house of Medici, and only reigned twenty-seven days. (4) Gregory XIII. (Boncompagni), which, besides other ornaments, has a relievo, representing the correction of the calendar made by that Pontiff. (5) Clement X., of the house of Altieri, by Ercole Ferrata, with figures of Goodness and Clemency. Besides these Tombs of the Pontiffs there are a few others erected to the memory of distinguished individuals, as Maria Clementina Sobiesky, wife of the first Pretender, called here James III., King of England; James III. and his two sons, Charles III. and the Cardinal York, by Canova; but not in his happiest style: it has, however, busts of the three Princes, and two figures of Angels that are *very fine;* Christina, Queen of Sweden, who abjured the reformed religion, and died at Rome in 1689,—erected by Innocent XII., on the designs of the Chevalier Fontana; and the celebrated Countess Matilda, that great benefactress to the church, who died in 1115,—erected by Urban VIII., on plans furnished by Bernini. Nothing, however, forms so striking an ornament to this Cathedral as the profusion of marble which is introduced into every part. Much of this is ancient, and the varieties are of the greatest rarity and beauty; and with the other objects to which I have very imperfectly alluded form such a display of brilliant and unexampled magnificence as would require weeks properly to contemplate and digest.

Ascending the grand staircase of the Vatican Palace, we now visited for the first time the Sistine Chapel, so celebrated for the frescoes of M. A. Buonarotti. The ceiling is covered with representations of the

creation of the world, and other events from the Old Testament, and the angles have colossal figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, which have great beauty of design, and are finely executed. The grand altar is decorated with "The Last Judgment," of this great master, and is esteemed his chef d'œuvre; but it is so injured by damp, time, and the smoke from the incense and the candles, that much obscurity is thrown over the whole, and but little of the original beauty remains. Critics have pronounced this painting to be the most wonderful specimen of the art in the world, and the most surprising monument of genius and imagination; but I own I was disappointed in the examination of it, possibly from confounding in my mind the two distinct qualities of the sublime and beautiful. The Pauline Chapel, the door of which is opposite to that of the Sistine, is so dark that it is impossible to see distinctly what paintings it contains, but they appeared much injured. We now devoted three hours to the treasures of the Vatican, on which I shall here insert some observations, the result of this and divers succeeding visits. We visited (1) the Gallery of Inscriptions, containing those of the early Christians, of the Emperors and their families, servants and freed men, and of the ancient Greeks and Romans generally; all of which are very numerous, and many of them interesting. (2) The Museo Chiaramonte, which may be properly divided into three parts: viz., the corridor, the new arm, and the hemicycle of the Belvidere. In the first, after repeated and not slight examinations, we noticed especially the following objects: "(i.) a statue of Apollo, found in the ruins of the Coliseum; (ii.) Venus rising from the Sea; (iii.) a noble sitting figure, in high preservation, of Marcellus, the prætor of Sicily and conqueror of Syracuse, brought from the Giustiniani gallery; (iv.) a fine bust of Hadrian; (v.) a Swan, a Dog, and a Phœnix, of very delicate execution; (vi.) a large statue of Tiberias, sitting, found at Pisserno, and which may be truly deemed the finest ornament of this division. Of the New Arm, which succeeds, it is difficult to speak in too high terms. It was executed in 1817, by Pius VII., and may be said to rival in beauty and elegance the Pinacothecas of the ancients. Its architecture is light and pleasing: the roof supported by superb columns of Cipolive marble, of black granite, and jaune antique; the friezes decorated with stuccoes in relievo, by Maximilian Laboureur; the floors covered with ancient Mosaics; and the busts and statues arranged round the walls in niches, and on pedestals of marble, porphyry, or red granite, highly polished: so that altogether I much

doubt if the divinities of Greece and Rome, or the statues of the illustrious emperors, kings, consuls, philosophers, and poets of antiquity, were ever more gloriously enshrined than they are here. Amongst the treasures herein contained, I noticed the following with much pleasure: a noble statue of Domitian, from the Giustiniani Gallery; a naked statue of Lucius Verus, with a globe in his hand, a figure of great beauty; a bust of the Emperor Commodus; a Claudius, from the Ruspoli Palace; a statue called that of Minerva Medica, found near the temple of that name; a superb Vase of basalt; a colossal statue of the River Nile, in a recumbent posture, with its sixteen children, representing its various mouths, found in the Temple of Serapis; five figures of Athletes, or wrestlers; Antonia, mother of the Emperor Claudius, found at Tusculum, by Lucien Buonaparte; a statue of Juno, called Clemency; an ancient Greek statue, called Euripides; the Three Graces, from the Palace Ruspoli; the Pallas of Velletri, found there; Antonius Musa, the physician of Augustus, in the form of Esculapius; and Silenus, crowned with ivy, carrying the infant Bacchus in his arms. The Hemicycle of the Belvidere, which follows, contains a great variety of Attic and Egyptian antiquities, consisting of figures formed in black granite and basalt, Greek busts and relievos, and the plaster casts of the Metopes of the Parthenon, etc., presented to the Pope by the present King of England, George IV. The Musio Pio Clementino succeeds: and under this general designation may be included many of the apartments to which I shall now make a reference, slight indeed and unworthy, of the valuable treasures they contain, but as comprehensive as the limited character of my diary will admit. In the Fluted Vestibule is the celebrated torso Belvidere, supposed to be a fragment of a Hercules in repose, sculptured by Apollodorus, as its inscription denotes, and very highly esteemed; also the monuments and inscriptions taken from the tombs of the Scipios, of which the most perfect and the most interesting is the large scarcophagus of Piperino, the inscription on which informs us that it belonged to Cornelius Lucius Scipio Barbatus, the great grandfather of Africanus, who was consul in A.C. 456. From the balcony of the Round Vestibule, which is next in succession, is obtained one of the finest views of Rome, which has given to this part of the Vatican the significant appellation of the Belvidere. In the Chamber of Meleager is a splendid ancient statue bearing that name, formerly in the Pighini Palace: the left hand is wanting, but otherwise it is very perfect. And outside the window is an

ancient dial, on which are marked the cardinal points, in Greek and Latin. In the Portico of the Court, which contains the most *precious morsels* of antiquity, are found sundry very beautiful and richly carved sarcophagi; several immense bathing vessels of red and gray Oriental granite and basalt, highly polished and in fine preservation; some fine basso-relievos, columns, and valuable marbles; and in four separate cabinets, the following very distinguished objects. (1) The justly celebrated Apollo Belvidere: a figure on which so much praise has been bestowed, and so much criticism lavished, and of which it may be truly said that every description fails in conveying an adequate idea of its extraordinary beauty. It was found at Antium in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and is about seven feet in height, and with one reparation, in the highest state of preservation.

"View there the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life and poesy and light,—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight!
The shaft hath just been shot; the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance! In his eye
And nostril beautiful, disdain and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing, in that one glance, *the Deity!*

. . . . . .

"And time himself has hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust, nor hath it caught
A tinge of years; but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought."

(2) The incomparable group of the Laocoon, described by Pliny as standing in the Baths of Titus, where it was found in the pontificate of Julius II.; of which Burton well says, "that it astonishes more and more upon every inspection; and though not so pleasing as the Apollo, will perhaps be considered a more surprising effort in a sculptor to have produced." This group, it is well known, describes Laocoon, priest of Neptune, with his two sons, destroyed by enormous serpents, and is said to have been cut out of one block of marble. (3) The elegant statue called the Belvidere Antinous, by some supposed to be a Mercury, though not, I think, correctly, as it has the countenance so repeatedly given to Hadrian's favourite. It was found upon the Esquiline Hill, in the sixteenth century, under the pontificate of Paul III., and is a most beautiful statue, though the *right* arm and the *left* hand are wanting. (4) Contains

the justly admired Perseus of Canova, and the two wrestlers, Creugas and Damaxenus, by the same great artist,—figures that in my opinion rival the noblest works of ancient sculpture, with which by their situation they are necessarily brought into comparison, and to which, when the mellowing hand of time has passed over them, posterity will I doubt not do the amplest justice.

The Hall of Animals is paved with Mosaics brought from Palestrina, the ancient Prœneste, and contains a beautiful collection of birds, beasts, and fishes; of which I shall only remark that they carry convincing evidence the ancients were not behind us in the fidelity of their representations of this part of the creation. In the Gallery of Statues, amongst many others, we noticed the following choice specimens: viz., a fine statue of Paris, sitting, an Amazon, a Juno, a Neptune, the beautiful figure called that of Ariadne abandoned, and the two sitting statues of those ancient Greek dramatic poets and philosophers, Posidippus and Meander, on which Matthews makes the following just observations:—

"The more I see," says he, "of the antique statues, the more I am struck with the nature and simplicity which constitute their great charm. I have cited many instances, and it would be easy to add more. For example, Posidippus and Meander sit in their arm-chairs, as they might be supposed to have done in their own studies, without losing an atom of force or expression by this repose. Ease is the consummation of art; the last refinement of labour."

In a niche at the bottom of the Hall of Busts is the admired statue of Jupiter, sitting, with the eagle at his feet, and the thunder and sceptre in his hands; formerly at the Veraspi Palace. The Cabinet, a lovely little *bijou* in itself, is also rich in precious antiquities. It is decorated with eight columns, and as many pilasters of alabaster, and has, in the centre of its floor, an exquisitely fine Mosaic, brought from Adrian's Villa at Tivoli. Amongst its other ornaments are—a Fawn, in rouge antique, from the same source; a beautiful Vase and an open curule Chair, both of the same rare marble as the fawn; a statue of Ganymede, of singular delicacy and in high preservation, and a charming figure of "Venus rising out of the Bath." In the Chamber of the Muses, erected by Pius VI., and decorated with sixteen columns of Carrara marble, surmounted with ancient capitals brought from Adrian's Villa, is preserved the best collection known to exist of these celebrated females, found in 1774 in the Villa of Cassius at Tivoli, where *they were* united as *they are here*, with

the hermes of the sages of Greece. These latter, as they are unquestionably authentic, are particularly valuable, and they have the Greek inscription written on each, describing the names. A few are mutilated, but the greater part well preserved, and several are quite unique likenesses of those illustrious ancients. The most striking are those of Zeno the epicurean, Eschino, Demosthenes the great orator, Antisthenes the founder of the sect of cynics, Bias, Periander, Socrates, and Euripides. The pavement of this apartment is of fine Mosaic, partly found at the ancient Loricum, and partly in the Gatani Gardens in Rome. In the Circular Saloon, into which we next pass (sixty-one feet in diameter, and very beautiful), is preserved a noble series of colossal busts and statues, placed on as many blocks of porphyry, with their vases finely sculptured. They are generally much esteemed; but the most pleasing are—a bust of Jupiter, ditto of Adrian, found in his mausoleum; ditto of Pertinax; statues of Augustus, of Antoninus Pius, and of Juno, from the Barberini Palace; and another, in a sitting posture, of the Emperor Nerva, with a wreath of laurel round his brows.

"The head of Jupiter, and the noble statue of Nerva," says Matthews, "in the round saloon, *struck me much*. Jove's head looks as if its nod might make Olympus tremble,—sublime majesty beams in every feature; and while Jupiter looks the King of the Gods, Nerva, with his laurel chaplet, realizes all one's ideas of what the Emperor of Men ought to be."

The fine floor of this superb apartment is an ancient Mosaic, found at Otricoli, and it has a border of Sea Monsters, found at Scrofani. In the centre is an immense Vase of porphyry, forty-one feet in circumference, under which the Head of Medusa, which forms the centre-piece of the Mosaic, is plainly to be observed. The Chamber of the Greek Cross has some fine Egyptian imitations in red granite, from Adrian's Villa; some idols of the same character in black marble, and sundry basso-relievos; but its most distinguished ornaments are the two vast porphyry Sarcophagi, formerly containing the ashes of St. Constantia the daughter, and St. Helena the mother, of Constantine. The former is carved with figures of children, who are gathering in the vintage, and was brought from the church dedicated to that saint; and the latter is also covered with figures in high relievo, representing a battle with prisoners, and rests upon lions' heads, and was brought from the Mausoleum of that Princess, called Tor Pignattara: both of them are in the highest preservation. The floor is ornamented with a Mosaic of Arabesques and

a Head of Minerva, found at the ancient Tusculum. Ascending a beautiful staircase, ornamented with columns of antique coralline brescia and green porphyry, we came to the Chamber of the Chariot, so called from an ancient marble chariot, with two horses affixed to it, preserved here. The whole of this relic has the appearance of being very perfect; but only the body of the car and one of the horses are ancient: the remainder have been restored, but with good effect. Several statues are found here: viz., Sardanapalus, with a long beard, and the name engraved; a Greek statue, with the chlamys, supposed to be Phocian. "This statue," says Matthews, "of one of the greatest, because one of the best men of antiquity, is a charming instance of that quiet modesty and simplicity of attitude so appropriate to his character." Also a Discobolus, with the name of Myron the famous sculptor.

In the Gallery of Candelabras, the next in succession, and which is divided into four chambers, is arranged a vast quantity of Egyptian monuments, statues, cups, columns, candelabras, vases, and other ancient marbles, some of them very exquisite. And then comes a Gallery four hundred and twenty feet in length, the walls of which are painted with maps of different parts of Italy, executed by Ignazio Dante, in 1581, and which terminates in the chambers appropriated to the tapestries executed from the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, and those painted in fresco, which bear the name of that eminent artist, to which I shall take another occasion to refer.

On our return home this day, we found a French patissier's handbill left for our perusal, which among other luxuries, invited our attention to a daily distribution of mince pies and plum cakes; an announcement welcomed by us, when at so great a distance from our beloved native land, with a degree of satisfaction far beyond its intrinsic deserts.

23rd. Called at Scudelari, in the Via Condotte, and purchased three sets of Rossini's etchings of the antiquities of Rome and its environs, for ourselves and friends; after which we paid a visit to the Rev. Father Scandellaria, President of the Society of Bernabitæ, resident at the Convent of St. Carlo á Catinari, to whom we were introduced by our kind friends the Wilbrahams of Florence. We found him a highly respectable character; intelligent, not bigoted; attached to the English, and speaking their language with fluency. The conversation was very interesting, and turned on schools for the children of the poor, Bible Societies, the slave trade, and general benevolence; subjects on which

however our sentiments were not in exact accordance with those of our venerable friend, who insisted upon the canon of the Church, as settled by the consentient voice of the Fathers and Councils, as superior to any private interpretation of the page of Scripture, and that the exercise of private judgment in matters of faith was not of course admissible, as it would produce, he said, as many various shades in religion as there were men. He did not admit of any sensible impulse of the Holy Spirit to govern or direct the mind of man, but conceived it expired with the Apostles and first Christians, to whom it was given for a special purpose. He allowed that Bible Societies could not be admitted into the Papal States, and informed us, with great candour, that an application from the city of Bologna, the most northern and the most enlightened of the Pope's dominions, had been made for permission to establish schools for mutual instruction upon the new plan, but that the application had been discouraged at the seat of Government, indirectly, it is true, yet in a manner to be easily comprehended. This little visit proved an introduction to several succeeding ones, which took place alternately at the Convent and at our own quarters.

On quitting the Convent we crossed the Tiber, by the Ponte Sisto, anciently Janiculensis, and repaired by Sextus IV. in 1474, and returned by the island, where the branches of the river are crossed by two antique Roman bridges, now called Qualtro Capi and Bartheleme, formerly Fabricius and Gratianus, both of which have inscriptions of the period of their construction or reparation. Devoted a part of this day to a further inspection of the wonders of the Forum, to which I have before alluded; and concluded with a visit to the Church of St. Stephano, in Rotundo, on the Cælian Hill, supposed to have been anciently a temple dedicated to the Emperor Claudius, destroyed by Nero and rebuilt by Vespasian. It seems probable that its ancient form has been injured by the reparations necessary after its conversion into a Christian Church, particularly in the arrangement of the columns that support the roof, but these still bespeak its former magnificence. Round the walls are fresco paintings by Pomerancio and Tempesta, describing the martyrdom of different saints: a fearful and appalling spectacle.

24th. A dull morning, but encouraged by a hope of an amendment in the weather, determined to visit Frascati, the ancient Tusculum: for this purpose, quitting Rome by the Porta St. Giovanni, from which it is distant about twelve miles. The ride is flat through the Campagna, till

we approach Frascati, but rendered very interesting by the numerous ruined aqueducts and ancient tombs that bestrew the plain, some of which are supposed to have been erected in the time of the Republic. The town is seated on an agreeable eminence, the ascent to which is through groves of olive trees; and the beauty of its situation and the salubrity of its air, have engaged the noble and opulent Romans in all ages, to fix their summer residences on this spot. After refreshing ourselves, we proceeded to examine the objects of interest, and were first shown the Villa Rufinella, once occupied by Lucien Buonaparte, who devoted much of his time and money while resident there, to exploring the ruins of the ancient Tusculum; and to his exertions we are mainly indebted for the few remains of antiquity which have been disinterred, and for the facilities given to the examination of them. It was in this villa that Lucien so narrowly escaped being surprised and taken up into the mountains by banditti, who seized his secretary and a painter in his stead; and this unfortunate and ill judged attack induced him to quit Frascati, and of course discontinue his valuable labours. From this house, the situation of which is wild and picturesque, we continued to ascend the mountain for about a mile and a half, when we arrived at the ruins of ancient Tusculum, which are however not numerous, nor generally very distinct, though some remains of an amphitheatre and baths, and a small fragment of an aqueduct connected with the walls of the town, are clearly discoverable; and a little higher are the ruins of a Villa, with some chambers coated with reticular work, which we were ready fondly to imagine had once been that of Cicero, though aware that the monks of Grotto Ferrata, about two miles off, claim pretensions to that honour for the site of their own convent. However that may be, we could not without a certain enthusiasm approach the spot where it may even be supposed this celebrated statesman, orator, and philosopher, composed many of his sublime works. In this elegant academic retreat, ornamented with classic taste and furnished with a valuable library, I can still in imagination see him discoursing *with*, and delighting with his *eloquence*, the illustrious persons whom he has made the interlocutors in his Tusculan questions, and his other inimitable philosophic dialogues. The day was very windy, which rendered the walk amongst these elevated and romantic solitudes rather fatiguing; but we were amply compensated by the reflection that we were treading classic ground, and wandering over spots once dignified by all the talent and learning of the day. On our

return we stopped to visit the Villa Aldobrandini, called from its situation the Belvidere, built under the Papacy of Clement VIII., who was of that house. The villa itself contains no apartments of any magnificence, but commands delicious views over the Campagna to Rome. The water-works about it are however curious, and when in full perfection must have been of the first order for their day. "Water," says Forsyth, "is made to blow the trumpet of a Centaur, and the pipe of Pan; water plays two organs, makes the birds warble, and the muses tune their reeds; sets Pegasus neighing, and all Parnassus on music." These things still exist, and the latter are found in an apartment decorated by some faded frescoes of Domenichino. Neglect is however too visibly stamped upon this, as well as many other villas we have seen of the Roman nobility, who rarely visit them, and are certainly far from feeling a relish for the pleasures and occupations of a country life.

The Villa Mondragone, a spacious edifice belonging to the house of Borghese, is now fallen into ruins; and near the Villa Ludovise are some remains, supposed to have been part of the library and gallery of the famous General Lucullus, who, it is well known, resided on this spot, and liberally invited the learned and the curious to the inspection of his treasures of literature, sculpture, and painting. This latter the state of the weather prevented us from visiting, and we returned to Rome to a late dinner, part of the way in a very heavy rain.

25th. Visited the Barberini Palace, built under the pontificate of Urban VIII., who was of that house: a magnificent structure, lately occupied by the ex-King of Spain, Charles III., and his Queen; and having a large library, courteously opened to the public, and a valuable collection of pictures, many of them by the first masters: amongst others, a "Piety," attributed to M. Angelo; "Dedalus and Icarus," by Guercino; "Esther in the presence of Ahasuerus," by the same; "Our Saviour arrested by the Soldiers," by Honthorst, which, like the other works of this painter, is surprising in the effect produced by the torches; "Germanicus Dying, and exhorting his friends to revenge his death, and to take care of his wife and children," by Nicholas Poussin; "St. Andrew Corsini," by Guido; "The Mistress of Raphael," by himself; and the interesting "Portrait of Beatrice Cenci," taken the night previous to her execution. We then walked to the Church of the Madonna degli Angeli, constructed, as I have before described, from the Pinacotheca of the Baths of Dioclesian, and again examined its contents,—never tired with

admiring the harmony and beauty of its proportions and the splendour of its interior decorations. On returning towards our quarters, and while curiously watching a cardinal in full costume alight from his scarlet coach, I was thrown down by an ass with loaded paniers, who with his driver was coming along the street,—an event at the time amusing enough to the parties interested, from the comic circumstances with which it was attended. Devoted the remainder of the day to the modern Capitol, chiefly in inspecting that division of it which is called the Palazzo dei Conservatori, and is a continuation of the splendid Museum opposite to it, described on the 18th inst. In the lower court we saw a colossal bronze head of Commodus, said to have been placed by that Emperor on a colossal statue of Nero; a head of Domitian, in marble, and a most gigantic Foot; also rare full length statues of Julius and Augustus Cæsar. Here is the famous Duilian Column, said to have been constructed by order of Caius Duilius, after his first naval victory over the Carthaginians, A.C. 493: it is a plain pillar of marble, in relievo, with three prows of ships and part of an inscription. Many esteem it to be a doubtful antiquity, owing partly to its being constructed of marble, which was but little used in Rome till the time of the Emperors, as we see manifested in the tombs of the Scipios, which are all of travertine or passerino. On the ground floor is a suite of apartments containing the busts of the illustrious Italians formerly at the Pantheon, but removed for convenience to this place; to which large additions have been made, partly at the expense of Canova, who was a truly liberal patron as well as a distinguished contributor to the fine arts. Some of the most conspicuous are those of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Raphael D'Urbino, Corregio, Dante, Torquato Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto. On ascending the stairs we noticed on the walls of a small court four superb bas-reliefs, and two more on the staircase itself, originally belonging to the Grand Arch of Marcus Aurelius in the Corso: they are not only valuable specimens of the arts in that day, but useful in explaining ancient customs and the appearance of the ancient buildings. The Hall of the Chevalier Arpinas comes next in succession, where, besides many paintings by that artist, we saw the statues of Leo X. and Urban VIII., in marble, by Bernini; and Innocent X., in bronze, by Algardi. The antechamber following is full of well executed statues of the great Generals of modern Rome. In the next is the celebrated bronze Wolf, with the two children sucking, which has caused so much

discussion whether or no it be the same spoken of by Cicero as having been struck by lightning in his time. It is doubtless of very high antiquity, and of the style called Etruscan, and has a singular fracture in its hind leg, which might seem to favour the opinion that it is the same. I could not however perceive the traces of the gilding, which some have fancied they saw, though I looked diligently for them. There is also a fine bust of the elder Brutus, which does, I think, convey his character; and one of M. Angelo, by himself, and two brazen Ducks; "for I can hardly," as one says, "call them geese; which are very old, and about the size of widgeons, and seem to be cackling as though the Gauls were again within hearing." On the walls are preserved the celebrated Faste Consulares, or list of all the consuls and public officers from Romulus down to A.C. 724, or the time of Augustus; which were found in 1545 in the forum, and are supposed to have been prepared by Vespasian from earlier authentic documents. They are sadly mutilated; but the inscriptions that remain are very legible, and they have assisted to fill up many a gap in history and chronology.

The Gallery of Pictures is connected with this division of the Capitol, and is contained in two chambers erected for the purpose by Benedict XIV. We noticed here, amidst a profusion of the productions of the great masters, the following, as deserving particular attention: first chamber —"Santa Lucia," by Benvenuto Garofalo; the "Portrait of Guido," by himself; "St. Francis," by L. Caracci; a Landscape, with the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Domenichino; "The Cumæan Sibyl," by the same great artist, though not equal to his superb copy of the same subject in the Borghese Palace; "Urban VIII.," by Peter of Cortona; "The Departure of Hagar and Ishmael from the House of Abraham," by Mola; the famous "Persian Sibyl," by Guercino; "The Virgin," by Albano; "Romulus and Remus suckled by the she Wolf," by Rubens. And in the second chamber, the large and celebrated picture of "St. Petronella," by Guercino, formerly at St. Peter's; the "Portrait of M. Angelo," by himself; "Cleopatra in the presence of Augustus,"—a noble and affecting historical picture, by Guercino; the famous "St. Sebastian" of Guido,—a painting justly esteemed; and "The Enlèvement of Europa," by Paul Veronese.

On quitting the museum we examined the ancient Church of Santa Maria, in Ara Cœli; erected on the spot once occupied by the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus: the most splendid of ancient Rome. It is a very plain structure, and its unfinished and awkward façade adds no dignity

to the distinguished site it occupies. In the interior are many antique columns, evidently the spoils of older temples, as they agree neither in their dimensions nor in the nature or workmanship of the marbles; also two ambones, or stone pulpits. Here is preserved a miraculous bambino, or likeness of the infant Saviour, which, with all the paraphernalia of the stable, manger, etc., is always exhibited to the admiring gaze of the people on Christmas Eve.

26th. After a call on our kind friend Charles Eastlake and the print-sellers, walked down to the Palace Ruspoli, where we only saw a fine marble staircase: thence to the Palace Borghese, the sumptuous residence of Prince Thomas Borghese, who married Pauline, the sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, where we were shown a magnificent collection of paintings by the great masters, arranged in eleven chambers, of whose variety and excellence it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient admiration. The following objects next attracted our attention: viz. (1), the much admired "Chase of Diana,"—a chef dœuvre of Domenichino; the celebrated "Cumæan Sybil," from the same distinguished artist,—a portrait full of grace, beauty, and inspiration; "St. Anthony Preaching to the Fishes," by Paul Veronese; "The Deposition from the Cross,"—a large painting said to be by Raphael; "The Visitation of Elizabeth," by Rubens; the "David" of Giorgione; four circular pictures, by Albano, representing "The Four Seasons;" an excellent copy of the "Fornarina" of Raphael, by his pupil Julio Romano; "Paul V. (Borghese), executed in Mosaic; a "Portrait of Cæsar Borgia," by Raphael; "The Resurrection of Lazarus," on slate, by Augustin Caracci; "Sacred and Profane Love," by Titian; and "Lot and his Daughters," by Honthorst, in his best manner. In the middle of one chamber we observed a magnificent urn of porphyry, found in the Mausoleum of Adrian, and said to have contained the ashes of that Emperor; and in another a beautiful table of jasper, supported by legs of gilt bronze, and beside it two others of ancient Mosaic. We next proceeded to the Porta Ressette,—a sort of common quay on the banks of the Tiber, formed with stones taken from the Coliseum, and having, from its situation, a picturesque appearance. We were much surprised to find it paved with precious morsels of verde-antique, porphyry, and serpentine, as was also a covered way that led to the Mausoleum of Augustus. This ruin, the vast circular substruction of which, and also some of the funeral chambers covered with reticular work, remain, although of large extent has suffered so much from time and the trans-

forming hand of man that one can form but a faint idea of its original figure. It is now used as a circus for bull fights, and has seats round it fitted up to accommodate the spectators; from the upper tier of which the view over the city and the river is sufficiently commanding. We learn from Virgil that Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, was first interred here, and afterwards the ashes of Julius Cæsar, Augustus himself, and Germanicus; and its original entrance was decorated with two obelisks of Egyptian granite, one of which was placed by Sextus V. in front of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and the other by Pius VI. in front of the Quirinal Palace, where they now stand.

Passing by the Square of St. Carlo we paid a second visit to our interesting friend Father Scandellaria, who received us with much kindness and urbanity, and in whose agreeable society an hour passed pleasantly away. We then passed to the Spada Palace, erected under the pontificate of Paul III., where we saw a small but select collection of paintings, arranged in a gallery and three other chambers. The most precious in my estimation are some Landscapes by Salvator Rosa; "David with the Head of Goliath," by Guercino; a sweet figure of "Judith," by Guido Reni; "Our Saviour disputing with the Doctors," said to be by Leonardo da Vinci; "St. Ann and the Virgin," by Caravaggio; "The Banquet of Mark Antony and Cleopatra," by Trevisani; a fine "Portrait of Paul III.," by Titian; and another of "Cardinal Spada," by Guido. In a distinct apartment we found several antique sculptures, and amongst them a noble sitting statue of Greek marble, supposed to represent Aristotle, but sometimes called Aristides; eight relievos, found at St. Agnes, without the walls; and a majestic colossal statue of Pompey the Great,—believed to be the same at the base of which Julius Cæsar fell when dispatched by the conspirators in the Curia, where the Senate were then accustomed to assemble. It was found in the Strada dei Luteri, very near the Theatre of Pompey, where, according to Suetonius, it was placed by Augustus after the shutting up of the Curia. This fact inclines me to the opinion that it is the very statue in question; nor do I consider there is anything in the circumstance of its being a naked figure, to discredit a belief in its identity, as witness the Grimani Agrippa at Venice.

"And thou, dread statue, yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,—
Thou, who beheldest, 'midst the assasin's din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,

An offering to thine altar from the Queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! Did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? Have ye been
Victors of countless Kings, or puppets of a scene?"

From hence we proceeded to the Farnese Palace, which both for its general magnificence and its fine architecture, may be deemed the noblest in Rome. It was completed in the pontificate of Paul III., by his nephew, Cardinal Alexander Farnese, under the direction of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Its form is a complete square, and its material travertine, taken from the ruins of the Coliseum, and like that stately fabric of the ancients, it is decorated with the three orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, rising in succession one above another. The great quadrangular court in the centre is particularly noble and impressive, and was once adorned with many valuable antiques, amongst which we may reckon the group of Dirce, the Hercules of Glycon, and the Flora; but the property of the Farnese family having now passed into the possession of the King of Naples, these, with all the other moveables, ancient and modern, have been transferred to the capital of that monarch, and now form distinguished ornaments of the Museo Borbonico at Naples. I ought however to mention that there remains in one corner of the court a fine ancient sarcophagus of white marble, richly carved, found in the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, and supposed to have contained the ashes of that distinguished female. But though thus deprived of its splendid and precious furniture, the interior of this palace cannot be viewed with indifference, while it remains graced with the superb frescoes of Annibal Caracci, and other eminent artists. The productions of the former are placed in a noble gallery, sixty-two feet in length by twenty-nine in breadth, and are considered the happiest efforts of his pencil. They are divided into compartments occupied with subjects from the heathen mythology and the fables of the ancients, as "The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne," "Galatea and her Nymphs," "Diana and Endymion," and others of like character; and they have with them a sweetness of expression, a correctness of grouping, and a delicacy of colouring that must please and surprise the beholder. Yet I am of the opinion that the subjects are unworthy of the labour bestowed, as while they delight the eye for the moment, they leave no lasting or salutary impression on the mind. The succeeding chambers are painted by Daniel de Volterra, Salviate, and Vasari; and we saw

there a plaster caste of the Farnese Hercules, and a few antique statues. The palace opens on a handsome square bearing the same name, which is decorated with two large basins of Egyptian granite, each seventeen feet in length, found in the Baths of Caracalla. We visited again the Pantheon this day, a structure which may be justly denominated "the *pride* of *Rome*," and is the admiration of all persons of taste; and though robbed, especially in the exterior, of many of its precious ornaments, still remains the most complete and the most magnificent of all the ancient temples seen there. The portico, which is very grand, is supported by sixteen columns of Oriental granite, the shaft of each of which is a single stone about forty-two feet high, English measure, without reckoning either base or capital. On the frieze is the inscription ascribing its erection to Marcus Agrippa, "M. Agrippa, M. L. F. Cass, tertium, fecit;" and under it another, describing some reparations made by Severus and Caracalla. The original doors, which were of sculptured bronze, were taken away in the time of Genseric, when it is supposed they were replaced by the present, which bear evident marks of antiquity. I have before alluded to the interior. The general effect is very striking. Its circular form, its noble dome, lighted by a single open window; its rich floor of ancient marble, and its superb Corinthian columns of giallo antico, cannot be contemplated without fresh pleasure at each succeeding examination.

We owe the preservation of this celebrated building to its having been presented by the Emperor Phocas to Pope Boniface IV., who converted it from a Pagan Temple dedicated to all the gods, to a Christian Church dedicated to all the martyrs. It is however generally called the Rotonda. In the square opposite the portico, is a small obelisk, which together with that in the neighbouring square of Minerva, was once placed in front of the Temple of Isis and Serapis. They are both covered with hieroglyphics; and the latter, which is the most perfect, is mounted on the back of an elephant, a design of Bernini's.

Concluded this day by inspecting the Church of Santa Maria Sopra la Minerva, placed in the square just referred to, and supposed to have been built on the foundation of a temple dedicated to that goddess. Its interior is handsome. We saw in it, besides other fine monuments, the tombs of four Popes: viz., Leo X. and Clement VII., which are placed behind the grand altar, and the workmanship of Bacio Bandinelli; Paul IV., by Pyrrhus Ligurius; and Benedict XIII. (Orsini), by Marchioni.

Its most interesting object is however a statue of our Saviour in white marble, by M. A. Buonarotti, which is deservedly reckoned amongst his finest and most successful efforts. One foot is covered with brass, that it may not be worn away by the kisses of the faithful. I have some doubts of the propriety of thus attempting to personify, through *the medium of sculpture*, the great Object of the Christian's adoration and praise, though aware that this observation may in measure apply to the same attempts on canvass.

Lumisden, in referring to the ancient foundations of the Temple of Minerva, erected by Pompey on this spot, has given us the inscription upon its walls, as preserved by Pliny, which records a summary of his victories, and is as follows:—

"That he had finished a war of thirty years, had vanquished, taken, and slain two millions one hundred and eighty-three thousand men, sunk or taken eight hundred and forty-six ships, reduced to the power of the Empire fifteen hundred and thirty-eight towns and fortresses, and subdued all the countries between the Lake Mæotis and the Red Sea." On which our author makes the following sensible remarks: "To a feeling mind how shocking must this pompous inscription appear. Flattery calls Pompey great for having destroyed such numbers of the human race, and for having ruined such an extent of country! In place of exterminating, he would have been *truly great* had he inspired them with a love of justice and virtue, and thereby rendered them useful members of society. But thoughtless man, dazzled with the lustre of their actions, gives the appellation of *heroes* to those celebrated ambitious conquerors who have done most mischief to mankind."

27th. Took this morning a round to purchase engravings, after which we visited the Church of St. Agnes, in the Place Navona, a spacious square occupying the site of the ancient Circus Agonalis, and decorated with three fountains, the largest of which, placed in the centre, was erected by Innocent X. (Pamfili), upon designs of Bernini; and with its statuary, rockwork, and Egyptian obelisk, has the character of magnificence. The Church itself, rebuilt by the same munificent Pontiff, is esteemed one of the richest in Rome, and has a grand and imposing exterior. The interior, built in the form of the Greek cross, is decorated with many statues and relievos, of which the most conspicuous is that of the Patroness Saint, by Hercules Ferrata. We saw next the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, whose façade is also imposing, and composed of travertine, ornamented with ranges of Corinthian and Composite columns and statues. The interior is rich in the works of great masters. The cupola painted by Lanfranc, with the Evangelists by Domenichino, and

the dome of the Tribune by the same artist, are esteemed amongst the best of their performances. The great pictures in the Tribune itself, painted by the Chevalier Calabrese, representing circumstances in the life of the Apostle Andruo, also arrested my attention. Sundry columns of verde antique, and other precious materials, also adorn this fine structure. Drove home this evening by the Pantheon, and through the ancient part of the city.

28th. Read a few chapters from the Bible, and one of Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul:" surely a needful memento, where so much of the form and so little of the substance of religion prevails, and when by the perpetual pressure of novel objects on the senses, the mind is apt imperceptibly to slide away from the one thing needful, which whether at home or abroad ought to occupy so large a portion of our attention. I recall however to my remembrance, with satisfaction, the dedication of a portion of each day, whenever it was possible, to religious exercises; and am ready to attribute to the blessing of Divine Providence on our poor endeavours to serve Him in distant lands, our preservation from the various trials and evils to which travellers in foreign countries are so often subjected.

29th. Visited the Palace Falconieri, the residence of Cardinal Fetch, the uncle of Napoleon Bonaparte, and saw his large and splendid collection of paintings, having previously applied for permission to do so, which as usual was obligingly conceded. These are arranged in a number of neat but rather small apartments, some of which look out charmingly on the Tiber. The whole collection now amounts to about fifteen hundred; far too many to be viewed in a single morning, and of which the passing traveller can only be expected to bring away a very imperfect remembrance. In the Cardinal's own bedroom is a fine bust of Napoleon in porcelain, crowned with a golden chaplet of laurel. The pieces that most pleased us were an "Assumption of the Virgin," by Guido,—a very favourite theme in these parts, where so much honour is paid to this exalted personage; an "Ecce Homo," and sundry heads, by Rembrandt; "King Charles's Mistresses," by Sir Peter Lely; some fine paintings by Rubens and by Guercino; sundry portraits by Vandyke, called not improperly, "the prince of portrait painters;" and a "Magdalen," by the same author,—either an imitation or a copy of which I saw lately at the house of John Fitzgerald, Esq., Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, attributed also to Vandyke; a fine landscape, with figures, by Salvator Rosa; and

"Peter in the High Priest's Kitchen," by Honthorst,—which is, as a modern traveller well observes, a splendid specimen of the skill of this artist in the management of light and shade: the flaring light of the torches has all the appearance of reality, and the windows are usually darkened to give its full effect to the piece. This collection is also very rich in the Dutch and Flemish schools generally, many of them of the highest finish and the most exact execution, especially those by Wouvermans, Van Huysum, Cuyp, Teniers, Ostade, Peter Meess, and others, on whose merits it is impossible to dwell in detail. Drove from hence to the Villa Borghese, the country residence of the prince of that name, who married, as I have before mentioned, Pauline, the sister of Napoleon; and as the price for so high an honour, transferred to his august brother-in-law the rich collection of antiquities with which the Casino and other ornamental buildings of this villa were once decorated, and which may now be seen in the Gallery of the Louvre at Paris. The gardens are however still beautiful, and adorned with temples, a lake, a sylvan theatre, fountains, a variety of bosquets, and strait walks. The Temple of Esculapius, placed on an island in the centre of the lake, is very elegant and pleasing. The principal Casino has some fine apartments, enriched with sundry very beautiful frescoes, of which that in the great saloon, representing Furius Camillus delivering Rome from the Gauls, by Marien Rossi, is the most striking. There are still a few ancient statues, but the chef d'œvres of Bernini, preserved here, most riveted our attention. They represent the shepherd David with his sling, Æneas and Anchises, and the celebrated group of Apollo and Daphne,—and all are exquisite. Amongst the paintings is a portrait by Caravaggio, of Paul V., under whose pontificate the villa was laid out by his nephew Scipio Borghese. The view from the windows of it is very superb, and the heads of two or three ranges of the snow-capped Apennines in the background, interested us much.

30*th*. Visited the Churches of St. Silvestro in Capite, and St. Lorenzo in Lucena; as usual much decorated, but containing nothing very worthy of remark, except that in the former, amongst a crowd of relics, is said to be preserved the head of the Baptist, whence the Church derives its name; and in the latter is deposited the mortal remains of the celebrated painter, Poussin. Proceeded next to the Place Colonna, and that of Monte Citorio; the former containing, as I have before described, the column of Marcus Aurelius, and the latter the great solar Obelisk erected

at Heliopolis, by Sesostris, King of Egypt, and transported to Rome by Augustus, who placed it in the Campus Martius. It is of red granite, sixty-eight feet high without the pedestal, which is thirteen feet, and is covered with hieroglyphics. The inscription, similar to that in the Piazza del Populo, which was originally placed in the same spot, is as follows: "Imp. Cæsar, Divi. F. Augustus Pontifex Maximus, Imper XII., Cof. XI., Trib Pot XXI., Aegypto in Potistatem Populi Romani redacta, Soli Donum dedit."

Terminated this day by an inspection of some of the chambers of the Vatican, particularly the New Arm, the Chamber of Candelabras, Busts, etc.; and while thus occupied had the gratification of seeing Pope Leo XII. carried through in his sedan chair, to take his morning airing in the Gardens of the Vatican. He was borne by four footmen, in dresses of crimson velvet, in a chair of the same colour. His countenance was pale and sickly; his dress altogether of scarlet. We drew up at the great iron gates, to pay our respects to the Pontiff as he passed, which he returned in a courteous and obliging manner. We preserved, of course, an erect posture; but the servants and dependents around us were on their knees as the Sovereign and soi-distant "Vicar of Christ on earth" passed; and we fear that not all our countrymen then in the Gallery had courage to withhold that idolatrous mark of respect.

On returning to our quarters, were surprised to find that our application to the Prince de Piombino for permission to visit the Villa Ludovici had been refused even to be presented to him by his major domo; and as we learnt, by our Vice-Consul, that from the recluse habits of this nobleman, and his not possessing that liberal character which distinguishes the Roman nobility in general, we should stand no chance of succeeding in our application, however respectably it might be backed, we were obliged to forego the gratification of inspecting the celebrated collection of antique statues contained in this Villa; and also the famous fresco of Guercino, called "The Aurora," rival to that of Guido in the Rospigliosi Palace. Fortunately for the lovers of antiquities and the fine arts this instance of churlishness is a solitary one in Rome; yet perhaps we had no room to be dissatisfied with our lot on the present occasion, in sharing a disappointment recently borne by the King of Bavaria and other distinguished individuals.

12th mo., 1st. Visited the Church of St. Ignatius,—a splendid structure connected with the Collegio Romano, the paintings of which are from

the pencil of the Jesuit Pozzi, and much admired. The fine Tomb of Gregory XV. is also here; also that of Jesus, belonging to the fraternity of Jesuits,—justly esteemed one of the most magnificent in the city. We have nowhere noticed such a blaze of lapis-lazuli and precious stones as decorate the chapel and shrine of their patron saint, Ignatius Loyola, though despoiled of the silver image which formerly added to its grandeur.

"The Church of Jesus," says Forsyth, "was too rich to escape the late revolutions: the Silver Loyola went then a martyr to the furnace,—all his jewels vanished; but his altar remains the most gorgeous in Rome. Its globe and columns of lapis-lazuli, its crystal and gilt bronze, its piles of pedestals and crowds of sculpture, are left to amaze the multitude."

And such it appears at this day, though not, in my opinion, to be compared to the chaste and sober dignity of some others. There is also an altar-piece, by Carlo Maratti, representing the Death of Francis Xavier, and the tomb of Cardinal Bellarmine, that renowned champion of the Romish faith.

We next saw the Palace Chigi, with several chambers of fine paintings; and amongst others, a "Flagellation," by Guercino; and "A Satyr disputing with a Philosopher," by Salvator Rosa: there are also three ancient statues of Venus, Mercury, and Apollo. Devoted the remainder of the day to a fresh inspection of the ruins on the Palatine Hill, the baths, palace and circus of Caracalla, the Serapion, and the tomb of Cecilia Metella; concluding with a ride round the walls, from the gate of St. Paul to that of St. John Lateran. Having before adverted to these very interesting objects I shall not now offer any observations upon them, further than to say that at every fresh inspection they were surveyed with new interest; and connected as they are with the dignity and splendour of ancient Rome, leave an impression on the mind which can only be effaced with time.

"And this, with truth we well may say,
As gazing round with proud delight
Where relics, glorious in decay,
Shall burst on our enraptured sight,—
And this was Rome: and where we tread
The great, the wise have trod of yore;
Whose names through every clime have spread,
Whose minds the world itself have fed
From their exhaustless store;

" Whose deeds are told by history's pen;
Whose works in sculpture, colour, song,
Shall rise magnificent, as when
Still lived and moved the exalted throng
Of painters, sculptors, bards, whose fame
With time successfully has striven,
Till he who would their worth proclaim
Shall find the beam that gilds his name
Is from their glory given."

B. Barton.

2nd. Accompanied by R. Gilbert, a gentleman with whom we had formed an acquaintance at Milan and Florence, set out for Tivoli, the Tibur of the ancients. Leaving Rome by the gate of St. Lorenzo we came first to the Basilica of that name, distant from it about half a mile. Constantine has the credit of having first built this church, probably on the foundation of an ancient Temple of Neptune. In its portico we observed six antique Ionic columns, four of which are twisted,—a peculiarity always denoting a period of the decline of the arts. In the nave are twenty-two old granite columns, and in the tribune twelve of violet coloured marble, of the Corinthian order, fluted, which appear to have once adorned an earlier building, and may possibly have belonged to that of Neptune. They were nearly two-thirds buried in the soil; but in 1821 were excavated and cleared round, so that their whole elevation is now visible. Lumisden, in 1765, says that only one of them was *then* dug round, to show the elegance and altitude of the column. There are also a few old and barbarous frescoes on the walls, two ambones, or stone pulpits, for reading the Gospels and Epistles,—only found in very ancient edifices; and two sarcophagi,—one representing Bacchus, and the gathering in of the Vintage, and the other a Roman Marriage, much valued by antiquarians, as descriptive of the rites used by the ancients on these occasions. About twelve miles on the road we saw some labourers in the act of disinterring an old tomb of white marble, with relievos and inscriptions; and near it the Lake Solfaterra, still retaining very powerfully its sulphureous smell. At about the fourteenth mile we crossed the canal which conveys the waters of this lake into the Anio, or Tiverone, and a little further passed the said river by the Ponte Lucano, near which is the fine ruin of the tomb of the Plautian family,—"a stern round tower of other days," similar in form to that of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way, but smaller. The inscriptions are

very perfect, and one to Tiberius Plautius Sylvanus Æleanus, describing him as companion of Claudius Cæsar into Britain, is curious at least to an Englishman. From hence we diverged from the main road, in order to visit the remains of Adrian's famous Villa, and devoted some time to inspecting the ruins of the once magnificent and still interesting structures composing it.

"Adrian," says an ingenious and classic writer, "endowed with an excellent genius for the fine arts, having visited all the Empire, brought home with him whatever he found most curious to adorn his Villa, of which he was himself the architect; and indeed whether we consider its extent (being about three miles long and a mile broad), or the greatness and variety of the buildings, temples, circuses, baths, and porticoes, or the exquisite works of sculpture and painting that ornamented it, this Villa must have been one of the finest of antiquity. Spartian writes that the Emperor gave the names of the most remarkable buildings in the world to those he erected in it: the Lyceum of Aristotle, the Academia of Plato, the Prytaneum of Athens, the Canopus of Egypt, the Pacilé of the Stoics, the Tempé of Thessaly, the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions."

Of these are still discoverable some remains of the Greek Theatre, of the Pacilé, once decorated with columns and paintings of ancient baths, encrusted with stuccoes in relief; of the Temple of the Stoics, of the Imperial Palace, of its great Library, a curious series of chambers, supposed to have been barracks for the soldiery; and lastly, the Egyptian Canopus. Most of these are on a very gigantic scale, and on surveying them and considering the lavish waste of time and money here displayed to please the taste and gratify the pride of one man, we call to mind that pithy expression of our poet, "Great princes have great playthings," and are forcibly struck with the inscription of vanity so prominently written on these mouldering walls. The property now belongs to the Braschi family, of which was Pope Pius VI.; during whose pontificate a great number of valuable antiquities were dug up here, which are scattered over the various collections in Rome, and I doubt not but further excavations would unfold additional treasures. Quitting these magnificent ruins we soon came to Tivoli, or Tibur, a town of Latium, of great antiquity, anciently computed twenty miles from the Gate of St. Lorenzo; and passing through its narrow streets, bestrewed with relics of the olden time, were safely landed at "The Sibylla Inn," which we found comfortable, and for such places moderate in its charges. In the stable-yard of this inn is the elegant Temple formerly called that of the Sibyl, but with more propriety, I think, attributed by Palladio to Vesta. It is a small

rotonda, surrounded with an open portico of fluted columns, of the Corinthian order; built with great taste, worthy of the purest age of the fine arts, and the most beautiful remain of ancient architecture I have seen: the frieze, which is tolerably perfect, is ornamented with heads of oxen and festoons of fruit and flowers. Near it is a small edifice, now called the Church of St. George, but evidently ancient: more probably the Sibyl's Temple, or "Domus Albunea Resonantis." Both are placed in a most commanding situation, overlooking the great fall of the Anio; and viewed from whatever point we will, form very conspicuous and interesting objects: but how shall I describe this charming region?

"The Hill of Tivoli," says Forsyth, "is all over picture: the city, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades in the foreground, the Sabine hills, the three Monticelle, Soracte, Frascate, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance,—these form a succession of landscapes superior in the delight produced to the richest cabinet of Claude's."

We paid our first visit to the great Cascade before dinner, by a descending path cut in the sides of the rock; the gratuitous work, as an inscription denotes, of an enthusiastic lover of this wondrous scene: General Mollis. The great Cascade is indeed very magnificent, as is that which is visible from the tremendous Grotto of Neptune, though the view of it is not so uninterrupted as the former. In this Grotto we saw a still small lake, of profound depth, in which an unfortunate countryman of ours, personally known to me, had recently found a watery grave, —an affecting memento of the uncertainty of time, even to those in the full enjoyment of health and strength. Descending by an awkward and slippery path, we came next to the Grotto of the Sirens, where the united waters of the two Cascades find a subterranean passage through the rocks, foaming and roaring with a deafening noise. We paused awhile to survey the grand and romantic scenery with which we were here surrounded: the vast volumes of water falling into their spacious basin, and scattering a spray like fine rain; the rocks covered with lichens and elegant aquatic plants, the romantic pathways, cut zig-zag down their steep sides; on one side the towers and buildings of the modern town, and the ruins of the Temple of Vesta and the Sibyl; on the other a fine peep into the valley, once adorned with the splendid villas of the noble Romans. I saw them with wonder and delight. By memory's aid I see them still; and cold and tasteless must that heart be which can turn away with unimpassioned indifferency from spots which however incapable of being adequately delineated either by pen or pencil, are

equally dignified both by nature and association, and can never be forgotten. On our return observed a singular object of natural history: the impression of a cart wheel, which had lain on the cliff till the rock had grown over it. Lumisden notes having seen the wheel itself; but only the impression now remains.

3rd. The morning wet and unpromising. Set out, attended by a cicerone, to survey the ruins of the villas and the Cascatelli: a romantic and interesting adventure. We are assured that many of the illustrious Romans had residences on this tempting spot, so adapted for agreeable retirement; but these are so defaced and reduced to ruin by the hand of time (and, indeed, with the exception of that attributed to Mæcenas, become mere substructions), that I much question if the antiquaries of Tivoli are right in the owners they assign to the different remains. Yet some have been defined by descriptions left us by the ancients, and others by relics found on the spot. After passing the rustic bridge which crosses the Anio before it forms the cascade, we came first to the Villa of Manlius Vobiscus. That of Catullus is shown on the hill. On the opposite side the river stands the Villa of Quintilius Varus, commanding exquisite views of Tivoli, of the Cascade, and the Campagna; and from its situation, worthy of the elegant friend of Horace and Virgil. Near this are many remains of buildings perhaps once occupied by Marius, Cassius, Lepidus, Coeceius, or Martial; and a curious reservoir for water, in form resembling, though much less, the one at Baiæ, called the Piscina Mirabilis. The roof is supported by twenty-four columns of brick. At no great distance is a ruin called the Villa of Horace, but assigned to him I think on dubious grounds, as it does not certainly appear that he had a residence in the immediate neighbourhood of Tivoli. The cascatelli tumbling down the steep and wooded sides of the hill on which Tivoli stands, contribute vastly to the interest of the scene. They are formed by a branch of the Anio, carried through the city, which after turning some mills, and supplying sundry fountains with water, falls over a succession of very high banks at different places, and forms the little cascades. "It is indeed impossible," says Lumisden, "to convey in writing an exact idea of these cascatelli, which are often visited by the landscape painters, whose warmest imaginations *can add nothing to their beauty.*"

Having rested awhile in the little Church of St. Antonio, the showers cleared away, and we contemplated these celebrated falls in all their

beauty and perfection. Re-crossing the river by an ancient bridge, apparently of Roman construction, we came to the remains of the Villa of Mæcenas, far the most considerable and perfect of them all, standing on the south bank of the Anio. Here Augustus was a frequent guest, and mingled with the wits of that celebrated age. We were shown here a series of large chambers, galleries, and corridors, supported by pillars and pilasters, mostly covered with reticular work, forming the substructions either of the Villa itself or of the Temple of Hercules adjoining it, in the porticos of which it may be remembered Augustus was accustomed sometimes to hear causes, and to pronounce judgments; also a large open terrace, commanding fine views over the wide Campagna to Rome, and from whence, assisted by the clear atmosphere, we saw distinctly, at eighteen miles distance, the dome of St. Peter's, and the grand façade of the Lateran, rising majestically over the mass of inferior buildings. Underneath is still found the remains of the ancient Via Consulari Tiburtina, which appears to have passed under the villa itself, and to have been lighted by large windows opening, through the arched roof, into the galleries and courts above. A branch of the Anio is also conveyed through some of the chambers, for the purpose of assisting some copper works; and passing through an opening into the stream below, forms a very pleasing cascade.

From hence we directed our steps to a small rotonda, situated in a vineyard, commonly called the Temple of Tupis, or the *god of coughing:* a whimsical divinity enough! This is a simple building without any ornament, a little like that called the Temple of Minerva Medica in Rome, or may possibly have been a sepulchral monument, or as some suppose, a Christian temple of the fifth or sixth century; and finished by visiting the gardens of the Villa d' Este, a modern structure in the antique style, gloriousiy situated, celebrated for having been often graced by the presence of Ariosto, but now much gone to decay. The water works, amongst the first great designs of this kind in Europe, are now neglected; and the garden, "with its rock-work and girandoles of water, its grottoes and rows of prospective temples, mathematical mazes, and a theatre of stairs," has an exceedingly forlorn and deserted appearance. Returning to our inn through the town, which is irregular and meanly built, we visited the iron works near the bridge, and descended again to the great Cascade, never enough to be admired, and re-visited the lovely Temple of Vesta, of which, combined with the immediate landscape, I bought

afterwards in Rome some fine engravings and etchings. "But what pencil," says an ingenious author, "can reach into the black gulf below?" After a slight refreshment, we returned to Rome somewhat fatigued, but highly delighted with our excursion, for interest perhaps hardly to be exceeded by any in this classic land, and from which I cannot part better than by here inserting the elegant and descriptive paragraph bestowed upon it by that intelligent traveller, Sir Richard Colt Hoare:—

"Tibur," says he, "once the most frequented and favourite Vil Leggiatura of the ancient Romans, still draws the attention of every foreigner who visits the Imperial City. The foaming cataracts of the Præceps Anio, the bold and well-wooded hills, and the majestic remains of ancient buildings, will never want attractions for the eye of taste. But the chief interest of this delightful spot is derived from the memory of its former inhabitants. Hither virtue, genius, and taste retired from the noisy and licentious capital, to enjoy those tranquil pleasures which are to be found in the country life alone, and which were here considerably heightened by the natural situation and peculiar beauties of the place. Here royalty laid aside the sceptre and the purple, and exchanged the pomp and flattery of empire for the delights of friendship. Here an Augustus condescended to become the guest of his subject Mæcenas, and shared the familiar and unrestrained society of the most celebrated literati, in an age distinguished by superior talents, learning, and refinement."

4th. Purchased, in the Piazza de Spagna, a spot we often visit, and certainly the cleanest and most cheerful in Rome, engravings of the Falls of Tivoli and Terni, and afterwards paid a second visit to the Gallery of the Borghese Palace. "The Chase of Diana," chef d'œuvre of Domenichino, is indeed an admirable painting; and the celebrated "Cumæan Sibyl," by the same artist, is a portrait almost beyond praise. Garofalo, Bassano, Barroccio, and the Caraccis also contribute largely to this collection; but tempting as is the theme I must not again pause over the fine productions of their pencils: suffice it to say that the greatest liberality prevails in the display of their valuable collection, which is open to the public certain hours every day, except holy days, under the direction of an obliging custode. We next visited the studio of Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor; by the death of Canova left, I judge, unrivalled in his profession. We saw here a fine set of colossal models of our Saviour and the Apostles, intended, when completed in marble, to adorn the Cathedral at Copenhagen; also a model for the tomb of the late Pope Pius VII., and many beautiful finished pieces, some of which may fairly challenge the productions of the most illustrious sculptors of Greece. Concluded by a visit to the Church of St. Andrew,

on the Monte Cavallo,—a small and elegant building of an oval form, richly decorated; and that of the Holy Apostles,—a fine structure, at the entrance of which is an old bas-relief of an eagle; and the tomb of Joanus Volpate,—a well-known Venetian engraver, executed by Canova; and in the interior, over the door of the sacristy, that of Clement XIV. (Ganganelli),—a liberal and enlightened prelate, by the same eminent artist.

First-Day, 5th. At home in the morning, as usual. Occupied in reading, not unaccompanied I trust by a measure of profitable reflection: and I may here record that we have perused during our residence in this city the Epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles with additional interest, more especially that addressed to the Roman converts, and those which are generally supposed to have been penned by him while a prisoner for the truth's sake to the vicious and benighted Nero. Here it was that towards the close of his great and eventful career he wrote that consolatory passage to his beloved Timothy: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." (2 Tim. iv. 6—8.) In the afternoon drive made the course of the walls of Aurelian, from the Porte del Populo to the Porto Giovanni, remarking in our progress the following antiquities: (1) the Muro Forto,—a piece of ancient wall, coated with reticular work; considerably out of the perpendicular, in which state it has been for many ages, as we learn from Procopius, who assures us that in the time of Belisarius it had every appearance of being ready to fall. (2) The remains of the Pretorian Camp, built by Tiberius; formerly out of the city, but incorporated in the wall built by Aurelian. (3) The Porta Maggiore, anciently Pronestina, surmounted by the ruins of the great Claudian aqueducts; having three ancient inscriptions,—one describing its erection by Claudius, and the other two its reparation by Vespasian and Titus. (4) The brick remains of the Amphitheatre for the soldiery, also incorporated with the walls, to which I have before alluded. Alighting at the gate of the Lateran, we walked home through the fine aisles of St. John's Church, by the Forum of Trajan and the Fountain of Trevi.

6th. Visited the Churches of St. Agostino and Santa Maria della Pace,

both adorned by the pencil of Raphael. In the former, whose cupola was the first erected in Rome, may be seen on one of the pillars of the nave the figure of the Prophet Isaiah, by that eminent artist, but not so much admired as some of his other works; and in the latter, the Cremæan, Persian, Phrygian, and Tiburtan Sibyls, by the same hand; but which, having been much injured by time, have been retouched: they were supposed to have been painted as rivals to those of M. Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. After which saw the Church of Santa Maria-in-Vallicella, called the Chiesa Nuova, built by a modern saint called St. Filippo Neri, and considered one of the largest and handsomest churches in Rome. Its interior is adorned with Corinthian and Composite pilasters, rich marbles, and fine paintings, by Gaetano Baroccio, Guercino, and Guido; three pictures by Rubens grace the tribune, and the cupola was painted by Peter of Cortona. If we appear to devote a considerable portion of time to the examination of churches, it must be remembered that a Roman church is not merely a building devoted to the purposes of *religion*, but a museum of the fine arts.

We now drove to the Vatican, and saw the Egyptian Museum, where we were most pleased with a very rich and perfect mummy; and after glancing at the different Galleries of Statues proceeded to inspect the Chambers of Tapestry, executed from designs by Raphael, called the Cartoons, originally twelve in number; seven of which are now at Hampton Court, and the remainder probably lost. They are, of course, faithful copies of the originals, and the colours are rich, fresh, and glowing: they were executed at Arras, in Flanders, by order of Leo X. Besides those with which we are familiar are—"The Adoration of the Shepherds," "The Offerings of the Wise Men," "The Massacre of the Innocents," and two others, which I do not recollect. These chambers open into that series of rooms, four in number, called, by way of distinction, Le Cameri di Raffaelo; being adorned with frescoes from the pencil of that great master, and containing some of the most valuable works he has left. In the first room, called that of Borgo St. Spirito, are four paintings, containing subjects taken from the lives of those Popes who bore the same name as the then reigning Pontiff, Leo X.: (1) "The Justification of St. Leo III. before Charlemagne," in which the Pope is a portrait of Leo X., and the Emperor that of Francis I., King of France; (2) the Crowning of the same Monarch in the old Cathedral, by the same Pontiff; (3) "The Fire of Borgo," which occurred under the reign of Leo IV.;

(4) the Victory gained by the same Pope over the Saracens at Ostia. The ceiling of the chamber is by Pietro Perugino, left undisturbed by Raphael, out of respect to his old master, when all the others were effaced. In the second, called that of the School of Athens, are four great pictures: "Philosophy," "Theology," "Poetry," and "Jurisprudence." (1) "Philosophy," commonly called the "School of Athens," contains fifty-two figures of the illustrious ancients; amongst which we recognise Plato and Aristotle, Diogenes, Socrates, Alcibiades, Pythagoras, Archimedes, and Zoroaster; the painter has also introduced himself and his master, Perugino, into the group. We had seen the original cartoon in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and were prepared to be delighted with the more perfect copy.

"The School of Athens," says Forsyth, with his usual acumen, "is a composition perfectly encyclopedic. Every head is a portrait, and every portrait is finished with a fidelity which usually enslaves; yet what a variety of expression is here! Every science is separate, yet what a chain of groups! No principal action prevails, yet how harmonious the whole! How superior such mortals, both in interest and effect, to the genii of allegory! How pardonable the Anachronism which brings such a family together!

Theology is represented by the four great doctors of the Latin Church—Gregory, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine,—with other divines; an altar with the Eucharist; and in the heavens, the Trinity and various saints. This picture is generally called, though I think erroneously, "The Dispute upon the Sacrament." Poetry is described by Mount Parnassus, on which are Apollo, the Muses, and various poets: of the ancients you distinguish Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Sappho, Horace, Pindar, and Callimachus. Of the moderns, Dante, Petrach and Laura, Samazarius, Tebaldeo, Boccacio, and the artist himself. To describe jurisprudence, Justinian is drawn giving the "digests" to Tribonian; and Gregory IX. presenting to a consistory the "decretals," which may be considered as the canon law whereupon the Church of Rome has acted ever since. The Pope himself is a portrait of Julius II. Near him are John, Cardinal de Medici, afterwards Leo X.; and Alexander, Cardinal Farnese, afterwards Paul III. The third room contains the story of Heliodorus, taken from the third chapter of the second book of Maccabees, which is handled in a very striking and impressive manner; "Leo I. going out to meet Attila, King of the Huns, to dissuade him from entering and plundering Rome; "The Miracle of Bolsena," which consisted in a priest being convinced of transubstantiation by drops of blood appearing when he

broke the wafer,—an idle legendary story; and lastly, "The Liberation of Peter from Prison," in which the painter has displayed great art in the expression of four different kinds of light, and which on that account, as well as the general merits of the execution, is much esteemed. The fourth chamber, called the Hall of Constantine, was only designed by Raphael, who did not live to finish the work, which was completed by Julio Romano and others. "The Victory of Constantine over Maxentius at the Pons Milvius," and the miraculous appearance to the former of the cross in the air, with the inscription, "In hoc signo vinces," are both by the last mentioned artist, and esteemed by connoisseurs; but I acknowledge myself to be but little pleased with the representation of battle scenes, "the confused noise of the warrior, and garments rolled in blood." The Christian may well say,—

> "Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
> Hands drenched with blood, and hearts begirt with steel?"

and feeling aversion for the unhallowed contest itself, can derive no pleasure from the scenic representation of it.

Of the whole of these celebrated frescoes, I may briefly observe that they have suffered so much from time, damp, and the casualties to which they have been exposed, that the first impression of the traveller on surveying them, is that of disappointment,—highly raised, as his expectations naturally are, of these extraordinary performances; but, on repeated examinations, the beauties gradually unfold themselves, and command our wonder and admiration. The subjects of them are well preserved in the engravings of Volpato and Fabri, of which I purchased six specimens. The Loggie di Raffaello, which succeed, are three open galleries one above the other, going round three sides of the Court of St. Damaso, and were only partly painted by Raphael. They are done in compartments, describing the creation of the world, and other circumstances of the Old Testament history, surrounded by arabesques, the idea of which the painter is supposed to have borrowed from those in the Baths of Titus. Those known to have been executed by Raphael himself have been lately covered in from the weather by glass. I think some of them are liable to very just exception, "and may surely be considered subjects too sublime for the greatest human genius." We concluded this day by visiting the gallery of paintings belonging to the Vatican, which is not large, but consists of very choice specimens from the pencils of

the great masters. The following pleased us best, though I feel a diffidence in attempting to select from excellence so great and so varied. (1) "The Transfiguration," by Raphael: a sublime painting, and perhaps after all the finest in existence, though deemed faulty by the critics, inasmuch as it is deficient in unity of design, and may even admit of a division without injuring the connection. Above is seen our Saviour transfigured with Moses and Elias, and below the disciples attempting to heal the demoniac boy. "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," by Poussin: an affecting picture. That of "St. Processus and St. Martianus, the converted jailors of the Apostles," by Valentine, a French artist. A "Piety," by Caravaggio: a picture of great force and beauty. "The Resurrection," by Perugino: one of his best and freest works. "The Crucifixion of Peter," by Guido, in his latest and boldest manner. "The Coronation of the Virgin," and "The Madonna of Foligno," both by Raphael: the latter in particular is full of very sweet expression, and was brought from the Convent of the Contessa, at Foligno, where we had vainly sought for it. "St. Helena, the mother of Constantine," by Titian. "The Incredulity of Thomas," by Guercino; and "The Dying Jerome receiving the Communion," by Domenichino: a work of great spirit and beauty, and approaching the perfection of the art. It is deemed the rival of Raphael's "Transfiguration," and certainly exceeds it in unity of design. But to enumerate the paintings of this select Gallery, with even the briefest notice of the kind and character of beauty impressed on each, would require a stress of descriptive language far beyond my feeble powers, as well as a critical knowledge of the rules of art, to which I do not pretend to aspire.

"Yet let not the stranger in Rome," says an ingenious and intelligent modern traveller, "be depressed by his ignorance of the arts. Let him gaze to the satisfying of that natural taste which we all possess in some degree, and the approving voice of which has been the test, in every age, of true excellence. For whom does the bard attune his lyre, the sculptor give charms to the shapeless block, the painter the colouring and charm of life to the dull brown canvas? Why, not for the gifted few, in their respective paths of mental labour, but for you and me and all mankind. It is reading poetry of the highest order merely to walk the silent chambers of the Vatican, to enter the still churches and chapels, and to visit the galleries of Rome."—*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy.*

7th. Called on the Abbate Capucini, Secretary of Briefs and Sub-Secretary of State for the Home Department, under Cardinal Albani; by whom, on presentation of our circular letter from William Allen, we

were promptly admitted to a friendly conference in his chambers in the Palace of the Consulta. Though perfect strangers, we were courteously received, and passed half an hour very pleasantly in the society of this amiable and interesting man. He spoke of St. Grellet's visit to Rome with kindness and respect, and of his conferences with him with agreeable recollections. On the subject of educating the children of the poor he admitted that but little was done in Rome; but observed that the Pope himself was disposed towards benevolent things, of which he gave us some instances. He kindly permitted us to call on him again at our convenience: a privilege of which we twice availed ourselves. The Abbate Capucini was the friend and secretary of that liberal-minded and enlightened statesman, the late Cardinal Gonsalvi, to whom he appears to have been strongly attached, and by whose maxims, as far as circumstances permit, he seems disposed to govern himself. His character appears to us to be marked with much liberality and tenderness of spirit, and he evidently deplored *those evils in their system* which it was not in his power to remedy. Such men are, however, I fear, in Rome "*like an oasis in the desert.*" From the chambers of the good Abbate we proceeded to the inspection of that fine suite of apartments in the pontifical Palace of the Quirinal, originally prepared for the young King of Rome, but now called those of the Emperor and Empress of Austria. They are richly hung and furnished, and do credit to the skill and taste of the Roman upholsterers, being in strong contrast with the antique and faded air of most of the palaces usually visited here. From the Stone Gallery there is a most commanding and superb view of the city, looking towards St. Peter's and the Mons Janiculus. The pictures are limited to two chambers; few, but fine. We remarked chiefly—a "David and Saul," by Guercino; "The Dispute with the Doctors in the Temple," by Caravaggio; "The Ascension," by Vandyke,—a rarity for this painter, "and affording," says an ingenious author, "ample proof that his excellence was not limited to portraits;" a "Madonna," by Carlo Maratti; and "St. Peter and St. Paul," by that able artist, Fra Bartolemeo de St. Marc: in a small chapel, painted in fresco by Guido, we also saw an "Annunciation" by that artist,—a performance of great merit. The gardens of this palace are extensive and shady, and the situation the best chosen of any of the pontifical palaces, though the present Pope now resides solely at the Vatican. We visited next the Church and Convent of the Capuchins, where we saw the fine original painting of Guido, called "St.

Michael the Archangel,"—a performance of surprising genius and conception, and that must be seen to be duly estimated; and in the vaults beneath we were shown a curious charnel-house, divided into recesses, each recess filled with marrow bones and shoulder blades of departed Capuchins, and adorned with lamps, festoons, rosoni, crucifixes, etc., of the same reverend materials. Several skeletons, dressed in their tunics and the usual costume of their order, occupied each apartment, "*grinning horribly, a ghastly smile;*" each seated in separate niches, composed of the skulls and leg and arm bones of their quondam associates: an awful and affecting spectacle. The soil in which they bury was brought from the Holy Land, and they informed us that after about twelve or fourteen years they disinter the remains of those buried, in order to make room for more, deeming that the body is by that time sufficiently decomposed.

Accompanied by our friend Gilbert, we next visited again the Villa Albani, and its surprising collection of antiquities. Having noticed on a former occasion some few of the objects most interesting, I shall only add that we observed this time an ancient bas-relief of "Rome Triumphant" at the foot, and an Etruscan group of rude sculpture at the top of the stairs; the statue of the Apollo Sauroctone, in bronze, and a fine bas-relief of "The Repose of Hercules."

8th. Visited the Church of St. Onopio, on the Mons Janiculus, where we saw a "Madonna," said to be by Leonardo da Vinci; but its principal attraction is that it contains the ashes of Torquato Tasso, and also a monument raised to his memory, but every way unworthy of so great a poet: but—

"Peace to Torquato's injured shade!"

Next to the Villa Farnesina, a casino belonging to the Farnese family, situated in the Via Lungara; and like the rest, stripped of its furniture and decorations, which are transferred to Naples. It is *now* chiefly celebrated for its fine frescoes, designed by Raphael, and executed by his best scholars, representing the allegorical fictions of Cupid and Psyche, and of the Nymph Galatea, contained in two chambers, to adorn which Daniel de Volterra and Sebastian del Piombo have also contributed. There is also in the corner of one of them a colossal Head, drawn in charcoal by Michael Angelo, which, it is generally supposed he executed in a playful way to beguile the time while waiting for his pupil Daniel, whose works he had come to inspect. Opposite to this, in the same street, is the Corsini Palace, the property of Prince

Thomas Corsini; acquired by that noble family under the pontificate of Clement XII., and celebrated as having been the residence of Christina, the abdicated Queen of Sweden, who died here in 1689. This palace is large, respectable, and well kept, and has a large library open to the public. We saw in it a fine collection of paintings, of which the most admired are—a superb "Ecce Homo," by Guercino; "Luther and his Wife," by Holbein; a "Holy Family," by Fra Bartolemeo de St. Marc; a copy of "The Head of Julius II.," by Raphael; a portrait of "Philip II., of Spain;" and another of "Paul III., when Cardinal," by Titian; "The Fornarina," by Julio Romano; "The Noli me Tangere," by Baroccio, of which I afterwards purchased a fine engraving by Raphael Morghen, that had been the private property of the late Pope Pius VII.; a much admired "Herodius," by Guido; an "Ecce Homo," by Carlo Dolce; a "Magdalen," by Carlo Maratti; a "Chase of Wild Beasts," by Rubens; a "Doge of Venice," by Tintoretto; a portrait of Innocent X., by Velasquez; a "View of the Borromean Isles," by Vanvitelli; "Seneca in the Bath," by Caravaggio; "Susannah," by Domenichino; a very sweet "Madonna," by Murillo; and a "Prometheus," by Salvator Rosa. Besides those enumerated, this Gallery is very rich in the works of Guido and Guercino generally, and has also a noble collection of portraits by Vandyke, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Albert Durer; and I think I never saw anything more exquisitely finished, or so like nature, as a gray rabbit, from the pencil of this latter artist, exhibited in one of the rooms, and which is at least three hundred years old. Amongst the curiosities, we were also shown here an ancient marble curule, or senatorial chair, found at St. John Lateran, ornamented with relievos: a singular and curious sample of antiquity. Adjoining to this palace is a garden and casino, which command a noble view over the city and adjacent country. From the Corsini Palace, ascending the Mons Janiculus, and passing through the gate now called that of St. Pancrazio, we came to the Villa Pamfili Doria, constructed by a Prince of that house during the reign of Innocent X., under the superintendence of the architect Algardi, and called from its fine and airy situation, Di Bel Respiro. The gardens are curious, extensive, and varied, but laid out in the formal style of the taste of that day, in regular bosquets, prim parterres, and rows of towering pines, arranged with mathematical precision, where

"Grove nods to grove: each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

There were also a variety of fountains and other curiosities exhibited for our amusement, and amongst the rest, Pan playing on his reed by water, etc. The Casino is encrusted over with ancient marbles, and contains a variety of busts, statues, and relievos; and amongst others, a bust of Donna Olympia, niece of Pope Innocent, by Algardi. The general effect of the whole is pleasing, and the view from the upper terrace, though it does not embrace the city, is extensive and very interesting, and includes an extent of country full of classical recollections. Contiguous to this villa were discovered, about five years ago, a series of columbaria, or ancient tombs, which we explored and found in a tolerable state of preservation, and exhibiting very perfectly the mode of interment practised amongst the ancient Romans. They consist of a succession of subterranean chambers, where the earthern vessels or urns containing the ashes of the deceased are arranged tier above tier in niches, not very unlike pigeon holes, whence the name of columbaria is derived. We uncovered sundry of these urns, and found them full of bones and ashes. They were generally accompanied by inscriptions, many of them of an interesting character, which have been collected together and arranged in order for the inspection of the curious, in the adjoining garden. These columbaria are supposed to have been appropriated to the servants and freedmen of Octavia, and to mark the direction of the ancient Via Aurelia.

On our return home this day, we visited the following churches:—(1) St. Pietro, in Montorio, the high altar of which was formerly decorated by the celebrated "Transfiguration" of Raphael, but now containing nothing very remarkable in this way. In the midst of the little cloister of the Convent, is a small circular Temple erected by Bramante, at the expense of Philip IV. of Spain, said to occupy the very spot where Peter received the crown of martyrdom: a very doubtful and uncertain tradition, though it is by no means certain, I think, that he did not finish his course in Rome. (2) Santa Maria, in Transtevere: a fine structure, adorned with granite columns, and a richly embossed roof, with a painting of the "Assumption," by Domenichino. We saw here a Benedictine monk preaching to a numerous congregation, chiefly of the lower order. He was elevated on a raised platform, attended by two mutes in white dominos, with their faces completely covered except the eyes. His manner was warm and impressive, accompanied with much action and gesture; and though for want of a complete knowledge of

the language we were not able perfectly to follow the preacher, we gathered that his discourse was on the benefits and blessings conferred by the sovereign Pontiff on the faithful, through the medium of the approaching year of jubilee, which amongst other advantages, opens a new door for the forgiveness of the sins of the people. He concluded his sermon as usual by an appeal to the liberality of the audience. I am convinced there are individuals in this land, and even among the priesthood, who however incredible it may appear to some, by the force of education and early habit, implicitly believe in the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and are faithful to the little light they have. But how much must that Church have to answer for, which for purposes of State or priestly policy, keeps the people in ignorance of the first rudiments of learning, withholds from them by edict the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and takes away the right of private judgment in matters of religion. However unwilling to admit so harsh a term, there must be much of the spirit of Antichrist in this, "which prefers darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," and not bottomed upon the pure and unchangeable precepts of the Gospel. (3) St. Chrysogono, which is not very unlike the preceding, except that the roof is painted by Guercino, and represents the ascent of the patron saint to heaven. Its altar has four columns of rare alabaster. (4) St. Cecilia, built on the site of the house once occupied by that musical saint, whose powers in this way, says the poet, "once drew an angel down," is a neat edifice, and rather handsome. The statue of the saint, by Maderno, which lies under the high altar, is of very delicate execution, and supposed to represent the posture in which her body was found. These churches are all on the Transtyberim side of the river.

9th. Being introduced by a letter from our Vice-Consul to Mons. Mai, the learned librarian, we went this morning to visit the splendid apartments constituting the Library of the Vatican The principal body of this library, esteemed one of the largest in the world, is two hundred and sixteen feet in length, by forty-eight wide, to which there is a continuation, crossed at the bottom by two long galleries, extending together to four hundred paces, the walls and ceilings of which are adorned with paintings and arabesques. The books and manuscripts are arranged in armoires, or cases, and are not as usual exposed to view. We were shown here a very curious old Russian calendar of carved wood, of the tenth century, which contained two thousand minute figures of saints and

martyrs, fairly executed; an old sarcophagus, in which was found a large sheet of asbestos, used in burning the bodies of distinguished Romans, and yet in good preservation; a sitting statue of Hypolitus, Bishop of Porto, found in the Catacombs of St. Lorenzo, and opposite to it a fine statue of Aristides of Smyrna, a celebrated Greek sophist; a head of hair found in a sarcophagus, which had belonged to some Roman lady,—fine, long, of dark brown colour, and very nicely braided; several cabinets full of the household gods of the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans; very minute and curious specimens of ancient idolatry, basso-relievos, busts, fibulæ, and other ornaments, old Mosaics, and various curiosities; also sundry cabinets, with instruments of torture used upon the primitive Christians, ancient sacramental cups, rings, and pastoral staves of the early bishops of Rome; curious Christian writings on papyrus, of the third, fourth, fifth, and tenth centuries. In the room containing the latter, called the Stanza dei Papyri, is a beautiful allegorical fresco ceiling by Raphael Mengs; two exquisite candelabras of Sevres porcelain, presented by Napoleon to Pius VII. on the occasion of his marriage with Maria Louisa, and other precious things. From the library we descended to St. Peter's, and visited the subterranean Church: very curious, rich in ancient altars, bas-reliefs, and marbles, and having sundry tombs of the early Popes, and other distinguished individuals. Of the former, the Popes Adrian IV., Boniface VIII., Nicholas V., Urban VI., and Pius II.; and of the latter, the Emperor Otho II., James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England, and the last of the Stuart line. On our return home, we had the company to tea of La Moil, a Frenchman, and Cooper, a fellow traveller from Florence to Rome; when the latter informed us of the sad catastrophe which had recently happened to our countryman, a Mr. Hunt and his wife, on their return from visiting the ruins of Pastum to Naples; who being attacked by banditti, were robbed and murdered, a shot from the gun of one of the robbers mortally wounding them both. Three English ladies in another carriage were also robbed by the same parties just before, but providentially escaped without further injury.

10*th*. Again to the Library of the Vatican, where we saw a fine old illuminated copy of "Virgil," and another of "Terence," both of the fourth century,—once belonging to Cardinal Bembo; a manuscript of "The Mexican Code of Laws,"—very ancient and curious; "The Life of the Duke of Urbino," exquisitely written on vellum in the fifteenth

century, and illuminated by a disciple of Raphael, in the most exquisite style, and in highest colouring and finish; a copy of Dante's "Inferno," also beautifully written, and superbly illuminated with numerous paintings by the same artist; and a small volume of original letters by Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn,—very curious and interesting. After which adjourned to the Museum, where we dedicated three hours to the survey of the Chiaramonti Gallery and the treasures of the Nuova Braccio. Returning to the Forum we stopped to examine the ruins of the Farnese Villa erected by Paul III., and which, with its gardens, nobly commanded the antiquities of Rome. The Villa is now sadly dilapidated, and the gardens have lost all symmetry and form; but they are still interesting from their situation, and their connection with the faded glories of the Palatine Hill. We saw here sundry fragments of ancient architecture, as columns, capitals, and friezes; supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Apollo, erected on this spot by Augustus after his victory at Actium. It is impossible to look down from this once elegant, but now desolate spot, upon the wrecks of ancient grandeur beneath us,—the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Temple of Peace, the triumphal arches, the towering columns, and the remains of temples once beautiful and sublime, which, intermixed with tall trees, bestrew the Roman Forum, and were once the pride and glory of that ambitious people—

> "Who held the prostrate world in awe,
> And gave barbarian nations law,"

without a feeling of sadness at the evanescent nature of all human things. We think of the warriors, the statesmen, the orators, the poets of Rome; of her who was boastfully called "the Eternal City." We recall the splendours of her religious processions, the deafening shouts that accompanied the triumphs of her victorious chiefs; we behold in imagination her forums, her palaces, and her temples, her long lines of marble colonnades and her innumerable files of precious statues, glittering in all their original and costly magnificence, and now, alas,—

> "The Niobe of nations: there she stands,
> Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe."

> "The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
> Have dealt upon the seven-hilled City's pride;
> She saw her glories star by star expire:
> And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,

Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins: who shall trace the void
Ere the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, '*Here was, or is*,' where all is doubly night!

"The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err.
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap:
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry, 'Eureka!' it is clear—
When but some false *mirage* of ruin rises near.

"Alas, the lofty city! and, alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword, in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! But these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, *for Earth!* for never shall we see
That brightness in her eyes she bore when Rome was free."

Concluded by visiting the ancient Church of St. Clement, said to be the oldest and certainly the most interesting in Rome, as it preserves best the original basilical forms of such edifices; but being under repair for the approaching jubilee its details were not seen by us to full advantage. This church was erected to the honour and on the site of the house occupied by Clement, the companion and "fellow labourer" of Paul, and said to have been the third Bishop of Rome. In the course of this day we paid a friendly visit to our venerable and excellent friend, Father Scandellaria, when, in pleasant conversation, he related to us the following anecdote, illustrative of the accommodatiug spirit of the Church of Rome: Cardinal Orsini, a younger brother of the Duke of that name, had the misfortune to lose his elder brother by death, leaving no children; and as he was the only representative of the family the titles and estates would, in consequence of his being a Churchman and having no issue, pass into another branch. The Cardinal, therefore, obtained a dispensation from the Pope to resign his purple, and to marry; which he did, and had a family, who lived to arrive at man's estate, when his wife

dying, and the object of furnishing heirs for the family honours being accomplished, he received his Cardinal's hat again, and died in the full possession of all the benefits conferred by his high office.

11th. Paid an agreeable visit to the Abbate Capucini, and obtained from him permission to see the treasures of the Vatican by torchlight, a favour not always granted; after which, accompanied by Gilbert, inspected the Palace Torlonia, formerly Verospi, in the Corso, the residence of the banker Torlonia, who bears the title of Duke of Bracciano, and has risen during the late political convulsion from a low station in life to his present wealth and honours; containing a fine suite of apartments, well furnished and decorated with good pictures and statues. Of the former, a "Cleopatra," by Guido, pleased us best; and of the latter, a "Hercules in Repose," by the late Antonio Canova. We then passed to the Collegio Romano, hoping to see the Museum of Antiquities left them by Father Kercher; but were unsuccessful. We were admitted, however, to see the School of Rhetoric; and in conclusion visited the Church of St. Martino, orginally built in 500 by Pope Symmachus, but restored in 1650: a splendid edifice, adorned with twenty-four fluted antique Corinthian columns. The Chapel of the Virgin is extremely rich in marbles of exquisite beauty and polish; and below is a more ancient chapel, containing the remains of the Popes St. Martin and St. Sylvester.

First-Day, 12th. At home in the morning. In the evening a drive by the Tiber, "that mighty stream, whose waters roll immortal through the classic page;" in the course of which ascended Monte Maria, by the side of the Villa Madama, and enjoyed from it a delightful prospect, embracing the city, the Campagna, the distant hills, with Albano, Tivoli, Frascati; old Soracte, and the snow-covered Apennines in the back ground: on the other side, and just beneath us, the noble Dome of St. Peter's, the endless apartments of the Vatican, the venerable round Castle of St. Angelo, once the gigantic tomb of Adrian, "the imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles;" and beyond them the Plains of Latium, bounded by the sea in the Bay of Ostia. Martial has described this beautiful and interesting scene in the following lines:—

"Hinc septem dominos videre Montes
Et totam licet estimare Roman
Albanos quoque, Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe pigus."

13th. Having obtained from Monsignore D'Este our order for visiting

the Vatican by torchlight, with permission to enlarge our company to eleven, we proposed to our Swiss friends, Captains Brazier and Crawford, and Messrs. Shuttleworth and Colls, to join us, with the Roses, Gilbert, and La Moil; and then proceeded to the modern Capitol, from the elevated tower of which we cast one more "longing, lingering look" on the awful relics of ancient Rome.

"There, from the Capitol's tall height,
New glories fix the wondering eyes,
And vanished centuries burst to sight
Where the proud Roman Forum lies.
Beside that green and silent sod,
With temples, arches, columns spread,
By heroes, consuls, emperors trod,
Calm history rears her awful head;
And 'midst the wreck, in visions bright,
She seems to raise the illustrious dead.
'The Cæsars, Catos, Scipios rise!'
We list to Maro's tuneful strain,
Stern Brutus rends life's tenderest ties,
Great Tully's voice is heard again,
And Manlius pleads, and Curtius dies!"

We next proceeded to the Church of St. Gregory the Great, which is not remarkable in itself; but from the terrace in front there is a most excellent view of the Palatine Hill, and in a contiguous chapel we saw two fine rival frescoes by Domenichino and Guido, placed opposite to each other: that of the former representing "The Flagellation of St. Andrew the Apostle," and that of the latter, his "Bearing his Cross to Martyrdom;" and in another, the ancient marble table on which this said Pope fed every day twelve poor pilgrims. Gregory the Great appears to have been a man of great merit, talent, and learning; and what is still more extraordinary in his high station, pious, sincere, humble, and unassuming; and he seems to have possessed those conciliatory qualities that fitted him for the maintenance of the interests of the Court of Rome in the other Cabinets of Europe. It is a fact well known, that to him we owe the first introduction of Christianity into the British Isles; and I think it is related of him, that seeing some British captives exposed for sale in one of the market places in Rome, he was struck with their extraordinary beauty, and exclaimed, "Non Anglised Angeli forent, si essent Christiani!" In the Church of St. John and St. Paul, two brothers who are supposed to have suffered martyrdom under Julian the Apostate, we found

nothing very remarkable; but in the gardens of the convent there is a large palm tree, the finest in Rome, and also some gigantic remains of an edifice built of travertine, and of the same style of architecture as the Coliseum, supposed to have been a vivarium, or depôt for the wild beasts intended to be exhibited in the amphitheatre; but by others called the remains of the Curia Hostilia,—placed by Livy on the Cælian Hill, though not with any appearance of probability. In the Church of the Navicella, so called from a small ship of marble placed in its front court by Leo X., we found nothing extraordinary; but near it there is an ancient arch, erected, as the inscription denotes, by Silanus and Dolabella, and many interesting fragments of old aqueducts.

Concluded the day with another visit to the ruins of St. Paul's, "fuori le Mura;" where we found they had, since our last, cleared out the rubbish left by the late awful conflagration in the body of the church, and were preparing a portion of it for the purposes of worship, as well as for the performance of the ceremony of opening the holy door in the year of jubilee, always done at the four great Basilicas by the Pope himself in person.

14th. At home till one. The Vice-Consul called on us. Sallied out into the Piazzi di Spagna to see the model of the Coliseum as it is supposed to have appeared formerly when in full perfection, than which nothing could have been more grand, magnificent, and appropriate. This model is extremely curious, exhibiting all the original purposes of this colossal structure, and well explaining the ruins that remain. We then proceeded to the edifice itself, and compared it with the model,—a most interesting opportunity; after which we drove to St. Peter's to see the preparations making there for the coming in of the Anno Santo, or year of jubilee. Found the Church hung over with prodigious curtains of crimson silk damask, which had a gorgeous effect: felt some regret at having arranged to leave without witnessing the expected ceremonies. In the evening our friend H. Rose, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, came and spent an hour pleasantly with us.

15th. This morning was much occupied in preparing our passports, packing up our trunks, and arranging our affairs previous to our departure for Naples. La Moil and Gilbert took tea with us, when, being joined by the rest of our company, we started for the Vatican furnished with four wax tapers, each weighing *three Roman pounds* (twelve ounces to the pound). We were received at the foot of the great staircase by a detachment of the

Swiss Guards in full costume, and introduced by them to the Master of the Gallery; who, attended by three of his servants, escorted us through these sumptuous apartments, exhibiting and explaining the best statues, in all their varieties of light and shade, by the assistance of the torches. I was on the whole well pleased with this brilliant and novel exhibition, as much I think with the general effect of the chambers so lighted up as with the statues themselves, though the effect of some was certainly much heightened, and especially the Laocoon; and there can be but little doubt from the testimony left us by the ancients, that many of them were only designed to be thus displayed, as I have elsewhere observed.

16th. Took leave this morning of our worthy host at San Bastianello, in whose airy and comfortable quarters we had passed a month very agreeably, with some regrets, somewhat mitigated however by the reflection that we must on our return spend a few days in Rome; and quitting the city by the gate of the Lateran, came on to Albano by a road diverging a little from the old Via Appia, which is in sight nearly all the way, and distinguishable by its long line of ruined tombs and other ancient buildings. The gigantic remains of the aqueducts, strewed over the desolate Campagna, add also to the interest of the scene. The ascent of the Alban Hill is long and rather steep, and near the town are two old tombs of uncertain date. Intending to visit the antiquities of Albano on our return, we stopped this time but a few minutes, noticing on the other side the town that curious antique tomb, with its venerable cones, assigned by some to the Horatii, and by others to Pompey. The ascent of the wooded hill of La Riccia (the ancient Aricia) is both pleasing and interesting, "and brings," says Forsyth, "Lavinium, Laurentium, and the scene of half the Æneid into view." Reached Veltebri in good time to secure ourselves comfortable quarters at the inn, and to inspect the town; which though pleasantly situated on a commanding eminence, contains nothing worthy of note. We strayed however into the cortile of an old palace which had a fine view of the adjacent country, including the ancient town of Cora, situated on the slope of a hill distant about eight miles, to which, had we deemed it consistent with our personal safety, we should have felt much inclined to have directed our course.

17th. On leaving Villetri, we travelled through a fine country decorated with ilexes and olives, arbutus and laurestinas; and passing through Cisterna, supposed by some to be the site of the three taverns where the brethren met Paul on occasion of his first journey to Rome,

we arrived at the Pontine Marshes,—a desolate tract, and formerly impassable, but over which Pius VI. constructed a famous road called the Linea Pia, having ascertained the true level of the soil, which enabled him to carry off the water by drainage. This remarkable work, which does much credit to the judgment and perseverance of the Pontiff who accomplished what was attempted in vain by the Roman Consuls, the Imperial Cæsars, and his own more immediate predecessors, is a perfectly level line of about twenty-five miles long, planted with double rows of trees on each side, through which the effect of the perspective is very curious, and is accompanied in its whole length by a canal, which serves to carry off the waters to the sea. The meadows thus drained are divided out into enclosures, but it appeared to us that little had yet been done to bring them into cultivation. The ride along this line is, as may be expected, rather monotonous, as there is little to break the dulness and uniformity of the prospect, except the old Circæan promontory, which forms a distinguished object on the right hand; while on the left, the villages of Cora, Sessa, and Sermoneta, are visible on the slopes of the rugged Apennines. We took our refreshment at a poor inn on the marshes, which though amidst the homeliest accommodation, we enjoyed exceedingly, and noticed some milestones erected by Trajan, and also some stone tablets attributed to Theodoric. Reached Terracina, the ancient Anxur, early in the evening, and were well accommodated at a large and respectable inn on the sea shore, facing those bold and abrupt rocks alluded to by Horace:—

"Impositum late saxis, condentibus Anxur."

They reminded me of the rocks at Hastings, but are of a much more imposing character. Near the gate on the Neapolitan side there is an ancient inscription cut out in deep characters on the side of the rock, which appears to have been smoothed for the purpose. The modern town, seated on an eminence, we found a dull and dirty spot, and possessing but few traces of its ancient splendour. They show some remains of the Temple of Jupiter Auxurrinus, a morsel of the old Via Appia, and on a bold eminence overlooking the whole line of coast, a vast range of arches forming the substructions of a palace built by Theodoric the Ostrogoth.

18*th*. Left Terracina at eight o'clock, attended only by our faithful Henri,—though they would fain have urged our taking a dragoon on

horseback for our escort, which we stoutly resisted,—and had a fine ride for about two miles by the sea shore, with the mountains on our left; after which, turning inland a little, skirted for awhile the margin of a pleasing lake, and observed for the first time the fields and hedges around us, as well as the rugged sides of the rocks, covered with myrtles. Near this spot is the division between the Papal and Neapolitan States; when, after passing the dogana of the former, three soldiers turned out armed, and followed our carriage up the hill, till they saw it safely in the custody of that of the latter: a precaution necessary on a portion of ground belonging, I believe, strictly to neither. The whole line of road is planted at short distances with the sentry boxes and small houses of the military and sbirri (or police officers) alternately, who defend the traveller from the incursions of the brigands, and are sufficient for the purpose if due caution is observed not to travel after sunset, when there is some reason to fear that those who should be the protectors become the violators of the law. Rested awhile at Fondi, a most wretched and dirty town, but agreeably situated in a fine vale planted with orange trees, loaded with tempting fruit: a novel and interesting sight. The ancient Appian Way, which is of very remote antiquity, traverses this town, and we were jolted over that identical pavement trodden two thousand years ago by illustrious Romans. We next passed Itri, whose church and castle seated on a fine eminence have a commanding appearance, and arrived in good time at Mola di Gaeta; having first passed a venerable tomb embosomed in trees, commonly called that of Cicero, and probably near the spot where he was assassinated by order of Octavius, who as Forsyth well says, "would suffer nothing to remain at Rome,—no virtues, no genius, no energy,—that he could not chain to his own chariot wheels and reduce into an appendage of his own glory." We were well received here at a good inn called "The Villa de Cicerone," formerly that of an Italian marchese, very charmingly situated above the town on the Bay of Gaeta, with the ancient town of that name opposite to it, seated on a bold promontory about three miles distance, and having between us and the sea an orchard of oranges and lemons in full fruit. We lost no time in exploring the ruins on the sea shore, supposed to be the remains of the great orator's Formian Villa, but like many other antiquities, liable to some doubt as to its identity; after which took a delightful and refreshing dip in the Mediterranean, a circumstance at this late season of the year I deem worthy of record, as indicative of the

mildness of the climate. In the evening were delighted with beholding the sun setting in full splendour over the beautiful bay:—

"Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

19*th*. The day rose uncommonly bright and clear, and we had a charming view of the Bay of Gaeta, enlivened by the beams of the morning sun, seen over our gardens of oranges and lemons, previous to our departure for Capua. At Garigliano we passed by a bridge of boats the river of that name,—the ancient Liris; still, as in the time of Horace, "silently biting into the plain,"—Rura quæ Lirio quieta mordet aqua: on the side of which there is a Roman tomb, with the inscription of "Quintius Junius Severianus;" and near it the ruins of old Minturnæ, consisting of the remains of an aqueduct and an amphitheatre; in the vicinity of which, it may be remembered, the stern and relentless Caius Marius was found, on occasion of a reverse of fortune, hiding himself from the eager pursuit of his enemies, plunged to the neck in a reedy marsh. We here quitted the Appian Way, which goes towards the sea, and reached St. Agatha to dinner,—a lonely inn, situated at the foot of the Mons Falernus, once so celebrated for its wines, and divided only by a deep ravine from the ancient town of Sessa, or Sinuessa; where I conjecture Horace and Mæcenas were joined by Virgil, Varius, and the rest of their friends, in that journey so pleasantly described by the former in his "Iter Brundusium:"—

"With smiles the rising morn we greet
At Sinuessa; pleased to meet
With Plotius, Varius, and the bard
Whom Mantua first with wonder heard:
The world no purer spirits knows,
For none my heart more warmly glows;
Oh, what embraces we bestowed,
And with what joys our hearts o'erflowed."

Cowper's version.

On quitting St. Agatha we soon descended into the rich and fertile Campania, the road enlivened by hedgerows of myrtles and lauristinas, olive and vinyards, oranges and lemons; the ditches filled up with towering aloes, and the sides of the rocks encrusted with the Indian fig, and occasionally disclosing the broad fans of the majestic palm; and crossing the river Volturnus were introduced into modern Capua, the most re-

spectable Neapolitan town we have yet seen. We were lodged here at an inn not rising above mediocrity, though the best the place afforded; and can subscribe to the sentiment expressed by a lively traveller, "that he found there none of the luxuries that enervated the army of Hannibal," who, it may be remembered, kept here his winter quarters, when disappointed in entering Rome after his victory at Thrasymene.

20th. Diverged a little from our route to visit the remains of ancient Capua; consisting of an arch, probably one of the city gates, and the spacious ruins of a once magnificent Amphitheatre, "resembling," says Forsyth, "the Coliseum, both in its form and in its fate. Both have suffered from barbarians and modern builders;" but the solitude of the companion ruin has exposed it to greater dilapidation than the Roman has yet undergone. Great pains were taken during the occupation of Capua by the French, partially at least to remove the soil, which had in Forsyth's time half buried up the first range of arches; and by this means a few perfect Ionic columns, with fragments of statuary surmounting them, have been disclosed. Rejoining the high road, which is uncommonly broad and handsome, and planted on each side with tall trees, united by gay festoons of luxuriant vines, and passing through Aversa, where there is a celebrated lunatic asylum, we reached Naples by about half-past one o'clock, and were soon accommodated with comfortable and rather elegant apartments at "The Hotel de l' Europe," charmingly situated on the bay, the windows of which command the whole sweep of the coast, from Vesuvius to the Hill of Mergellina; for which we agreed to pay four and a-half Napoleons per week, or equal to about three and a-half guineas English.

21st. Commenced our examination of this beautiful city by a long stroll through the gardens of the Villa Reale, which divides the fine street of the Chiaja from the sea, with a view to make a call on General Sir Richard Church; but found him gone to Pastum with our Ambassador Hamilton, on the unfortunate affair of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt by the brigands. On our return called on Sir Henry Lushington, our Consul at the Court of Naples, to whom we were introduced by special letters of recommendation, and to whom we paid an interesting visit, deriving from him useful information on the moral and religious state of things here, confirming the impressions we had previously formed relative to it; which it appears admits of but little remedy under the existing Government,—degraded *in itself*, and now entirely under foreign influence;

and which, in addition to the jealousy of the improvement of the species, too naturally accompanying narrow and bigoted minds, feels just now doubly cautious even of the most innocent and wholesome innovations, in consequence of the recent revolution, which, however unsuccessful, has left a relish for freedom in the minds of the more enlightened Neapolitans, which is only restrained, I imagine, by the presence of Austrian bayonets from breaking out into an overwhelming and irrepressible torrent.

We afterwards took a turn through the town, and visiting the Mole ascended the lighthouse at the end of it, from which there is a charming view of the Bay and City of Naples. The latter lying partly along the side of the hill of the Vomero, is built as some suppose upon the site of three craters of ancient volcanos, and is defended and overlooked by the proud Castle of St. Elmo and the white walls of the ci-devant Convent of St. Martino, called the Certosa, which are seen in every direction, and have a very imposing appearance. Three other fortresses also defend the city on the side of the sea: viz., the Castello Nuovo, the Castello Uovo, and the Torrione del Carmine; the former of which, with its vast circular towers, is a formidable structure, and calculated to make some resistance to an enemy. Who can survey them without thinking of the exploits of the patriot fisherman of Amalfi, Massaniello; of his interview here with the Spanish Viceroy, and of his disastrous and unmerited end! The principal street, called the Toledo, which is paved like the rest *with lava* cut into large square blocks, is about a mile in length, and very handsome; most of the other streets, though straight, regular, and well-built, are rather narrow, and the houses being high give them a dull and sombre appearance. As it regards population Naples ranks next after London and Paris, and perhaps in its peculiar character has no parallel in Europe.

"The crowd of London," says the intelligent Forsyth, "is uniform and intelligible. It is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide, rolling up and down; and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current; there you are whirled round by the vortex."

Indeed the crowd was usually so great, and especially in the Toledo, that while it was both fatiguing and annoying to thread our way through it on foot, we felt a degree of anxious care in using the carriage, lest we should injure some of the closely-wedged pedestrians, which might have

been of disagreeable consequences both to ourselves and our faithful domestic. The people appear naturally gay and volatile; are cheaply fed and readily pleased. Fun and foolery seem indigenous to the soil, and Punches, Harlequins, merry Andrews, and public reciters of tales and verses, furnish every day amusement to the gaping crowd. There is less of peculiar costume in the dress of the inhabitants than I had anticipated. The sailors differ most from our own by wearing a scarlet cap, with the top and tassel hanging down, and a large cloak, instead of the close jacket of our British tars. The lazzaroni, that hardy, industrious, and useful class of the community, are especially thinly clad; their attire being usually limited, even in winter, to a canvas shirt, open at the bosom, and trousers of the same material, which do not reach to the knees. Dining to day at our hotel, amongst other rarities we had a dish of green peas, as young and tender as we get them at the first coming in of that vegetable in the summer.

22nd. Called again on General Church, and finding him at home, had a short interview with him, when we were courteously received; and after quitting his house, ascended the hill of Pausilipo, to visit the tomb of Virgil, which is however doubtful as to its identity, being placed by some writers on the other side the bay. It is undoubtedly ancient; but has more the appearance of the columbarium, such as we saw at Rome, than a tomb devoted to one single distinguished individual. There is an inscription at the entrance, erected in 1553, which by some fatality has rarely been faithfully transcribed by travellers, who have usually confounded it with that well-known distich of the poet, "Cecini Pascua rura Duces," and Eustace amongst the rest, which is very extraordinary, as the words are very legible. The accurate Evelyn, in 1641, gives it as follows, which is as it remains at present: "Qvi Cineris? Tvmvli hæc vestigia? condit vuolem Ille hoc qvi cecinet pasc va vvva dvces. Can. Reg., MDLIII." The bare possibility that the ashes of that very eminent Latin poet were deposited here causes this relic to be viewed with interest by the classic traveller; and in the indulgence of such a feeling, one is willing to wave a little of our scepticism. After a call on our friends Vallen, Routh, and Valentine, to whose kindness we were indebted for many civilities during our stay in Naples, we repaired to the Chapel of St. Severo, connected with the Ducal Palace of Sangro, which we found rich in material and decorations, but in a ruinous condition. It contains three statues of great celebrity, and which may justly be pronounced

admirable efforts of the chisel. Two of which are by Corradine, a Venetian: one representing our Saviour taken down from the cross, covered with an imitation of a transparent veil, "which appears," says Matthews, "as it were moist with the cold damp of death;" the other, said to be the representation of Madame Raymond di Sangro, under the character of modesty, is covered, like the other, with a thin gauze veil, and is most happily executed; the third, by Querolo, a Genoese, is a most marvellous performance, and "a model of pains and patience," representing a man disengaging himself from a net, which encircles his whole body. It is cut out of a single block of marble; yet the net has many folds, and scarcely touches the statue. We saw next the splendid Church of St. Claire and the nunnery adjoining; the former very richly gilt and painted, and presenting altogether a very light and elegant appearance. It contains some curious tombs of the old Norman race of Kings, and is also the final abode on earth of the reigning royal family of Naples. Concluded by inspecting the Church of St. Trinita Maggiore, also splendid; but we already perceive that an inferior style of architecture obtains here to what we have seen and admired in Rome, and gaudiness takes the place of that sober and chaste magnificence which generally prevails there.

23rd. Paid our first visit to the Museo Borbonico, commonly called the Studio, a large and imposing structure, containing the public Library, the Museum of Greek and Roman statues, the Greek vases, the chambers of the papyri, the ancient bronzes, the Egyptian antiquities, the gallery of paintings, and the curious collection of articles found in the recovered cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. We directed our attention this day solely to the sculpture and the bronzes, which are arranged in a noble series of apartments on the ground floor. Amongst the former, the following objects may be recorded as deserving particular attention: a Hunter with game, admirably executed; an Amazon wounded; a sitting statue of Agrippina, supposed to be the most beautiful and the most perfect that exists of her; a large Cup of porphyry, found in the Temple of Esculapius at Rome; the noble and generally admired colossal statue of Flora, of Greek sculpture, found in the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, under the pontificate of Paul III., the Farnese Pope; the celebrated Farnese Hercules, supposed by its Greek inscription to have been the work of the sculptor Glycon, found on the same spot, also colossal, being about eleven feet high; the Farnese Antinous; the famous Venus Callypige, an exquisite Greek statue of Parian marble, but certainly singular in its

attitude, which is far from becoming. In the centre of one chamber, called that of the great men, we observed a singular statue in a kneeling posture, representing Atlas bearing the heavens on his shoulders; and busts or statues of the following illustrious ancients, mostly found in Herculaneum: viz., Homer, Eschines, Periander of Corinth, Socrates, Euripides, Lycurgus, Solon, Zeno, Anacreon, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Lysias, Posidonius, and Socrates. In another a noble whole length figure of Aristides the Just, in the act of haranguing, found also in Herculaneum,—justly the admiration of connoisseurs: it is of Greek marble, and was so highly esteemed by the great Canova, that he adjusted three different positions for inspecting it to the highest advantage. In a third chamber we noticed a marble vase, representing in its sculpture the Birth of Bacchus, and probably designed to contain the lustral waters in the temple of that divinity,—the work, as the inscription denotes, of Salpioni of Athens, found amongst the ruins of Formia; the Ephesian Diana, of Oriental alabaster with its extremities of bronze; and a Faun, with the infant Bacchus. But none, I think, equal in interest the statues of the family of Balbi, found in the Theatre of Herculaneum, which are all of Greco-Romano sculpture, and very finely executed. Of these, the two noble equestrian statues of Marcus Nonius Balbus, father and son, particularly attract attention, and may be considered the most spirited equestrian figures left us by the ancients. The latter has the following inscription: "M. Nonio, M. F. Balbi, Pr. Pro. Cof. Herculanensis." There is also a full length statue of the same M. N. Balbus, with a similar inscription, and another of Ciria his mother, thus inscribed, "Ciria, A. F. Archass, Matri Balbe," besides three others, supposed to have belonged to the same family, who appear to have been great benefactors to the city, and patrons of its dramatic entertainments.

Of the bronzes, mostly extracted from the discovered cities, the most interesting are two Wrestlers; a head of Plato the philosopher; ditto of Seneca; a sleeping Faun; a bust of Scipio Africanus; a full length statue of Augustus, another of Marcus Colatorious, a third of Lucius Mammius Maximus; a sitting Mercury; and a full sized horse, formed of several pieces of a broken quadriga found at Herculaneum. In the open court, amidst a crowd of antiquities, consisting of columns, capitals, friezes, etc., we noticed some ancient mills, mortars, cisterns, and other curiosities, discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the afternoon, passed through the Grotto of Pausilipo,—a remarkable passage cut through

the solid tufa of the hill of that name, full half an English mile in length, twenty-eight toises in height, and of width to admit two carriages abreast. It is lighted by a large opening from the top, and in the centre by a few glimmering lamps, which cast their faint rays upon a lonely chapel, dedicated to the Madonna and other saints. Emerging again to the pleasant light of day, and diverging a little to the right from the high road to Puzzeoli, we came to the Lago d' Agnano; a small, quiet, and retired lake, environed by a fine amphitheatre of wooded hills, near which is the celebrated Grotto del Cane, the mephitic vapour arising from the floor of which is so fatal to animal life. Our curiosity was gratified by witnessing the old and well known experiment practiced on the dog, who being held down to the ground where the vapour rises, was deprived of sense and motion in about three minutes; but on being laid upon the grass in the open air, gradually recovered, ate bread, and ran about as though nothing had happened. I knelt down and inhaled the vapour, which is extremely strong and pungent; and I can easily believe from my own sensations, that confined in that position I should soon have ceased to breathe, as I was for some time sensible of the unpleasant effects of that momentary contact. Addison and Eustace have their respective conjectures on this singular phenomenon, on which I cannot presume to venture an opinion. At a short distance from the Grotto we found the Stusse de San Germano, consisting of ranges of natural sulphurated vapour baths of great power, evidently forming part of the remains of the sudatories of some patrician Roman's villa.

24th. Visited the Church of San Spirito Santo, in the Solido,—neat and plain; that of St. Filippo Neri,—a splendid edifice, adorned with columns of granite, and some pictures; the Cathedral Church of St. Januarius, where his blood is kept,—a Gothic building, enriched with pictures and gilding, and having the tombs of the Norman kings, Charles of Anjou and Charles Martel, and his wife Clemence; and the Church of S. S. Apostoli,—also rich and showy, but all vastly inferior, as I have before observed, to the churches in Rome, both as regards architecture and ornament. Walked again through the lovely gardens of the Villa Reale, which are near a mile in length, well planted, and decorated with ranges of statues on pedestals, mostly copied from the antique, and in the centre of which is the famous group of Dirce, commonly called the Toro Farnese. It is deemed by judges a fine piece of sculpture, but having been renewed in many prominent parts, its claims to our admiration as

an antiquity, are thereby proportionably curtailed; nor are we competent judges of the accuracy of the praises bestowed on it by Pliny. Towards the end nearest to the hill of Pausilipo, which is laid out in the fine and easy style of English gardening, stands a small circular temple, containing a well executed bust of Torquato Tasso. Not far from the lower entrance of the royal gardens we found the Church of Santa Maria del Parto, containing the tomb of Sennazarius, a celebrated Italian poet, erected to his memory in 1530: a beautiful performance, and in fine preservation. There is also a singular picture of "Michael the Archangel," where the fallen angel under his feet is represented by a beautiful woman; to which hangs a whimsical tale. Concluded this day by a drive over the hill of Mergillena, called the Strada Nuova, projected by the unfortunate Joachim Murât, and which overlooks the fine sweep of the Bay of Naples and its romantic city. The weather since our arrival here has been hitherto dull, with lowering clouds, and Vesuvius scarcely visible. Dined this day with Sir Richard Church, where we were handsomely and liberally entertained.

SECTION IV.

Containing a continuation of Naples—an excursion to Pompeii—another to Vesuvius—visits to the Studio—excursion to Puzzeoli, Baia, and Cuma —Library and Chambers of Papyri—a journey through Salerno to Pæstum—a voyage across the bay to inspect the remains of Herculaneum, and the Palace and Museum at Portici—the quitting Naples—the return to Rome, and finally leaving it—the route by the Col Ferito to Ancona, Loretto, Fano, Rimini, Forli, Imoli, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Placentia, Lodi, Milan, Alessandria, Turin, with some description of the latter, Asli, Novi, Genoa—the fine route of the Riviera di Panenti to Nice—quitting Italy—Fujus, Toulon, Marseilles—Aix, St. Remi, Tarascon, Arles, and Nis, with a description of the antiquities of the last city.

1824.

Christmas-Day, 12th mo., 25th. After breakfast this morning walked to the Church of St. Januarius, to see the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples perform mass,—a dull and tedious ceremony. This church is however celebrated for the liquifaction of the blood of the patron saint, which mummery calculated to impose on the credulous, still continues to be repeated three times a-year; but as it happened that we were not at Naples during any of the usual periods, I cannot offer a conjecture on this curious ceremony, esteemed of such importance to the welfare and prosperity of the city. The best and liveliest account of it I have met with is to be found in the life and letters of the late Dr. E. D. Clarke, edited by William Otter. The chapel in which this relic is deposited is splendid in marbles, and adorned with paintings by Domenichino, Lanfranc, and others. This afternoon we ascended the hill of the Vomero, which connects with that of Pausilipo, and commands delightful views of the ocean, Vesuvius, the towers of Sorrentium and Castel-a-Mare, the

island of Capræ, which stretches across the mouth of the bay, the Isle of Ischia, the promontory of Misenum, once the station of the Roman fleet, and all the interesting antiquities of this delicious region,—returning to the city by the Strada Nuova, alluded to before. Dined again with Sir Richard Church, where we experienced a courteous reception, and partook of fare so hospitable as made us forget that we were not passing this day of general conviviality amidst the roast beef, turkeys, and plum puddings of our beloved English friends, who were remembered indeed with increased pleasure at this distance from the shores of our native isle.

"*Seas*, though they sever, and though climes divide,
Can these remembrance of one friend efface?"

First-Day, 26th. At home: occupied as usual. In the afternoon took a boat, and rowed out to take a view of the city from the water,—a most interesting spectacle; the houses rising tier above tier along the sides of the steep hills, which terminate at their summits in delightful foliage and verdure.

27th. A memorable day. Drove to Resina, distant from Naples about seven miles, in order to ascend *Vesuvius*. The road to it lies over the bridge of the Maddalena, past the long range of buildings constituting the Custom House and its warehouses, and through the town and the great court of the Palace of Portici. At Resina we found Salvatori, a very intelligent guide to the mountain, who accompanied us up. From this place to the base of the cone is generally performed on mules or asses, and the ascent is very gradual, commanding in its progress superb views of the Bay and City of Naples, and the long line of towns and villages bordering the shore. The first part of the road lies through vineyards, famous for the wine they produce, and gardens ornamented with orange and lemon trees; and afterwards amidst fields of lava, of different dates, where it is said an experienced eye can detect that of the various eruptions from A.D. 79, which swallowed up Herculaneum and Pompeii, to that of 1822, which is yet fresh. It presents a wide field, of miles of extent, of unvaried desolation. We stopped at the Franciscan Hermitage, a romantic spot, to refresh, and were regaled by the worthy monks with lachryma Christi, grown on the sides of the mountain, and ate grapes, oranges, etc., also its produce; and then proceeded to the base of the cone, where we alighted, to ascend on foot. This is very steep,—in places almost perpendicular; and the loose sand and cinders of which

it is composed cause the traveller to lose at least two steps out of five. It took me near an hour to reach the crater, the top of which is calculated to be about three thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and since the last eruption much enlarged in its dimensions. The most intelligent accounts extant of the modern eruptions are contained in the letters of Sir William Hamilton, which describe those of 1766, 1779, and 1794; at the last of which he supposes the crater to be a mile and half in circumference,—an opinion also echoed by Eustace in 1802. It is now computed to be about three and a-half miles, and its depth from about one thousand to fourteen hundred feet, at the highest part. The contiguous summit of Monte Somma, now a distinct mountain, I have no doubt at one time, and probably previous to the great eruption of 79, formed a part of Vesuvius. We walked along about one-third of the circumference of the crater on a ledge composed of fine cinders and dust, rendered in some degree compact and solid by the heavy dews that had fallen in the night. The look down into it from this ledge is frightfully grand: we observed a few light columns of smoke rising in different places, and much sulphur deposited in the various crevices of the great gulf beneath us. The prospect from it is prodigious, and its soft and smiling character is in strong contrast with the horrors of that fearful abyss. The ruins of Pompeii are distinctly visible, and all the towns in the region of it: at our feet Torre del Greco, destroyed by the lava of 1794, but now rebuilt; Torre del Annunciata, Resina, and Portici, the Hill and Convent of the Certosa, the Isle of Capræ, famous for the sensualities of that jealous tyrant the Emperor Tiberius, who retired thither in the latter years of his life from the vengeance of his injured people; the islands of Ischia and Procida, the promontory of Misenum, the whole extent of the Bay of Naples (near an hundred miles in circumference) with the city rising majestically in the centre of the grand curve; and on the other side the towns of Aversa, Capua, and Caserta, with the vast palace of the same name, bounded by the distant range of snow-capped Apennines, exhibiting all one knows of winter in this delicious region: the whole seen through a clear and unclouded atmosphere presenting a panoramic prospect of unrivalled beauty and extent. We remained awhile in silent astonishment at the vast scene before us, and revolving the various awful changes witnessed here by the operation of subterranean fires, from that affecting calamity described so ably by the intelligent and accurate Pliny, which overwhelmed those

celebrated cities of antiquity, to that which so lately as 1822 ejected terrifying volumes of smoke and flame, cinders and stones of enormous magnitude, and torrents of liquid fire, the effects of which are still written in legible characters. "It was altogether," says a modern tourist, "a most sublime and impressive scene, and may be classed among the very few things in the world that does not disappoint expectation." The descent is more easy, being facilitated by the looseness of the cinders, so complained of in the ascent. I got, however, a severe fall in accomplishing it, rolling over several times before I could stop myself; but happily escaped without sustaining any serious injury. It took us from nine in the morning to about half-past five in the afternoon to complete this excursion; but by starting early, so as to breakfast at Resina, one might without difficulty add to the day's work a descent into Herculaneum and an inspection of the Museum of Portici, seen by us afterwards.

28th. Devoted this morning to the Museo Barbonico, where we inspected the curiosities drawn from Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabia, and Pæstum, which are arranged in a consecutive series of apartments on the first story. They consist of a great variety of kitchen utensils, mostly of bronze,—as kettles, saucepans, skellets, stew-pans, a gridiron, baking and frying-pans, tin shells for cakes and puddings, pitchers for water, skimming ladles, knives, spoons, skewers, but no forks,—some of them inlaid with silver, and in construction very similar to our own; two singular fire-pans, intended to keep water constantly hot, with cocks to let it off; sacrificial vessels of all kinds,—as urns for boiling water, curious tripods, cups, bowls, perfuming pans and chalices,—finely wrought, and also inlaid with silver; bronze chairs for the use of the priests; couches for the gods, called Lectisternia, composed of bronze, inlaid with silver; a bronze altar, a vessel for incense, and a variety of others used in heathen temples. In another room we were shown a great variety of surgeon's instruments; pots, with paints of different colours remaining in them, found in a painter's shop at Pompeii; gold and silver ornaments,—as necklaces, bracelets, brooches, buckles, gold lace made without silk, needles, pins, bodkins, combs, metal looking glasses, and all the accompaniments of a lady's toilet, not omitting cosmetics for improving the complexion; locks, keys, door ornaments, scales, curious steelyards, lamps, and candelabras, of every variety of form and design, and some very elegant; singular Mosaic tables, and the very floor composed of marbles brought from the disinterred cities. In the Armoury we saw a variety of

military trophies, helmets, cuirasses, greaves, swords, spears, etc., of the most curious description; some of them very massy, and mostly in very perfect condition. In another chamber, two small loaves of bread, with the maker's name yet legible on them; the letters for the purpose of stamping them, "which must have been used in a manner so like printing, that one wonders such an invention should not have occurred to the ancients." Also fruits of different kinds,—as walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, dates, raisins, pears, and figs in jars, wheat, oats, and barley,—all in a state of charcoal, yet preserving their natural form; hens' eggs, as white as when first laid, seventeen hundred years ago; an ostrich's egg, of the same date; fragments of linen and silk; pitch, soap, spunges, ropes, nets; a bottle of oil; a covered pot, half full of a rich and odorous balsam; and a small chafing dish, with coals in it, as left by the priest at the altar; a parcel of linen, supposed to have been left in the wash-tub at the time of the eruption, and having the appearance of dried paste; balls for cattle, precisely like those used at the present day; musical instruments, dice, a clock; inkstands, with the remains of ink; styles, pens of cedar wood, silver cups, saucers, and spoons, and many other curiosities. Also divers ancient paintings on fresco, marble, and wood, —some of them very excellent; a very precious collection of ancient cameos, including a splendid sardonical Oriental agate, found in the tomb of Adrian at Rome,—richly carved, and of exquisite rarity and beauty. In a distinct and separate apartment, we were also shown a curious collection of ancient glasses, also from Herculaneum and Pompeii, consisting of bottles of various shapes and sizes, ewers, tumblers, and wine glasses, patty-pans for pastry and confectionary, sweetmeats and jelly glasses, and other usual accompaniments of the domestic establishment. Also some smooth and large pieces of glass, which had all the appearance of panes of window glass. The latter have been anciently recovered, and would seem to set at rest the long agitated question, whether the ancients were in possession of the art of converting this useful article to the purpose of conveying light.

From these we proceeded to the noble suite of rooms containing the Greek vases, two thousand two hundred in number: an invaluable collection, mostly found in the tombs of the Greek proprietors of the country, who were accustomed not to burn their dead, as the Romans, but to bury their bodies in small stone vaults or chambers (of which we saw several specimens), accompanied by five or six of these terra-cotta urns

or vases, of different sizes and shapes, which may account for the vast numbers of them found in the different collections in Europe. Some of them are of elegant form and design, and exquisitely painted in white, brown, and red, with mythological subjects; many of them extremely interesting, as connected with ancient customs and manners, and generally in good preservation, though doubtless between two and three thousand years old. The arrangement of these Greek tombs is made very intelligible by two cork models, contained in the fourth room, representing the inside of two ancient sepulchres, one of which exhibits a corpse in the centre, with a piece of money in its mouth, and a lachrymatory on its breast, surrounded by lamps, vases for the aqua lustrale, wine, oil, incense, and a dish for Cerberus' sop; the other, which is the precise representation of the inside of a tomb found at Pæstum, contains a painting, the subject of which is a combat, four vases, a dish for Cerberus' sop, and the corpse placed in the centre, with arms and armour by its side. We had here an interesting interview with the Canonice Jorio, a learned and intelligent guardian of the museum, who speaks English well, and gave us a very agreeable dissertation on the subject of these antiquities. Quoting the saying of the wise man, "that there is nothing new under the sun," he also pointed out to us a curious sacrificial urn for holding hot water, which differed little in its construction from a modern tea urn; and a small bronze statue of the god Silenus, which he pleasantly observed was compared by Englishmen to Sir John Falstaff, and indeed its singular figure corresponded much with the prints we have seen representing the protuberant form of this merry knight. Calling on our return home at Vallin, Routh and Co., we were furnished with an introduction to one of the officers of the "Revenge" man-of-war, Captain Lyon, now lying in the harbour of Naples, which we lost no time in presenting, and were very courteously received by the officers on board, who with the crew amounted to six hundred and fifty men. The interior of the vessel presented a busy, novel, and interesting spectacle, and new to my friends and companions, who had never before witnessed the interior economy of an English ship of the line, though these spectacles lose a portion of their interest by being necessarily viewed in connection with the warlike object for which they are constructed.

29th. Excursion to Pompeii,—a day of uncommon interest; the road to which passes through the towns of Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, and Torre del Annunciata. The commencement of this drive exhibits

gardens and vineyards of the most luxuriant description; but near Torre del Greco almost the whole country had been laid waste by streams of lava, which, during the summer of 1794, destroyed that town and its vicinity. At about the distance of fourteen miles from Naples we found a small Osteria, where we left our horses and carriage, and soon entered this resuscitated town by the small Forum, or barracks, and quitted it by the Street of the Tombs, which is opposite to the plan recommended by Matthews, upon the authority of Romanelli. The first impression is one rather of disappointment, possibly from an expectation too highly raised of the beauty and stateliness of the edifices; but as the town had sustained great injury by an earthquake in the year 63, which dilapidated many of the public buildings, and from which it is evident they had not had time to recover when it was overwhelmed by a shower of burning cinders and pumice stones from Vesuvius in the year 79, so well described in the celebrated letters of Pliny to Tacitus; at which time the roofs of all the buildings, public and private, were broken in by the superincumbent weight resting upon them, from the depth of from twelve to fifteen feet: it is only surprising that so much remains after so many revolving ages to gratify the curious and inquisitive traveller. With a little embellishment to *the local scenery*, added to make *the picture more complete*, these interesting ruins were very faithfully pourtrayed in the two panoramas exhibited in London in 1824 and 1825. The walls of the town may be traced in their full extent, and by means of them it is ascertained that about an eighth part of it is now disinterred. Many of the public buildings are much mutilated, partly from the cause I have just mentioned, and partly from the excavations very early made by the people of the country, in order to recover their treasures; when many of the more precious materials, such as statues, columns, marble seats, and other ornaments, were carried away.

Besides the Prætorian Barracks, or Forum Venalia, by which we entered, which is nearly square, with small shops ranged round it and ornamented with columns of tufa covered with plaster, we saw the Odeon, or comic theatre, and the large Tragic Theatre,—both of a semi-circular form, open to the air, with marble seats for the spectators, rising tier above tier in front of the stage; the ruins of the Temple, in its massive construction very like the Temple of Pæstum, with a grand colonnade, or portico, leading to it from the Via Appia, which ran through this town; the Temple of Isis, which is in good preservation, and still retains the very

altars devoted to the worship of this impure *Egyptian divinity:* the structure is Doric, composed of bricks, stuccoed, painted, and finely polished. It is interesting here to contemplate the very altar from whence so many oracles have issued, to see the hiding place into which the priests crept when they spoke for the statue of this goddess, and to ascend the secret stairs by which they entered into their Sanctum Sanctorum: the pavement of this temple, like many others in Pompeii, is Mosaic. The House of Pausa, and another called that of Sallust, both of which are furnished with large courts supported by columns, round which are ranged the lodging rooms, generally small and dark; the great Basilica, or hall of trade and justice, conveying a very exact idea of the form of those buildings; the lesser Basilica, or tribunal,—an oblong court, surrounded with porticoes, with the rostrum in the centre, quite perfect, on which the orators mounted to plead; the Fora Civilia, once bordered with magnificent porticoes, supported by a double row of columns of travertine, and paved with marble; the Temple of Venus, which exhibits beautiful remains of its original splendour, and has elegant paintings remaining on its walls; together with many other edifices, perhaps nearly equal in interest, but which it is impossible in the narrow compass of my diary to advert to. To visit the Amphitheatre, which is a fine and rather perfect building, we traversed a considerable length of vineyard which separates it from the rest of the excavations, and doubtless yet covers a considerable portion of the buried town. This building, like others for the same purpose, is oval in its form, the architecture imposing, and a covered corridor, once adorned with statues, leads to the principal entrance. In the exterior construction there was a peculiarity I have not noticed elsewhere, which consisted in four regular flights of stairs, ascending to the vomitories projecting beyond the outer wall. From the gallery appropriated to the females, which, as in Rome, is above the ranges of marble seats, we had a beautiful view of Vesuvius, Castel-a-Mare, the site of Stabia, the mouth of the Sarno, and the Bay of Naples, with the fine range of the mountains of Apulua in the back ground. It is said that skeletons of eight lions and one man, supposed to be their keeper, were found in this Amphitheatre. With the exception of the Via Appia the streets are generally narrow, and retain their original pavements, marked with the traces of the carriage wheels which rolled seventeen or eighteen centuries ago: they have small *trottoirs* on each side for the use of foot passengers. We entered several private houses, which, as Forsyth

observes, "have neither chimnies, windows, nor doors between contiguous rooms:" also many shops, which, like the present shops of the country, are open from wall to wall; in many the trades once carried on are yet discoverable. In a sculptor's shop several marble statues, in different stages, together with blocks of marbles and tools for working it, were found; the bake-houses were made manifest by the ovens and mills for grinding corn; the coffee house, by the marks of the cups on its marble dresser; the wine and oil merchants, druggists, painters, perfumers, and surgeons, by the description of articles found on them. One of the later excavations presents a curious specimen in a series of baths, with their flues, stoves, etc., which, having circular roofs, are yet entire: one of them has a singular range of figures yet supporting the dome, and in it we noticed the very beds and chairs of bronze on which the bathers sat. They were also occupied while we were there in excavating a larger private house than many we had seen, in which the frescoes were uncommonly fine and fresh, as are those generally in various quarters of the town; and some of them are so elegant that we may fairly pronounce them to be *copied* from the works of greater masters, for their execution often falls much below their design. "Is it not surprising," says an ingenious traveller, "that rooms so mean in their dimensions should have contained works of such elegance? that friezes scarcely a foot high should embrace such a world of fancy?" They manifest to me that the art of painting was cultivated in no mean degree in these ancient cities; and if this be the case in Pompeii, a town only of third-rate importance, we may easily believe that capitals like Rome and Athens, were embellished by performances proportionably splendid and well executed, from the pencils of Zeuxis and Apelles. Whether they equalled the great modern masters of the Italian school, is and must ever remain a subject of speculation. Reasoning by analogy, on the one hand, we must admit that as it regards sculpture, the efforts of the Greek and Roman chisel have maintained their claims to unrivalled excellence; and therefore on what grounds can we be sceptical in reference to those of the sister art? While on the other hand, from the best specimens that have descended to us of their skill in Mosaics (an art more strictly the rival of painting than sculpture), it is evident they are so inferior to the matchless productions of modern days, as might lead one to a different conclusion. We observed, as other travellers before us have done, that the ancient Greeks and Romans, like the

Parisians of the present day, probably lived much abroad; and that while great care and expense were lavished to render the public buildings magnificent, the private dwellings were in general mean and contracted, and by no means indicative of that comfort which distinguishes the residences of persons in similar stations in life with us.

On the outside the gate by which we quitted the city to rejoin our carriage, is a Villa supposed to have belonged to Marcus Arrius Diomedes, though some have fondly imagined it to be the celebrated Pompeian Villa of Cicero. It was doubtless originally a mansion of some celebrity, and furnished with many conveniences. The paintings on the walls are of elegant design, and have relation as usual to the uses of the apartments in which they are placed. In the centre of the garden there is, as we have noticed elsewhere, an impluvio, or reservoir for water, surrounded by columns, and the ancient well still remains. A colonnade also surrounds the garden, under which is the cellar, where we saw many ancient amphoræ, or earthen wine bottles. Near this spot was found a skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the family, with a key in one hand and a purse of gold in the other; exhibiting, we may imagine, "the ruling passion strong in death." Behind him was another skeleton, with vessels of silver and bronze. Near this villa is an ancient semi-circular marble seat, where the citizens used to sit and converse; erected for the public accommodation, as its inscription denotes, by the Priestess Mammia. Also the inn or posthouse, which appears to have been a large building, well provided with horses, carriages, etc., and standing outside the city, because strangers were not permitted to sleep within its walls. The Street of the Tombs, which connects with these, is not the least interesting portion of the city, as from the massy construction of these edifices, they have sustained but little injury from the weight of earth resting upon them, and now appear as fresh as at the first day of their erection. We inspected the interior of one of them, which consisted of a vault or chamber fitted up to receive the cinerary urns. At the base of another, left unfinished, the pieces of ornamental statuary were lying about as left at the time of the eruption.

No traveller of the least pretensions to taste or curiosity should omit to visit Pompeii, a walk through which may be safely pronounced to be one of the most interesting things the world has to offer; and we may learn more of ancient customs, manners, and modes of living by a stroll through its silent streets than by perusing whole volumes of history and

antiquarian research, while contemplating "the tenantless abodes" of those who, like ourselves, once filled up their part on the stage of life, till by the occurrence of that affecting visitation,

"Revelry and dance and show
Suffered a syncope, and solemn pause;
And God performed upon the trembling stage
Of His own works, *His dreadful part alone.*"
Cowper's "Task."

The mind is imperceptibly carried back to the period of their existence; and imagination has only to re-people their still and deserted dwellings to render the illusion complete. "So much for Pompeii," says an ingenious tourist. "I lingered amongst its ruins till the close of evening, and have seldom passed a day with feelings of interest so strongly excited, or with impressions of the transient nature of all human possessions so strongly enforced, as by the solemn solitudes of this resuscitated town."

"There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young),
There is a kindliest mood of Melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!"
Dyer's "Ruins of Rome."

We noticed, in returning through Torre del Greco, that a modern town has arisen on the ruins of the old one, destroyed by a sea of lava in 1794, the cause of which, as well as much of its effects, is still awfully visible. The "amor patriæ" must be strong indeed that binds the owners of the soil to rebuild their mansions on a spot which may very possibly be again subjected to so desolating a visitation.

"Who has felt the desolation
Of the earthquake's stormy reign,
And would choose the same foundation
For his peaceful bower again?"

30th. Museo Borbonico, School of Paintings: a valuable collection both of the Neapolitan and other masters. We noticed here, amongst other memorabilia, some fine portraits by Vandyke, Rembrandt, Reubens, and Holbein; a "Piety," by Annibal Caracci; portraits of "Columbus

and his Mistress," and of "Vespucius," the discoverer of America, all from the pencil of Parmigiano; a superb Landscape, describing the seashore and sun setting, by Claude Lorraine; a portrait of the poet "Tibaldeus," by Raphael, and the "Madonna, Elizabeth, our Saviour, and John," by the same; "Leo X., between the two Cardinals Passerini and Bemleo," supposed to be copied from Raphael's fine original at Florence, by Andrea del Sarto;" "St. Sebastian," by Spagnaletto; a head of "Anna Boleyn," by Carlo Maratti; an "Ecce Homo," by Corregio; the "Madonna and Saviour, and St. John," by Leonardo da Vinci; a "Charity," by Schidone; "Danæ," by Titian; a "Guardian Angel shielding a Child from Evil," an affecting picture, by Domenichino; and a copy of Michael Angelo's celebrated picture of the "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel, which serves as a sort of key to the original painting which it is so much the fashion with connoisseurs to admire. The following lines, to be found I think in Lady Morgan's "Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," contain however a fair comment on this picture; at least in my poor opinion:—

> "Good Michael Angelo, I do not jest:
> Thy pencil *a great judgment* has exprest;
> But in that judgment thou, alas, hast shown
> A *very little judgment* of thy own!"

But here, as in other fine galleries, one must admire by rule, as however exquisite the performance, if it have not the sanction of a great name, its allotted portion will be the significant shrug of the cicerone, accompanied by the irreversible sentence of "*Niente, Niente, schuolas, schuola!*" or, "Nothing remarkable, only the School of Raphael!"

31*st*. Drove to Puzzeoli, the ancient Puteoli, where Paul landed on occasion of his first journey to Rome, as described in the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts: a delightful ride through the grotto of Pausilipo and the Valley of Bagnioli, along a fine road bordered with vineyards to the sea shore; the first object on the approach to which is the small island of Nisidia, once the residence of Marcus Brutus, and where is now placed a Lazaretto. Before reaching Puzzeoli we had a fine view of the castle and bay of Baiæ, the promontory of Misenum, and the island of Ischia with its towering peak, the seat of an extinguished volcano. At Puzzeoli we hired a boat with four rowers, for which we agreed to pay two dollars, and one to the guide who accompanied us to point out the different curiosities; and having purchased for our accommodation in

penetrating into the subterraneous caverns sufficient flambeaus for half a dollar, sent our carriage round to meet us on the road to Cumæ. We were then rowed across this lovely bay, the shores of which were so famous as the winter abode of the luxurious Romans; in our progress noticing the remains of the ancient Mole of Puteoli, a magnificent work, supposed to have been constructed by the Greeks, and repaired by the Roman Emperors, and to which Caligula joined his bridge of boats. Leaving on our right Monte Nuova, a mountain formed in 1538 in forty-eight hours, by a volcanic eruption, we observed the site of the famous Italian poet. We were first landed at the vapour baths, once belonging to Nero's Villa, now called "Le Begni di Tritole,"—a very curious series of chambers constructed out of the solid tufa, and still used by the Neapolitans during summer. We here passed through a gallery so strong with the warm vapour, as to produce an instantaneous and powerful perspiration; at the end of which is a spring of boiling water, which boils eggs in about two minutes, of which we partook. Sending our boat round to Baiæ to wait our arrival, we next visited the Lucrine Lake, once so lovely, "and the scene of imperial regattas," but now much diminished both in size and beauty by that volcanic eruption to which I have just alluded, at which period probably the oyster beds were destroyed, for which it was celebrated by the Latin poets. Following its banks, and winding through a vineyard, we came next to the borders of the Lake Avernus, the Sartarus of Virgil referred to in the sixth book of the Ænid: a cheerful and animated spot, and very unlike the regions of Cimmerian darkness described by the poet, "having lost," as Forsyth well observes, "all its poetical horrors, and its clear blue sheet no longer exhaling death."

We were now conducted by a shady and beautiful path, to the Grotto of the Sibyl. A long winding subterraneous gallery, which we penetrated by the assistance of our torches, brought us to a piece of water (the fabled Styx), over which we were carried on men's shoulders, till we came to the Sibyl's Bath, which consist of chambers adorned with stuccoes and Mosaics. This was, even in remote antiquity, dreaded as a passage into the infernal regions; and Virgil, attentive to every local superstition, has called it the descent into hell, and placed his heroes on this spot; which however, independent of its connection with classical antiquity, does not equal in interest the passage over the water in the celebrated cavern of the Peak in Derbyshire, where the river, the boat, the descending rock,

and the grand natural temple to which the traveller is afterwards introduced, do indeed remind us of Charon and the "Stygian shore."

We next visited the ruins of an ancient edifice, supposed to have been a temple dedicated to Proserpine, or the god Avernus, romantically situated on the southern banks of the lake; from whence we ascended on foot a hill which brought us to the high road, when we were glad to rejoin our carriage, and take shelter in it from the heat, which even on this last day of the year we found oppressive, with exercise. We now proceeded to the Arco Felice, a very lofty, ancient, arched portal, supposed to have been one of the gates of the Greek city of Cumæ, and to have served also as a citadel and an aqueduct; ascending which, we had a noble view of this interesting coast, including the Circean promontory, and the islands of Ischia (formerly Inarime), Ponce (formerly Ponza), and Ventiolani, which last was the ancient Pondataria, whither it may be remembered Augustus Cæsar banished his abandoned daughter Julia.

We next visited the remains of ancient Cumæ, where some remains of houses may yet be seen in one of the streets; also the castle, supposed by the stones of which it is constructed, to have been a Greek fortress, and which was in such good condition in the fifth century, that when Alaric, King of the Westro-Goths, subdued the country, he deposited the spoils of his conquest here, as in a place of strength. It is now a shapeless mass of ruins. The amphitheatre, finely situated, as I have observed was generally the case with such structures, is much more perfect, and still retains its elliptical form. Cumæ exhibits the remains of two temples, whose appropriation is unknown. Of that dedicated to Apollo, little or no vestige remains; but under what is supposed to have been the site of this temple, said to have been built by Dædalus after his fabled flight from Crete, we were shown a grotto called that of the Sibyls Cumea and Cumana, which we entered and explored. This eminence also commands fine views of scenery not only interesting and beautiful to the eye, but full of classic recollections, including the coast of Liternum, and about four miles off the building called the Torre de Patria, marking the spot where Scipio Africanus retired from his "ungrateful country," and where he died.

Descending from hence to the Lake of Fusaro, we crossed in a boat to a small island on which there is a casino belonging to the King of Naples, used by him as a hunting box, where we purchased a few oysters, for which the lake is celebrated, and conveying them with us to Baiæ,

had them opened at the door of the small osteria there, with which, and a bottle of the wine of the country, we made a very comfortable and most refreshing repast. Here we saw the ruins of three ancient temples. One of them, called that of Venus Genetrix, is externally of octagonal form, and circular within, like that supposed to be dedicated to Minerva Medica in Rome. Connected with it are chambers called Le Cameri di Venere, which exhibit remains of stucco ornaments, finely executed. The second, attributed to Mercury, is a circular edifice, nearly perfect, with an aperture in its dome, similar to that of the Pantheon; and the third, called that of Diana Baiona, is a fine ruin, apparently of similar construction to that of Venus. I am aware that some have doubted whether these were actually temples, but finding a difficulty in assigning them any other purpose, I follow the received opinion:—

"Undoubtedly they were once very distinguished ornaments of the beautiful coast of Baiæ, which though now a silent and deserted spot, was formerly," says an intelligent visitor, "usurped by the great alone. They admitted no towns, no commonalty, nothing but palaces on their 'golden shore.' Men who possessed half a province elsewhere contended here for a single acre; they who wanted room on the bank built into the sea, and met there the freshness and salubrity of another element. In the course of a few minutes you sail past the highest names of antiquity. You see Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Piso, Cæsar, Tiberius, and Nero, all crowding in for the most beautiful angles, and elbowing each others' villas. Yet where are those villas now? Alas, nothing but masses of built tufa, which you can hardly distinguish from the tufa of the hill, naked walls, skeletons, which were concealed from the ancients themselves, and covered with marbles too beautiful to remain!"

After surveying these interesting fragments, we resumed our boat, which had come round the bay from the Baths of Nero, and sending the carriage back to Puzzeoli to await our return thither, proceeded, with a fresh breeze, under the walls of the fine modern castle of Baiæ, to a vaulted gallery covered with elegant stuccoes, called the tomb of Agrippina, though more probably from its appearance a corridor of the theatre that belonged to her villa, near which she was barbarously murdered by command of her inhuman son Nero. We next proceeded on foot to the little promontory of Baulis, where we saw the Cento Camerelle, supposed to have been a prison, and consisting of a number of small subterranean apartments, vaulted and lined with plaister, communicating with each other, and opening in front to the sea. Whether we suppose them to have been the public prisons, or the *Ergastula* of some proud patrician villa, where the slaves were numerous, these cells seem but too well adapted to the

horrid purpose of immuring human victims,—a species of tyranny in which it is evident the ancients were not behindhand with those who have borne the *iron rod* of authority in more modern days. Ascending the hill of Baulis, we came to the celebrated structure called the Piscina Mirabilis, supposed to have been a reservoir for supplying the Roman fleet with fresh water when stationed in the neighbouring harbour of Misenum. The roof of this vast basin is supported by forty-eight pillars of stupendous size, which by their solidity have resisted all the attacks of time, "and protected it from the destruction to which works of mere beauty and magnificence lay exposed. Hence a cistern now remains, the most lofty and picturesque object of a coast which is covered with Patrician ruins." From the summit of the hill on which are seen some fragments of the Villa of Lucullus, we had a fine view of the old Port of Misenum; the Stygian Lake, for such, according to Virgil, is the Mare Morto, or third basin of the harbour, and the Elysian fields situated on its banks.

Returning hence to the shore again, we resumed our boat, and by the assistance of a fresh and favouring breeze were conveyed back to Puteoli, where we found the carriage waiting for us; and by means of it, after a day of great exertion, but agreeably diversified by a wonderful succession of interesting objects, were soon transported to our apartments at Naples, where, having washed off as well as we were able the filth of the torches (which we found of essential service to us on several occasions during the day's excursion), we proceeded to terminate it by dining at our friend the General's hospitable table.

1825.

1st mo., 1st. This morning being New Year's Day (and a glorious and cloudless day it was, and worthy of "this land of zephyrs"), we were greeted with an elegant bouquet of flowers, consisting of pinks, roses, and jessamines, which was placed on our breakfast table, agreeable to Neapolitan custom. Drove afterwards to Capo de Monte, an unfinished palace of the King's, placed on a commanding eminence, to which a very noble and accommodating road was constructed under the government of that brave but unfortunate Prince Joachim Murat. We saw here a noble suite of apartments richly furnished; but no pictures, except a few chef d'œuvres from the pencil of Camuccini and some other living artistes. The one quoted by Matthews, representing "Pericles, Socrates, and Alcibiades, brought by Aspasia to admire the works of Phidias," has

indeed all the fidelity of an historical picture, the faces having been closely copied from antique marbles; but we thought some others more exquisite in their execution, and more interesting on the whole. Descending by another route, which is well worth seeing and commands delicious views of Naples and the Bay, we came to the Campo Marzio, a vast field laid out by Murat for military exercises, but now with much greater propriety restored to its original occupation in vineyards, orchards, and corn fields. In the vicinity of this spot is the famous Campo Santa, or public burial place, with three hundred and sixty-five vaults, one of which is opened every day in the year. These abominable vaults may be explored by the curious traveller if he times his visit well; but as we had no desire to inspect what one calls "a horrible human hash," nor deemed it compatible with our health and safety to do so, we never availed ourselves of the opportunities offered. This place of sepulture is intended for the *vulgar dead;* but the remains of the more honourable and affluent are treated with but little more decency and distinction, being promiscuously thrown without coffins into burial places under the churches, which renders those that are most used as receptacles for the dead really dangerous to the living. A few of the Neapolitan churches are exempted from this pestilential practice, and to them the traveller should exclusively devote his attention.

We dined this evening, by appointment, at the house of our kind friend E. W. Routh, the banker, at his appartments in the "Palluzzo delle Torre," pleasantly overlooking the Mole and the Bay. The invitation was to a family party, and strictly speaking it proved so, though rather a larger one than we expected, as it consisted of about twenty-two persons, mostly English, with a few Italians. We were received in a handsome salon, fifty feet in length and about twenty in height, lighted with wax candles, and warmed by a noble coal fire (here a great rarity), which looked cheerful, though scarcely necessary. When the company was all assembled, dinner was announced, and an elegant repast was served up, plentiful and well chosen, but without profusion; and we were regaled with red and white champagne, claret, Marsala, Lachryma, and other wines, accompanied with a dessert of fruit that would have done honour to any season of the year. To these succeeded coffee and noyeau, and after a due interval, tea. We came away at half-past ten, pleased not only with the hospitable kindness we had received, but the agreeable conversation which had occupied the evening.

First-Day, 2nd. Morning at home, as usual. In the afternoon walked for exercise up the steep hill crowned with the Castle of St. Elmo, and through the castle yard to the Church formerly belonging to the Convent of the Certosini, now the Asylum for Military Invalids. This church, which is more beautiful and splendid than any other sacred edifice in Naples, is not only adorned with the most sublime productions of the pencil, but is rich in marbles, gems, bronzes, statues, etc. We much admired the marble pavements, which for the beauty and variety of the pieces, as well as for their judicious and delicate arrangement, surpassed, we thought, all we had seen of that kind of work. The high altar is enriched with amethyst, chalcedony, sardonyx, and other agates. The paintings are principally by Spagnoletto, and rank amongst the sublimest efforts of his genius; but Massimo, Lanfranc, Giordano, Guido, and others, have also contributed to the decoration of this magnificent structure.

"The Church of the Certosini," says a lively and interesting tourist, whose sketches, though hasty, are generally drawn with fidelity and correctness, "is rich every way; but Spagnoletto has adorned it in a manner that secures a long, long reign to the memory of his genius. His 'Prophets' are fine paintings; but his 'Dead Christ, with the Madonna, the Magdalene, and St. John' (esteemed the masterpiece of this celebrated artist), form a picture of which, when the detail is lost to the mind, much must always be remembered."

The view from the windows and corridors of this proudly situated edifice is enchanting. Immediately below the Conventual gardens lies the immense flat-roofed city of Naples, sloping down the sides of the hill. On one hand is Capo di Monte and the rich Neapolitan Campania, bounded by the majestic Apennines, with Vesuvius in their front; while on another lies the widely extended Bay, bordered with a gay succession of towns and villages, combining "a bird's eye view of the most curious city, the most singular coast, the most beautiful bay, and the most picturesque islands in Europe."

3rd. Again to the Museo, where we saw the Library, consisting of upwards of one hundred thousand printed volumes and a large collection of precious manuscripts, contained in a fine room, to which every facility of entrance is given. We were shown here a copy of "St. Thomas Aquinas," in his own handwriting; and a copy of the "Aminta" of Tasso, also written by himself,—both very interesting.

From hence we visited the Chambers of Papyri, and saw many of these singular and interesting manuscripts in their original state, having

much the appearance of small billets of charred wood: they amount altogether to about seventeen hundred, of which about four hundred have been unrolled, and about ninety only found in a legible state. None of the long lost treasures of antiquity have yet been recovered; but amongst them are fragments of a Latin poem relative to the war between Octavius and Anthony, Epicurus upon "Nature," a work by Polistratus, Philodemus upon "Rhetoric," and works which bear the names of "Demetrius," "Chrysippus," and others. We were also shown the manner of unrolling them, which is by a very tedious and delicate process, nicely adapted to their tender and fragile state; "for being cut, crushed, crumbled on the edge, and caked, by the sap remaining in the leaf, they require on the operator a kind of medical sagacity to meet their variety of wounds; for in gluing rashly the injured parts he might reach the heart of a volume while working at the outside." It is calculated that of those not yet operated upon only about one hundred are sufficiently perfect to be capable of expansion. We examined several of those which have been unrolled, and found them legible when seen in a certain light, though the papyrus and the characters inscribed on it are now become black. "The writing," as Forsyth observes, "is not *traversa charta*, but divided into narrow columns, about forty in number, which run parallel to the end of the volume. No writing appears on the backs, and the title is always found at the end of the volume."

I think if more pains were taken in excavating Herculaneum a much richer deposit of these treasures would be found; but how can we expect to stimulate a supine and inactive Government to works of such labour and expense merely to promote literary or scientific objects! Through favour of our worthy friend Canonico Jorio we were also shown the Chamber of Ancient Coins and Medals, which is very large, and esteemed valuable: they were, however, too much out of order to be seen with pleasure and advantage. We next visited the Gallery of Egyptian and Etruscan Antiquities, of which some of those found in the Temple of Isis at Pompeii are the most interesting, and afterwards surveyed again the fine collection of Greek and Roman sculptures. I have before alluded to the spirited equestrian figures of the Balbi,—these lose nothing on a fresh inspection. "Turn we to Aristides: Greece, ancient Greece looks to us from his noble features; the attitude, the folded robes,—all personify the dignity of freedom,—its calm and majestic worth." The Hercules of Glicon, though colossal, and on that account conferring less actual

pleasure on the beholder, may nevertheless be deemed one of the finest statues existing; Agrippina, the mother of Nero, seems to be represented at the moment when her unnatural son dooms her to death. "The mild, pathetic, deep despair expressed through the whole of this charming statue," says the ingenious Mariana Starke, "is wonderful, and proves that sculpture, when carried to its utmost pitch of excellence, can move the passions quite as much as does the finest poetry." But I must not give way to the train of observations which every fresh examination of these ancient treasures is calculated to excite.

On our return we paid a morning visit to our excellent and interesting Signor Boccassianola, to whom we were introduced by letters from England, and from whom we have received marked civility and attention. He presented us this day with a valuable map and plan of the antiquities of Puzzeoli, accompanied by an ingenious dissertation on them from the pen of the Canonico Jorio. We dined in the evening with our consul, Sir Henry Lushington, where we were very courteously entertained in a splendid suite of apartments, hung and furnished with green silk, and decorated with painted ceilings. The company was select, the dinner excellent, the wines of the best quality, and the conduct of our worthy host and his lady (who is a sister of that wild and eccentric dramatic writer, the late G. M. Lewis) very kind and obliging.

4th. While preparing for another excursion to Puzzeoli we were informed of the death of the old King of Naples, Ferdinand IV., who was found dead in his bed this morning, after a long and unprosperous reign of sixty-six years, marked by a greater number of vicissitudes than has been the common lot of monarchs to experience, even in these changeful times. Notwithstanding this event, the consequences of which we could not accurately foresee, we determined to avail ourselves of a deliciously fine day again to visit Puzzeoli; and rolling again through the subterranean grotto of Pausilipo, were soon transported to this ancient town, "where a grand succession of antiquities: a spacious amphitheatre, a long line of neighbouring tombs, the magnificent baths below, the mole standing on arches into the sea, the ruins of villas *defaced*, and the undefaceable beauty of the sites, all conspire," says my classic oracle Forsyth, "to exalt our ideas of ancient Puteoli."

We first visited the Solfatara, which is evidently the crater of an extinguished volcano, and has still an awful character about it, giving full proof that nature is here secretly at work. The whole area is hollow,

smoke rises from various apertures, the ground vibrates beneath your tread, the action of boiling water is perceivable at some distance under the surface, and sulphur is produced here in the natural way in great abundance, so that Murat carried on a manufacture of gunpowder on the spot; where alum, vitriol, and sal ammoniac are also made. Next to the Amphitheatre, supposed to be older than the Coliseum at Rome, which, though much dilapidated, is the best preserved antiquity in Puzzeoli. Its form is elliptical, was two stories high, and part of the exterior range of arches still remains: it is computed to have contained forty-five thousand spectators. In the fine old corridor, which originally ran round this noble building, we noticed a curious chapel, dedicated to the Madonna, St. Janarius, and other saints. Not far from hence we found the remains of a magnificent Temple, dedicated to the sun, under the name of Jupiter Serapis, or as some choose to call it a Serapion. The temple occupied the centre of a grand square, but is much dilapidated, and the rich marbles that once adorned it have mostly been removed. Three large columns of cipolin, curiously marked by the sea water, still stand upright, and sundry other fragments are lying about; some of the more elegant we afterwards saw in the Theatre of the Royal Palace of Caserta. Round the temple were arranged porticos and lustral chambers, or bathing-rooms for the priests, which were supplied from the natural warm springs rising on the spot: some of the latter are perfect, and curious specimens of ancient practices. Returning hence towards the town we saw the ruins of another Temple, said to have been dedicated to Neptune; and some substructions, finely situated, called the ruins of the Villa of Cicero, which mark in strong characters the evanescent nature of human grandeur; the stately porticoes and spacious gardens, described by Pliny, being all swept away by the hand of oblivion.

In the market-place we were shown an ancient pedestal, found in 1693, on which are represented figures in basso-relievo, personifying the fourteen cities of Asia Minor that were destroyed in one night in the reign of Tiberius, and rebuilt by him, on which his statue was formerly placed; also a consular statue, tolerably perfect, with the name of Q. Flavio Lolliano. The Cathedral, once a temple consecrated to Augustus, exhibits large stones joined together without cement, and some remains of Corinthian columns inserted in the walls, and part of a cornice, which has an ancient inscription: there is also another inscription on the walls of the modern prison, in the time of Hadrian.

We returned home from this excursion delighted with the superb views we had enjoyed of the sea, the Bay of Baiæ, and the adjacent islands.

"How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand:
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtles bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me once more to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside
And all the seasons lavish all their pride,
Blossoms and fruits and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies."

Addison.

5th. Took again the route to Pompeii, where we stopped to take another survey of the antiquities, beginning at the Street of the Tombs, and ending at the Forum Venalia. Having before given somewhat in detail our impressions on occasion of the former visit, I shall not now enlarge, except by inserting in this place a simple poetic sketch of the feelings excited by a renewed inspection of these interesting remains:—

There beauty's softest forms expand
Round Baia's soft, voluptuous seat;
Here Pastum's silent temples stand,
Salerno shows her green retreats,
"And many a recollection grand"
Attends Pompeii's wheel-worn streets.

Pompeii! theme by bard unsung,
Scene of past fame and vanished glory,
How shall the unskilful minstrel's tongue
Record thy sad and tragic story?
Along thy silent streets we stray,
Thy temples, forums, tombs among;
Thy baths and theatres survey,
Where Romans past the hours away
While yet our era was but young.
Soft on thy columns, altars, fanes,
Thy villas fair and vine-clad plains,
The glittering sunbeams play;
While on thy storied walls we trace
Frescoes designed with ease and grace,
And fresh as yesterday.

But, oh, what language can declare
(Where Pliny's accurate pen hath failed)
The dislocations witnessed there
When subterranean fires prevailed;
And o'er the affrighted city threw,
And o'er her soft and smiling scene,
Destruction, *terrible* as *new*,
And death of ghastliest form and mien?

Like those in ancient story told,
By wrath Divine consumed of old,
O'erwhelmed beneath the fiery shower
Her living place was known no more;
And so forgotten her overthrow
That long-revolving centuries past
Unconscious o'er the darksome waste,
Nor guessed what lay entombed below,
'Till chance her secret site explored,
And modern art to-day restored.

From the gate of Pompeii to Nocera the road is but little diversified; but La Cava and its vicinity is varied with hill and dale, vineyards and ruins, and still displays that wild and picturesque scenery that once attracted the residence, and engaged the study of Salvator Rosa. The situation of Vietri, embosomed amongst hills and overlooking the ocean, is very pleasing; while on the right are found the old town of Amalfi, the islands of the Sirens, and the promontory of Minerva. The approach to Salerno commands delightful views of the immense and magnificent bay in which that town stands, and which rises from a fine curve of the shore up the base of lofty mountains, on one side verdant and studded with white villas and hermitages, and on the other of a rude and sterile character. Salerno, anciently the capital of the Picentes, is about twenty-eight miles from Naples, and was celebrated by the poets of the Augustan age for its delightful position. It may be termed at this day a handsome seaport, and has a noble marine villa belonging to Prince Leopold, situated on the seashore, in about the centre of the town. We found here a very respectable inn, at which, notwithstanding an unusual influx of company, we enjoyed tolerable accommodations; and being furnished, through the kindness of our Neapolitan friends, with a letter to Signor Pandofilli, the director of the Customs here, we soon, by his interest, agreed for a voiture and three horses to convey us to Pæstum and back to Salerno for ten ducats, determining to leave our own horses at this

place, and make one of a company intending like ourselves to proceed to that spot the next morning.

6th. Starting quite early, we followed in the train of the Countess of Nesselrode (wife of the Prime Minister of the Emperor of Russia), the Colonel Perowsky, and others composing her suite, occupying two carriages and four, for Pæstum. The weather extremely cold and windy, accompanied by a fall of snow such as is rarely witnessed in this kingdom, but clearing away as we approached the end of our journey. We kept the high road, which has few objects to attract attention, except the singular groups of Calabrian farmers and peasants that we occasionally encountered, till within sight of Eboli, where we turned off to the right, through a wild and open country decorated at intervals with clumps of myrtle and tamerisk, finding the road generally pretty good, and in consequence of the late unhappy murder, guarded by detachments of soldiers, who turned out to the number of five or six every half mile, and saluted the carriages as they passed, by presenting arms. At Persano we noticed a handsome hunting seat belonging to the King, near which flows the river Silaro, famed from time immemorial for the petrifying quality of its waters. The approach to Pæstum is particularly dreary, through a plain which ceases now to produce the "*Biferi que rosaria Pæste*," so celebrated by Virgil. "On entering its walls I felt," says Forsyth (and doubtless there are many whose feelings have responded to his), "all the religion of the place. I trod on sacred ground: I stood amazed at the long obscurity of its mighty ruins." No traveller visiting this place should neglect to bring with him a store of provisions, for the miserable osteria here produces *none;* and we should have discovered this secret to our cost, after a long, cold, and winterly ride, but for the kindness and liberality of our fellow-travellers, who invited us to share their poor apartment, the only one the house afforded, enlivened however by the blaze of a cheerful fire,—and regaled us from their store of cold turkey, fowl, beef, ham, and tongue, rendered additionally acceptable by draughts of "vin du Pays" and glasses of excellent Sauterne, all of which our noble friend had brought with her from Naples. After this seasonable refreshment we all started to view those interesting remains of earlier days, which invite travellers to undergo so much fatigue, and at this time hazard, to visit.

Pæstum, supposed to be the ancient Posidonia of the Sybarites, or of a Greek colony occupying their place, probably owes its three justly

celebrated temples to one or other of those ancient nations: they may therefore be calculated to have withstood the attacks of upwards of three thousand winters,—a duration to be attributed in part to their massive and simple construction; so that we may say with the ingenious French poet, the Abbé Delille, "*Leur masse indestructible à fatigué le temps.*" They were visited by Augustus as venerable antiquities, even in his time; but appear to have been forgotten during the dark ages (to which possibly they owe their preservation), and brought again into notice in 1755 by a young Neapolitan painter who accidentally discovered them. The walls of the town, like those of Pompeii, are composed of large stones *nicely* put together, but without cement, and are about two and a-half miles in circumference. One of the gates, a simple arch of about fifty feet high, still remains, by which it is conjectured the walls were originally the same height: they still rise in some places from eight to twelve feet. The temples are all three of the same order of architecture: the columns being Greek, Doric, fluted; the capitals quite simple, and Doric friezes and cornices encompass the whole exterior of each building, which is surmounted by a triple row of gigantic steps, on the upper of which the columns rest, without any other base.

The Temple of Neptune, the most majestic, and apparently the most ancient here, or indeed in any other part of the European world, is composed, like the rest, of stone evidently created by the torpedo touch of the *Silaro;* for like the stone of Tivoli, it consists of wood and various other substances, petrified as we observed on a close examination, and though durable as granite, abounds with so many small cavities that it resembles cork. Its length is one hundred and ninety-seven English feet, its breadth eighty; it has two fronts, both adorned with a pediment and supported by six enormous fluted columns, each side being upheld by twelve more (not counting the angles twice), the circumference of which is about twenty feet at bottom, but less as they advance towards the top. Gigantic steps, about five feet deep and three in number, lead up to the platform, and encompass it on every side. The second building, called the Basilica because no appearance is exhibited either of altar or cella, is not very dissimilar to the Temple of Neptune in the general style of its architecture, but its columns are not of quite so massive a construction: its length is one hundred and sixty-two feet, and breadth eighty; has two fronts, each adorned with nine fluted columns, and each of the sides is supported by sixteen more of the same description (not counting the

angles, as before), the circumference of the largest being about fourteen feet six inches at the bottom, but gradually lessening to the top.

The third, called the Temple of Ceres, is the smallest of the three, and though less imposing than that of Neptune, exhibits a lighter and more elegant style of building. Its length is one hundred and eight feet, and breadth forty-eight. Its two fronts, which have sustained more injury from time than the others, have each six columns, which support a grand entablature and pediment; each side presenting twelve columns.

They also pointed out to us the Amphitheatre, of course the work of a later day than the temples; but this presents little more than an oval outline traced on the green turf. The day was cold and windy, with a tendency to snow, which however held off while we were surveying these singular and massive remains of "the olden time;" and though visited to some disadvantage, we returned from the examination of objects so long spared by time with feelings not very easy to describe.

"Taking into view," says an elegant and classical traveller, "their immemorial antiquity, their astonishing preservation, their grandeur, their bold columnar elevation, at once massive and open, their severe simplicity of design,—that simplicity in which art begins, and to which after a thousand revolutions of ornament, it again returns,—taking, I say, all in one view, I do not hesitate to pronounce these the most impressive monuments I have ever beheld on earth."

We returned to Eboli, distant about twelve miles, to lodge; where we found a moderate inn, and very imposing in its character: indeed I much doubt if we should have obtained the needful refreshment of a good meal, but for the cuisinier of our noble companions, to whom we were indebted for the best dishes set on our table. On the bill being presented, a heavy imposition was attempted to be made upon us, which however being smartly resisted, they presently agreed to take half the demand.

7th. Left Eboli at six in the morning, glad to escape from a sojourn so dirty as well as imposing, and arrived again at Salerno at half-past nine to breakfast; after which we saw the Cathedral, a building of very mixed architecture, containing some ancient pillars, Mosaics, and sarcophagi, deposited there by Robert Guiscard, King of Naples; also some antiquities discovered at Pæstum. Accomplished the ride back to Naples in four hours and twenty minutes, a distance of twenty-eight Neapolitan miles, arriving in time for dinner; and in the evening our Swiss friends, Captains Brazier and Crawford, with Messrs Shuttleworth and Colls, called on us, the former to take leave on their return to Leghorn.

8th. Accompanied our excellent friend Signor Boccassinola to see the Albergo dei Roveri, or poor-house, called here the Reclusorio: a very useful institution, containing two thousand one hundred and ten men and boys, and eight hundred and forty-five women and girls. Various trades are caried on here; but in consequence of the King's death we did not see them in actual operation. The building is magnificent, but still not more than one-fourth the size of its original design. We saw here the lads arranged in the yard in military order, and marched in to dinner by beat of drum, and were on the whole gratified with the cleanliness and good order prevailing in the institution.

First-day, 9th. Spent the morning at home as usual; in the afternoon a walk through the Toledo to the Botanic Garden, which however we found shut, as are most of the public things at this time, in consequence of the death of the old King.

10th. Saw the remains of the late King lying in state in a large chamber of the Royal Palace, fitted up for the occasion, hung with black, and lighted by several hundred lamps and wax candles,—a solemn sight; having to push our way through an immense crowd on the grand staircase in order to effect an entrance. The body, habited in a court dress, lay exposed to view on an elevated inclined plane, guarded by officers of rank,—the lords of the bedchamber and the gentlemen of the King's household; while priests were saying masses for his soul, before altars erected for the purpose in the several corners of the room. It was a sight calculated to impress the mind with the "vanity of human wishes" and the instability of human possessions. A few days ago and this *thoughtless* though aged monarch could command homage, and even inspire dread in the remotest part of his dominions; and now we behold him but a mass of inert matter, tending to corruption, and his authority passed into the hands of others. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

> "Earth's proudest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
> And 'Dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

We next visited the wine vaults of Cottrel and Freeborn, two young Englishmen who have settled here in the wine trade; and having hired a large proportion of the vineyards in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, profess to sell genuine lachryma christi, the wine for which the vicinity of that mountain has been long famous. The vaults are curiously hollowed out of the solid tufa.

Concluded this day by a drive to the house of our learned friend the Canon Jorio, where we paid an interesting antiquarian visit. He showed us among other rarities some curious old Greek vases; some religious antiquities, carved in wood, as early as the fifth or sixth centuries; a great variety of Greek and Roman coins in copper and silver, several of which were from Pæstum, and esteemed rare. The habitation of our friend presented a specimen of the domestic *discomfort* in which the natives are accustomed to live.

11*th*. After breakfast engaged a boat, with two rowers to take us across the bay to Portici, where we landed and walked up to the palace in order to inspect the Museum of ancient fresco paintings, detached from the walls of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, which are arranged in several contiguous chambers. They are very curious and interesting, generally well designed, in some instances fairly executed, and certainly tend to throw light upon the customs and manners of the Greeks and Romans as well as to illustrate the fables of their heathen mythology. Judging from the beauty of the composition and the general unskilfulness of the execution, it is the opinion of connoisseurs that many of them are copies done by common house painters from the most renowned pictures of antiquity.

"It would be ridiculous," says Matthews, "to take the paintings on the walls of a provincial town as the standard of their skill in that art; and I do therefore think it fair to suppose that though all traces of the works of their great masters are now lost to us, the taste of the ancients was as refined and fastidious in painting as in the sister art of sculpture, and that the praises lavished by Pliny and other writers upon Zeuxis and Apelles would have been supported by their works, if those works had come down to us."

However, as I have observed elsewhere, *this*, though a reasonable and plausible *presumption*, must, for want of proof, ever remain *such*. From the museum we proceeded to the examination of the Royal Palace, which contains a number of apartments, some of which are splendidly furnished, and do credit to the taste of poor Joachim and Madame Murât. There are but few paintings, and none valuable, except the portraits of the Bonaparte family, which, by a petty jealousy unworthy the restored family, have been dislodged from their places and deposited in a chamber below, where they are not exhibited, except to those who specially inquire for them. Here we saw David's "Napoleon and Madame Mére," "Joseph Bonaparte and his Wife," "Joachim and Madame Murât," "Marshal

Marmont," and another whose name I have forgot; besides sundry small paintings, and a larger historical one, representing "Murât visiting the Reclusorio."

On our return we explored Herculaneum (by the assistance of torches), which scarcely repays the trouble. It is now generally supposed that this ill-fated town was overwhelmed not only by the shower of earth and ashes that destroyed Pompeii, but also by a torrent of *melted tufa*, mixed with boiling water, which buried it to the depth of about *fifty feet*, and penetrated into all its cavities and recesses. It is therefore as completely choked up as if liquid ore had been poured into it, which has made the work of excavation laborious, and in consequence the soil and rubbish extracted from one building have usually been thrown into the preceding. Thus the only remains exhibited are parts of a theatre, the magnificence of which you can very imperfectly discover, some of its columns being yet imbedded in the solid stone. The air of this place is damp and unwholesome, and care should be exercised by the traveller not to linger too long here in the gratification of his curiosity. The high road to Calabria passes directly over this subterraneous abode, and it is rather appalling to hear the carriages rolling like peals of thunder over one's head. It is to be regretted that the Government has neither the energy nor the means to pursue these excavations, as it cannot be doubted but that great treasures are still hidden in this long-neglected mine. On our return to Naples we found letters from England, announcing the death of dear Mary, the wife of Richard Janson, of Tottenham; and of our beloved and honoured friend Samuel Alexander, of Needham, which proved affecting intelligence to all parties.

12*th*. Called on our amiable friend Signor Boccassionala, who took us in his carriage to see the collection of Signor Monticelli, the celebrated mineralogist,—a liberal and enlightened character, by whom we were received with much kindness and urbanity. His specimens, for a private cabinet, are both valuable and extensive, and his varieties of the productions of Vesuvius not the least remarkable and interesting portion of them. We afterwards drove to the observatory, placed on a commanding eminence finely overlooking the city and bay, which are seen to advantage from the roofs of this building. The instruments are fine, and many of them very valuable; but bear the appearance of neglect. We were informed that no student in astronomy had visited them for five years.

It is said that at the Villa Gallo, a little higher up, there is to be seen

a Roman tomb; but we could not ascertain the fact, as permission was refused us to inspect the garden. We were more successful in our attempt to survey the gardens of the Royal Villa on the top of the Vomero, which, besides their delicious situation, are planted with a variety of choice and beautiful trees, which, even in this comparatively winterly season of the year have all the freshness and verdure of spring. Terminated this day by a farewell visit to our kind friend the General, by whom we were once more received with every civility and attention. This evening he read to us the programme of the King's funeral, intended to take place the next day.

13th. Called to take leave of several of our kind friends, and amongst the rest of Signor Boccassianala, who at this interview introduced us to his wife, a lovely and interesting woman, and also his infant child. He gave us a repast of rich cake with sweetmeats, with warm and cold punch, very delicious. We parted from this excellent person, whom it is scarcely probable we shall ever see again, with feelings of sincere regret. We next repaired to the house of a gentleman, one of his friends, situated in the Toledo, in order to see the funeral procession of the late King: of which we had a good view. It took two hours in all to pass the windows where we stood, from the very great number of military, horse and foot, Austrian and Neapolitan, who composed it. Eighteen fine royal coaches, each with six horses, were in the train, and the body was borne on a splendid open car, with a priest sitting on each side of it reading prayers; while others bore flambeaus by the side. The Generals followed on horseback in full uniform, with all their honorary decorations.

With the exception of the military, the spectacle was not very splendid; but the windows and balconies of the Toledo being crowded to excess with well-dressed people, had a lively and brilliant appearance. But the most interesting part of this day's entertainment was derived from the urbanity and politeness of our host, a liberal in political principle, who conversed freely with us in English on the affairs and prospects of his country, which neither to the patriot nor the philanthropist wear a very flattering aspect. Will the blessings of civil and religious liberty ever be added to those of climate, soil, and situation, so lavishly showered on this favoured land? Very remote they seem at present; yet who knows whether the recent turnings and overturnings may not eventually terminate in good?

14th. Left Naples with some regret, not only on account of the

lovely and interesting scenery with which it abounds, and which can never be remembered without delight, but also with a feeling of gratitude for the many favours and kindnesses we had received within its walls. There is indeed much in the general aspect of this captivating city to attract the attention and admiration of the passing traveller; and to such as are favoured with introductions to its purest society, and stay long enough to cultivate acquaintance with those who belong to that privileged order which may be termed in every land the "*deliciæ humani generis*," a sojourn in Naples may be made as useful and instructive as it is agreeable; yet it must in candour be admitted that a very different result to that of improvement too generally attends the indiscriminate intercourse of our countrymen and women with the society of this soft and polished city, where it is evident the tone of morals is low and relaxed, the sense of religious obligations superseded on the one hand by infidelity or clouded on the other by superstition, and that noble independence of character so truly both the "decus et tutamen" of every free and enlightened state, either chilled by the freezing touch of bigotry or depressed by the iron hand of arbitrary power. Perhaps I cannot better conclude my observations on this interesting subject than by here inserting the remarks of a judicious and sensible writer, drawn up with his usual good taste and correctness of thinking, and to which, with a little qualification, I am inclined to subscribe.

"To a mere student of nature," says he, "to an artist, to a man of pleasure, to every man who can be happy amongst a people who seldom affect virtue, perhaps there is no residence in Europe so tempting as Naples and its environs. What variety of attractions! A climate where heaven's breath smells sweet and wooingly; the most beautiful interchange of sea and land; wines, fruits, provisions, in their highest excellence; a vigorous and luxuriant nature unparalleled in its productions and processes; all the wonders of volcanic art *spent* or *in action;* antiquities different from all antiquities on earth; a coast which was once the fairy-land of poets, and the favourite retreat of great men. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, *spared it*, adorned it, lived in it, died in it. This country has subdued all its conquerors, and continues to subvert the two great sexual virtues: the courage of the men and the modesty of the women."

14th. Left Naples by the road to Caserta, from which at about the tenth milestone we diverged to the right to see the celebrated aqueduct of Ponte Maddeloni, thrown by the architect Vanvitelli across a wild and solitary valley, formed by the rugged sides of two mountains, in order to convey water to the Palace of Caserta, and which viewed from the road has a colossal and most imposing appearance.

"In the midst of this lovely dell," says Eustace, "the traveller is surprised to behold an immense bridge, formed by a triple row of lofty arches, crossing it with gigantic strides from one side to the other. It is nearly two thousand feet in length, and two hundred in height, and conveys a whole river of purest water across the valley. In length, elevation, and effect it surpasses all similar edifices of modern construction, and may indeed vie with some of the noblest Roman monuments in grandeur and magnificence."

Perhaps of the latter the famous Pont du Gard, near Nismes (of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter), approaches nearest to it; while of the former the great aqueduct of Pont y Cyssilte, in North Wales, which conveys the waters of the Ellesmere Canal across the Vale of Dee, though totally different in its construction, may, I think, be said to compare with it in massiveness and grandeur, but not in elevation. Directing our voiture to take a shorter cut, we ascended the steep sides of the hill, and having traversed the whole length of this gigantic fabric, which looks finely up and down the valley, and being shown by the keeper the course of the water at one of the turrets, we rejoined the high road, which, winding through a romantic defile, and over a hill which exhibits an extensive and beautiful prospect of the Campagna Felice, conducts to the town and palace of Caserta. The latter, erected by Vanvitelli at the command of Charles III., is a vast unfinished shell, consisting of an enormous quadrangle, in length seven hundred and forty-six feet, in breadth five hundred and forty-six, and its height one hundred and thirteen, and pierced by a grand portico, or entrance, upwards of three hundred and ninety feet in length, and divided into four large courts. Its dimensions being on so large a scale the effect is magnificent and imposing, and it is esteemed by *some* the most splendid royal residence in Europe; but being incomplete, the windows generally unhung, and most of the rooms without furniture, it presents, in my opinion, a forlorn appearance when contrasted with such edifices as Versailles or Fontainbleau. Of the interior, the great vestibule and staircase most attract the attention of the visitor. "Here," says Forsyth very truly, "are lavished the finest brescia and brocatelle of the Sicilies:" and indeed the richness, variety, and profusion of the marbles must excite general admiration. The chapel is also rich in chaste and costly decorations; its sides are adorned with ancient columns, mostly of giallo antico, disposed in pairs. In the Theatre,—a splendid apartment,—we saw the columns of basalt taken from the Temple of Serapis at Puzzeoli. We were also shown some fine suites of apartments occupied by the Royal Family when here,

which are large, well proportioned, and moderately furnished: they are decorated with fresco ceilings and some gilded carvings, which, with a few allegorical sculptures on the staircase, are the only ornaments of this character found in this vast monument of royal pride, vain glory, and idle ambition. The gardens are like the rest,—upon a large scale; but except that called the English have nothing worthy notice: a large cascade terminates the latter, and beyond all are seen the palace and gardens of Santa Lucia, a hunting seat also belonging to the King.

We lodged this evening at Capua, passing again in our route from Caserta the ruins of the ancient city before described.

16th, 17th, and 18th occupied in our journey back to Rome, which I have before attempted to describe, and shall therefore only advert to a few objects to which our attention was not directed in our way down.

At Terracina we inspected the Mole, built there by Antoninus Pius, of which there are some very obvious remains. At Geusano, a village between Villetri and Albano, we made a small detour on foot to inspect the lovely little Lake of Nemi, called by the ancients "the Mirror of Diana," and supposed to have been the crater of an extinct volcano. Its steep and shelving banks are clothed with luxuriant foliage, which contrasted with the limpid waters of the lake form a delicious and picturesque landscape. From Albano, where we breakfasted, and found commodious and elegant accommodations at "The Poste," we walked by a lovely promenade, shaded by ilexes and commanding fine views of the Tyrrhene Sea and the ancient sites of Laurentum and Lavinium, to Castel Gandolpho; where the Pope has a summer residence in the vicinity of another beautiful lake, called the Lago di Castello, or Albano, which like the other is the crater of an extinguished volcano, nearly six miles in circumference and delightfully wooded. A beautiful walk leads from the town to the margin of the lake, where is to be seen a subterranean canal, called the Emissario,—one of the most extraordinary works of the ancient Romans; said to have been made during the siege of Veii, in obedience to the Delphic oracle, but having for its object the conveying the waste waters of the lake through the mountain towards the sea. This we did not visit, having left one of our party indisposed at the inn of Albano, from whom we were not satisfied to be longer absent: indeed our anxieties were rather strongly excited during this journey on behalf of our interesting young friend and fellow traveller, W. J., jun., who was taken slightly unwell before quitting Naples; and his disorder, which increased as we

proceeded, did not find alleviation till after several days' rest and judicious medical treatment in Rome. His perfect restoration to health was hailed by both his companions with feelings of joy and satisfaction, mixed, I trust, with gratitude to the Author of all our mercies for His gracious and unmerited goodness to us in this respect, while so far from our beloved friends and tender and anxious connections. Lord Byron has beautifully alluded to the two lakes of Nemi and Albano, the most southerly objects he appears to have visited in Italy; which the lovers of the sublime in nature and of the fine arts must ever regret, as thereby a noble field was lost for the development of his splendid powers of description and the exercise of that classical enthusiasm which appears to have formed so prominent a feature in the composition of his intelligent mind.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th inst. we re-entered Rome by the Porto St. Giovanni, gratified again to behold the ruined aqueducts and the ancient tombs of the Via Appia, scattered over the lonely and desolate plains of the Campagna; while the noble façade of the Lateran Church, rising majestically over the walls of the city, seems in strong contrast with every object around it. We found comfortable quarters this time at "The Maison Cerni," in the Place d'Espagne (our old lodgings being occupied by other inmates), and called in Dr. Clarke to our young invalid friend.

19th. The weather proving wet, and the rain when it falls here generally falling in torrents, we were detained within the whole day, occupied in the perusal of letters from our friends in England, and in forwarding to them some account of our movements.

20th. Engaged for a fortnight lodgings at No. 124 in the Corso, lately occupied by our friend J. H. Rose,—cheerfully situated opposite the grand front of the Church of St. Carlo; and *where*, notwithstanding the impositions practised upon us both by our landlord Camillj and his servant Luigi, some of which we managed successfully to resist, we contrived to pass the remainder of our time pleasantly enough, occupied, as our dear young friend was gradually restored to convalescence, in a fresh survey of the wonders of this celebrated metropolis; whose matchless frescoes of the great artists, whose master-pieces of Grecian sculpture, whose stately palaces, noble churches, and beautiful fountains, whose gigantic columns, stupendous obelisks, and peerless Coliseum, entitle her to be called the most magnificent city in the world, as well as the unrivalled mistress of the arts; though her streets, dirty and ill paved, and the ruins

of immense edifices which continually present themselves to view, give an impression of melancholy to every thinking beholder,—which is, after all, quite in accordance with the comparatively fallen state of this ancient arbitress of the world's destinies.

22nd. F. J. and myself to the Vatican and St. Peter's. Afterwards drove round by the Pons Milvicus, and home by the gardens situated on and covering the summit of the Mons Pincius, and agreeably laid out as a public promenade. They command delicious views, on one side over that part of the city formerly the Campus Martius, with its towers and domes, backed by the grand façade and the magnificent cupola of the Basilica Vaticana, "seated by Tiber's flood," where modern Rome

> "Couches beneath the ruins, and of old
> With arms and trophies gleamed the field of Mars;"

and on the other side, of the villas Borghese and Ludovisi, and the site of the ancient gardens of the historian Sallust. In the centre was placed by the late Pontiff, an obelisk of granite, covered with hieroglyphics, brought from the circus of the monster Heliogabulus, near the Anfiteatro Castrensi.

23rd. At home in the morning; in the afternoon a little drive outside the walls, which originally built by Aurelian, have reparations, the work of almost every succeeding age.

24th. Visited the basilical churches of Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Croce, and St. Giovanni in Laterano, now in complete order, and looking very beautiful; and though with our simple views of the nature and character of true worship, so much attempt to arrest the imagination, and to touch the feelings by pomp and show and by mimic representations in sculpture and painting of the great and awful events of the Redeemer's passion, must naturally appear out of place,—yet I am inclined to think that, like the outward sacraments of the Church of England, they may sometimes be made serviceable in leading to the substance those whose minds are not yet prepared to adopt a more pure and spiritual mode of worship; and I have very often noticed poor creatures on their knees upon the marble pavements, before the shrines of their favourite saints, counting their beads with an air of profound humility and abstracted devotion, that could not I think be misunderstood, and might shame the disciples of a purer creed. Yet it must be admitted, in spite of all the plausible arguments advanced to the contrary, that the tendency of *this* religion is rather to detain *in the sign*, than to lead to the *thing signified;*

and while the incense of adoration and praise is heaped upon the altars of "our Lady of the seven sorrows," or poured forth to the "Madonna ever glorious," "ever beautiful," "ever victorious," or "ever compassionate," in strains of tenderness which partake as much of gallantry as of religion, but little regard is I fear paid to Him who has declared, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and no man cometh to the Father but by Me."

In the evening we explored again the ruins of the Coliseum and of the Palatine Hill, the Arch of Constantine, and the public Gardens; which latter command fine views of these sublime ruins and many others, and which often recalled to recollection the pleasing apostrophe of the Abbé Delille, in his elegant poem of "Les Jardins," evidently suggested by the contemplation of the same objects, beginning,—

"O champs d' Italie! o' campagnes de Rome!"

25th. After a visit to the engraver Fabri, we drove to the Circus of Caracalla, to inspect the recent excavations extending the whole length of the spina and the two metæ, which are thus laid bare and the plan of them exposed, but nothing remarkable has been found. From hence we walked to the venerable tomb of Cecilia Metella, before described, which notwithstanding the ugly parapet raised upon it by the Barons of the middle ages, when it was converted into a fortress, is one of the best preserved sepulchral monuments in Rome. We next explored a part of the old Appian Way, which though now in a broken and dilapidated state, once conducted through a long line of tombs to Albano, the ruins of many of which, as I have elsewhere mentioned, still remain. It was at this Way, that the pious John Fletcher, after Vicar of Madely, in Shropshire, when on his travels in these parts, ordered the carriage to stop, and insisted upon walking over it; which he did *uncovered*, in the remembrance that it had once been traversed on foot by the great Apostle to the Gentiles, a prisoner and chained to a Roman soldier, on occasion of his being brought before the Emperor Nero.

On our return, we visited once more

"That fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns;
And thence, in broken sculpture cast abroad
Like sibyl leaves, collects the builder's name,—
Rejoiced; and the green medals, frequent found,
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame."

We found them excavating the quondam residence of this worthless despot, in all directions, and they have thereby discovered many fine pieces of ancient tesseræ, but as yet no statues of any value: one trunk only, and three heads, having been found. The lively authoress of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," has so well described these celebrated ruins, that I am tempted here to insert the allusion she makes to them:—

"They now present," says she, "an immense mass of frowning and roofless ruins, abandoned to decay; and their fallen grandeur, their vast extent, the tremendous fragments of broken walls that fill them, the wild weeds and brambles that shade them, their solitude and their silence, the magnificence they once displayed, and the desolations they now exhibit, are powerfully calculated to affect the imagination. We passed through a long succession of immense halls open to the sky, whose pavements of costly marbles and rich Mosaics, long since torn away, have been supplied by soft green turf, that forms a carpet more in unison with their deserted state; while *aged trees* that have taken root within them, sigh to the wind that whistles through the sullen remains of this imperial structure."

26th. Visited the atelier of Camuccini, a celebrated painter, where we saw some choice specimens from the pencil of this great living artist, both complete and in operation; which for purity of design, justness of composition, and chastity of colouring, may vie with the productions of most of his contemporaries, and perhaps take their place beside those of earlier ages. We afterwards ascended by the grand staircase in the Place d'Espagne to the Church of Trinita da Monte, in front of which stands a noble obelisk of Egyptian granite, adorned with hieroglyphics, forty-four feet high without the pedestal; originally found in the gardens of Sallust, and placed here in 1789, under the direction of Pope Pius VI. The Church itself, built by Charles VIII., King of France, is a fine structure, with two belfrys, and from its elevated situation forms a prominent object from almost every part of Rome. Within are many fine paintings, the most remarkable of which is "The Deposition from the Cross," by Daniel di Volterra,—a detached fresco, much admired, and now placed in the sacristy of the adjoining convent. On the terrace in front of this church and obelisk, which were very near our first lodgings, we often took our quiet evening walk, meditating on the great and eventful changes which the world has witnessed since these stupendous monuments of ancient skill and labour were first produced; but the feelings excited by the survey of them are so justly described by the agreeable writer last quoted, that I venture to adorn my pages by an additional

extract from her's, which are so much in accordance with my views and sentiments, rather than attempt the structure of a new sentence, which I am well assured I should not accomplish either half as well or half as much to my own satisfaction, and they may be considered as applicable in the main to every other Egyptian obelisk in Rome:—

"The obelisk," says she, "that crowns the lofty summit of the Pincian Hill, towers far above the domes, the towers, and palaces of the eternal city, and enjoys by far the most beautiful situation of all the obelisks in Rome. But no cold description can convey to those at a distance the feelings with which such monuments as these are viewed *here*. Their formation is lost in the earliness of time, and they may last till time be no more; till the earth and 'all that *it inherits*' have passed away. In them art seems for once to have vied in durability with the works of nature. Formed of the most imperishable materials they were fashioned by the beings of a day; but they have remained while countless generations have gone down to the dust. They have survived all that mankind deems most stable: laws, languages, institutions, nations, dynasties, governments, and even those falsely called gods. They are the work of a people now no more; the monuments of a religion passed away, and covered with the characters of a language that is forgotten. The unknown antiquity and mysterious obscurity that involve their *origin*; the long flight of ages past, which they have seemed destined to witness, open on our minds when we contemplate them, and make us sensible of our own littleness: make us remember that in the passing of a moment *we*, who now feel, think, admire, and meditate, shall be no more; while they will stand the wonder and admiration of the world."

Concluded this day by a visit to the Gallery of the Vatican: never tired with inspecting that noble collection of antiques, which for beauty, for rarity, and for extent, exceeds any museum, public or private, in Europe.

"There the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And softened into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes and gods and Roman consuls stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And Emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued."

Addison.

27th. A visit to that ingenious artist, our countryman, Charles Eastlake, and also to our late kind and worthy host at San Bastienello; after which we inspected the churches in the Piazza del Popolo, the principal of which, dedicated to Santa Maria, stands on the site of the sepulchral monument erected to the family of the Emperor Domitian. There are some fine paintings by C. Maratti, A. Caracci, and others; but its chief

object of interest lies in two much admired statues of the prophets Jonah and Elias, which decorate the Chigi Chapel, designed by the great Raphael himself, and executed under his immediate direction by Lorenzetto; besides which there are two others of Daniel and Habakkuk, from the chisel of Bernini. The two other churches of uniform architecture, which form the entrance of the grand perspective seen on passing the Porto del Populo, are dirty and dilapidated *within*. The centre of this noble place is occupied by an Egyptian obelisk of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, whose height is seventy-four feet, without its pedestal of twenty-five feet. It was originally erected by Rameses, in Heliopolis, and after the conquest of Egypt brought by Augustus to Rome, and placed, together with that now in front of the Lateran Church, on the spina of the Cercus Maximus: it was re-erected on this spot by Pope Sextus V.

We devoted two hours this day to the Museum of the Capitol, and afterwards drove through the Porta Pia, to the Columbarian of St. Agnes, which is in more perfect condition than any we have yet seen; the cinerary urns, filled with ashes and small pieces of bone, being still standing undisturbed in their niches. Concluded by a second visit to the Pons Nomentanus and the Mons Sacer, which though placed on the borders of the unwholesome and desolate Campagna, will have charms in the eyes of those who respect a noble independence of mind, and a generous love of liberty in the people.

28th A second visit to the Palace Doria, in the Corso; next to the Falconieri Palace containing the richest collection of paintings in Rome. It is however to be regretted that the painters of the Italian school in the exercise of this their sublime art have limited themselves so much to Scripture history, the lives of the saints, and the impure fables of the heathen mythology, and neglected "*celebrare domestica facta*," of which so many great and illustrious examples must ever, one would suppose, have been present to their imaginations. I am however far from joining issue with those who from tenderness of feeling, somewhat overstrained, never allow the talents of the painter or the sculptor to be brought into the service of religion, nor care to survey the works of a Raphael, a Domenichino, a Guido, or a Guercino, which bring home to my mind the sacred subjects detailed to us in Holy Writ, without a tribute of deep-felt admiration and praise; and I can scarcely forbear from opining that those who can behold with perfect indifference the scenic representations of

those impressive events, so feelingly pourtrayed by many of the great masters, would have viewed the events themselves without emotion, had they been living at the period of their transaction.

We next visited the grand fountain of the Acqua Paula, placed in a noble situation, and pouring out its streams, with unsparing profusion, into a very large basin. The waters which supply this fountain are brought thirty-five miles, by an ancient aqueduct erected by Trajan, and derive their present name from Pope Paul III., who repaired the original conduits, and built the present fountain with materials drawn from the Forum of Nerva. The view from its margin adds one more to the many delicious and interesting prospects obtained on this classic spot; indeed, the whole of the Mons Janiculus, on part of which it is situated, commands one of the finest views both of ancient and modern Rome.

"Beneath us, says an ingenious authoress, "are spread the massive ruins, overshadowed by the dark pine and cypress. Its deserted mounts, its fallen temples, its splendid basilicas, its gorgeous palaces, and its cloistered convents, even the proud dome of St. Peter's, is laid at our feet; while the eye wanders delighted to the far-famed Alban Mount, hung with ancient woods, and to the purple hues that paint the Sabine Hills, on whose sheltered sides repose the modern towns of Tivoli, Frascati, and Palestrina, as if inviting our approach."

Or as our poet Thomson well says, adopting the ancient names of those places, embraces

> The spacious neighbourhood of Rome,
> To Anios' roar, or Tyber's olive shade,
> Or where Preneste lifts his airy brow."

Concluded the excursions of this day by a drive round the walls, from the gate of San Pancrazio to that of Cavallegieri, and afterwards by St. Peter's and the Rissagrande, to the gardens of the Borghese Villa, from which, after enjoying a pleasant promenade, we returned to our lodgings on foot. Drank tea this evening with our friends the Rylands, an agreeable family from Birmingham, with whom we had formed acquaintance since our return from Naples; when they gave us an entertaining account of their having seen the Queen of Sardinia and the Duke and Duchess of Lucca with other personages of distinction, wash the feet of the male and female pilgrims in the Church of the Pelligrini, which they assured was done heartily and in good earnest; after which they were placed at a supper table, and served by the same illustrious personages,—an act which perhaps the Apostle would have termed one of "voluntary humility."

29th. Visited the atelier of Maximilian Laboureur, a celebrated Roman sculptor who has contributed to the decorations of many edifices in this city both public and private. We were not however so much pleased with the specimens we saw here, as with another we visited next, whose name I have omitted to record. We then repaired to the shop of Bartolemo Panletti, to inspect his much admired series of plaster casts, copied in miniature from the great objects of interest in the Vatican, the capitol, and other collections of antiquities; of which we purchased three complete sets. The pursuits of this day were also agreeably diversified by an acceptable morning visit from our excellent and venerable friend Father Scandellaria, and at our tea table we were favoured with the company of Signor Brunelli, late English vice-consul, who prolonged the evening with us in cheerful and interesting conversation till past eleven o'clock.

First-Day, 30th. Devoted this morning to rest, retirement, and religious reading. In the afternoon a short drive to the ruins of the Basilical Church of St. Paul, and home by the venerable walls of the Flavian Amphitheatre, formed the needful relaxation for the day.

31st. After a visit to Paulette and Fabri, we repaired to the Vatican, and devoted part of the morning to the Chambers of Tapestries, the "Camere" and "Loggie" of Raphael, and the superb but select Gallery of Paintings. After tea, Frederic and myself visited the antiquities by the light of the moon, now near its full: a memorable and very interesting opportunity. We sat awhile in silent contemplation, on some fragments within the ruined walls of the Coliseum; and as the bright beams of the silvery planet played through the time-worn arches of this giant fabric, and the stars shone out brightly above our heads, recalled to our recollection the countless generations of men who have passed away since its first erection by Vespasian and Titus. "We traversed the Via Sacra, amidst ruined temples and tottering arches,—we beheld before us the once proud Capitol,—we stood on the Roman forum: how well did this hour of stillness, when nature itself seemed hushed, accord with the scene of ancient glory! How softly the silver moonbeams fell on the Corinthian capitals and broken porticoes of temples whose very deities are forgotten, or on the dark decaying marble of those proud sculptures meant to immortalize heroes! I could almost have fancied I saw Time seated amongst the ruins he had made. We stood, nor could we remember it without emotion, on that venerable soil where Camillus and Scipio, where Brutus and Cicero had trod."

Often when beholding in the quiet neighbourhood of my own home the mild beams of this Queen of night, which, as Young well says, "Through many a distant age has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall on contemplation's eye her purging ray," shall I remember that—

"On such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's walls,
'Midst the chief relics of stupendous Rome.
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin: from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and,
More near, from out the Cæsar's palace, came
The owl's long cry; and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they *stood*
Within a bow-shot,—where the Cæsars *dwelt*,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night,—amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the *laurels'* place of growth,—
But the gladiators' bloody *circus* stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection;
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel in earth in indistinct decay."

2nd mo., 1*st*. Visited an atelier, where we saw the model of a fountain proposed to be erected in the Place del Popolo, to face one already placed there; consisting of a figure of Rome erect, and on each side of her a River God, pouring out waters from his copious urn. After looking into the opposite Church of St. Charles, where the Queen of Sardinia was attending the performance of mass, we proceeded to the Braschi Palace, erected by a duke of that name, and nephew of Pope Pius VI. Here we were shown a magnificent staircase, adorned with fine marbles, and supported by polished columns of red Oriental granite; also several fine statues, the most valuable of which is a colossal figure of Antinous, found at Palestrina,—sixteen feet high, of great beauty and very fine proportions, and bearing, as indisputably as any we have seen, the countenance of this *somewhat dubious* favourite of the classic Hadrian. Here are also two large basins of porphyry and two of cipoline marble, brought from the ruins of that Emperor's villa at Tivoli. Near this palace is an old

stump of a statue, on which the tailor Pasquin was accustomed to affix his *satiric verses;* and the custom being continued after his death, that species of composition was thence termed a "Pasquinade." This relic is now called Pasquin's statue, but is supposed to have once represented Menelaus sustaining the body of Patroclus.

In the Palace Costaquiti, situated in the Jews' quarter, and where this unhappy race are every night locked up, which we next visited, is found a small collection of paintings, of no great value; and some valuable frescoes on the ceilings, from the rival pencils of Albano, Domenichino, Guercino, and others; and on our return home inspected the Church of St. Carlo à Catinari, attached to the Convent of which our friend Father Scandellaria is president,—which is a noble edifice, adorned with one of the finest cupolas in Rome, and which has many fine paintings of the great masters; and afterwards the exterior of the Farnese Palace and the Cancellaria, both erected with materials taken from the ruins of the Flavian Amphitheatre at a period when that celebrated structure was considered merely a quarry from which stones and marbles might fairly be purloined by the nephews and cousins of tasteless Popes. Near these is a small church, whose altar-piece is a copy of Domenichino's "Jerome." In the evening, by direction of our friends the Rylands, we looked into the Church of Santa Martina, it being the festival day of this saint,—one of the very many dubious subjects that help to fill up the Romish calendar. A priest had been engaged all day in presenting to the numerous visitors a silver head, said to contain the actual relic, which was kissed by them all in succession, amounting to many hundreds and perhaps thousands. At first he held it out to us to kiss; but soon perceiving that we were heretics, and feeling that this act of superstitious veneration for a senseless bauble might raise a smile with us, as hastily drew it away, and we passed quietly on. *Once* this could not have been tolerated in Rome!

Candlemas-Day, 2nd. Went about nine o'clock in the morning to the Sistine Chapel, to see the ceremony of the Pope's blessing and distributing the candles; and being thus early we obtained a good front stand close to the cardinals, of whom there were twenty-two present; and amongst them were pointed out to us the diminutive Cardinal Doria, the venerable Cardinal Fetsh, uncle to Napoleon, and Odaschalchi, said to be the youngest member of the sacred college, and who was deputed to perform the service for the day, which indeed he did in a becoming and reverent manner. They were all clad in their state robes, with copes

and mantles of cloth of gold, wrought in very rich damask flowers, displaying those superb shirts of Mechlin lace, which are *said* to excite the envy as well as the admiration of our fair countrywomen.

On the Pope (Leo XII.) making his appearance, dressed in rich robes of white and silver, with a mitre on his head of the same, he was soon elevated to a throne, the covering of which, together with its canopy, was of white silk, worked with large flowers of silver. The ceremony of blessing the candles now commenced. They were handed to the Pope by two attendant cardinals: and having received his benediction were dispensed by his Holiness to such as were entitled to receive them, which they all did on the bended knee, kissing at the same time the candle, or rather wax taper. The cardinals, bishops, and prelates also kissed the Pope's hand, while those of inferior rank were only allowed to kiss his slipper; amongst the latter we observed several English officers connected with Catholic families, in full uniform. When this was gone through, the Pope was elevated on his chair of state, and being preceded by the two great fans of ostrich feathers and a canopy over his head, with the "fragrant censers tossed before him with graceful hand," was carried on mens' shoulders in grand procession through the Sala Regia to the Pauline Chapel,—the cardinals, bishops, and others following, each with his taper lighted. Amongst the bishops were pointed out to us some with rich tiaras of gold adorned with jewels, who we were informed were of the Greek Church. On their return, grand mass was performed by the Pope; previous to which a curious ceremony took place, from the Pope and cardinals changing their state robes for others of rich purple silk, which though performed by the attendant train-bearers, or as they are here called, "tail-twisters," with much dexterity, caused a whimsical and amusing bustle. *Mass*, whether performed in the Pope's chapel at Rome, in the midst of the most splendid paraphernalia, or in the humblest village church in any part of Catholic Europe, is the same tiresome and unmeaning ceremony, in which the people seem to take but little part, further than to hear prayers read in a language they do not understand, witness the endless genuflexions of their priests, snuff up the perfumes of frankincense or *sweet* herbs (as the case may be) that scent the air, or listen to the melodious voice of sacred song "borne through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of their splendid and magnificent edifices. Not very dissimilar, I judge, were the proceedings of their *Pagan predecessors*, who with the victims only entered into the sacred cella of the

Temple, while the people waited under the colonnades without to receive the hallucinations vouchsafed to the more favoured priesthood.

I trace, indeed, throughout the whole of the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church, so close an affinity to those of the heathen, as makes it impossible not to admit the conclusion that at the time of Constantine's embracing the new faith, when the purity of Christianity had already sensibly declined, a compromise very fatal to the interests of true religion was made in order to win over the *Pagan worshippers*, and which allowed them under another name to retain many of their gross and superstitious admixtures; and these, once admitted, have proved too powerful an engine in the hands of a selfish and designing priesthood to be readily relinquished for exercises more individual and more spiritual in their nature. Well may we say—

> "Thou *sacerdotal* gain, but *general* loss,
> Who from true worship's gold shall separate thy dross?"

"'Tis true," says Gilly, in his interesting narrative of a visit to the Vaudois, "that the grand spectacle of an illuminated cathedral, and the music of psalms tuned to the modulations of Greek choruses, may be more pleasing to the fancy than the dull services of a parish church in England, or a lowly temple at the foot of the Alps; but until the morals of the votaries who kneel before the burning cross of St. Peter's on the solemn vigil of the resurrection, are believed to be as pure as those of the peasantry of my own country, or of the Protestant inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont, I shall continue to feel persuaded that simplicity of worship is the best promoter of active and efficient religion."

But to return. There was one part of this act of worship, when the Pope was on his knees in silent supplication, and deep silence also reigned throughout the chapel, that struck me as solemn and reverential. When the whole was concluded, this "Father of the Catholic Church" was again mounted, and went in procession to the balcony in the grand façade of the Cathedral, where he bestowed a blessing on the people assembled in great numbers in the court below, who received it on their knees; and the effect of this, which we descended in time to witness, was also impressive, though I much doubt whether the religious light and knowledge, which in spite of all opposition have been gradually travelling onwards the last twenty-five years, have not made this and all the other ceremonies of the Popish Church appear less sacred and imposing in the eyes of all the vulgar, as well as the better informed, than they were used to do. And we were informed that this sentiment was strikingly exemplified in the very diminished number of pilgrims who attended the

opening of the present year of jubilee from the different Catholic countries, and also in the indifference with which it was contemplated by the inhabitants of Rome itself.

During this day we also visited the Arch of Gallienus, which is not properly triumphal, but the expression of private regard to him and his Empress, erected by M. Aurelius Victor. It is a plain Doric arch, and though in tolerable preservation, marks the decline of the arts in that reign. Its flattering inscription, the reverse of the real character of that Emperor, may be considered rather a satire than a panegyric upon him. Also the following Churches: viz., (1) Santa Maria della Victoria, which is very rich in Sicilian jasper, and has some statues and paintings of merit. (2) St. Bibiana, containing sundry ancient columns, some frescoes by Peter of Cortona, relative to the life of the patron saint and her family; and a statue of her by Bernini, esteemed a chef d'œvre of this artist, and "in which this beautiful martyr," says Forsyth, "appears to breathe chastely the celestial hope of death;" and a fine antique urn of Oriental alabaster, supposed to contain her actual remains. (3) A Church erected by Pius I., in honour of St. Prassida and St. Pudentiana, two sisters, on the site of the house occupied by their brother Novatus, who was also elder brother of the philosopher Seneca, and to whom he addressed his books, "De ira;" he was afterwards known by the name of Junius Gallio, having been adopted by a celebrated lawyer of that name, and was a senator and pro-consul of Achaia, probably the same alluded to in the Acts of the Apostles. This Church contains several curiosities. Its high altar has a baldachino, or canopy, supported by four columns of porphyry; and the tribune is adorned with ancient Mosaics, the ascent to which is by two massive and magnificent steps of red rosso-antico, the largest blocks of that ancient marble known to exist. There is also a piece of a column brought from Jerusalem, which they suppose to be the same to which our Saviour was bound at His flagellation; and in the sacristy, a picture by Julio Romano, representing the flagellation itself, and "St. John the Florentine." (4) St. Giovanni in Fiorentino, the work of James de la Porta, the grand façade of which is very magnificent and imposing; nor is the interior less conspicuous for its display of rich marbles, sculptures, and paintings: amongst others, a fine altar of African marble, with a crucifix, and two pictures by Lanfranco; a monument of one of the Corsini family, by Algardi; and a celebrated altar-piece by that great but irregular genius Salvator Rosa, representing Saints Cosimo

and Damiano, and supposed to be the only one he ever painted, of which he speaks with great interest and pleasure in his letters.

Concluded this day by a visit to our kind and courteous friend Father Scandellaria. Amongst other interesting conversation, the festival of St. Anthony of Padua being mentioned, when the horses of the nobility and gentry are all drawn up in front of the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, sprinkled with holy water thrown upon them by a large painter's brush, and blessed by the priest, one of us pleasantly inquired if the practice was kept up as heretofore, of blessing and sprinkling the asses and mules the following day; to which our friend made reply, evading the question, and wished us to consider this as rather connected with the days gone by than with the present; a feeling we found not confined to our amiable friend, when mummeries, equally at variance with common sense and sound Protestantism, were brought upon the carpet (Magna est Veritas, et prevalebit), though popes and conclaves, synods and bulls, may attempt to extinguish it.

3rd. A farewell visit to breakfast from the same worthy Father, from whom we parted with those feelings of respect and regret which courtesy and urbanity like his are so calculated to inspire; and we had reason to believe, though our views on many subjects were so widely different, that these feelings were reciprocal, as his kindness and openness towards us rather increased than diminished at each succeeding interview, and were in no degree chilled by the ease and simplicity of our carriage towards him. Never shall I forget, when after the usual inquiry of the porter, "Sta in casa il Padre," we tripped up the wide staircase, and along the open galleries of his ancient convent, hung with faded portraits of former priors and patrons, and always found in the quiet apartment of our venerable host condescending kindness, blended with improving or literary converse.

We then drove to the Quirinal, and took a final adieu of our excellent and philanthropic friend the Abbate Capucini, to whom we were also indebted for some pleasures while in Rome, and not less for the comfortable assurance that we had a friend at the Papal Court of sufficient influence to protect us if occasion required. We had paid him three visits during our abode here, and were always received with much respect and kindness; but as the Abbé spoke English very imperfectly, the necessity of carrying on our conversation in a foreign language, in which I am far from fluent, rather precluded that free current and that minuteness of detail into which it would have been satisfactory to have entered

with a mind at once so amiable and enlightened as that of our excellent secretary. We devoted the remainder of the morning to a concluding visit to the great Basilica of St. Peter's, and a final survey of the inexhaustible treasures of the Vatican, having previously done the same to those of the Capitol,—

> "Whose modern pile
> Perchance may now delight; while that revered
> In ancient days, the page alone declares,
> Or narrow coin, through dim cerulean rust,"—

and whose wonders of ancient art rank only inferior to those of the Vatican,—all of which, according to all human probability, our eyes will never again behold; but while memory remains, and sense and feeling retain their undisturbed empire over our minds, those splendid galleries, chambers, and corridors can never be obliterated from our recollection. Indeed by being used frequently in this way to peruse their likenesses, the countenances of many of the Roman Emperors and Empresses, consuls and heroes, poets and historians, became associated in our minds with those whom we had long personally known; and when introduced to them afresh in any new collection, we were ready to hail the well known forms of the excellent Titus, or the just Vespasian, the persecuting Marcus Aurelius, the classic Hadrian, the unsteady Lucius Verus, or the execrable Caracalla, with all the familiarity of old acquaintances. In the evening our interesting friend Signor Brunelli, whose acquaintance we regret having obtained too late, did us the favour to take his dinner and tea with us, and again prolonged his visit to a late hour in pleasing conversation, in which the principles, practices, and peculiarities of our friends bore a prominent part, and from the detail of which he appeared to derive much satisfaction.

4th. Accompanied by a gentleman who had volunteered his services the preceding day, at the Abbé Capucini's, to attend us on this occasion, we drove to the Albergo San Michele,—an interesting public institution, where seven hundred poor men, women, and children are entertained, clothed, and furnished with occupation. There are two hundred boys employed in various works, as hatters, weavers of coarse grey cloth used by the Roman military, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, etc.; and if any of them exhibit signs of genius and talent adapted to the respective arts, they are instructed in painting, drawing, sculpture, and weaving tapestry; and a gallery, suitably furnished with models, specimens,

and patterns, is allotted to their use, under the direction of a proper master. From the appropriation of so many of the articles made here to its *own use*, this institution actually costs the Government but little; while it furnishes employment to so many who would otherwise be consuming their time in idleness, and its too frequent concomitant vice and misery. It is however inferior to the noble institutions of the same character we saw at Florence, Naples, and Genoa.

It is nevertheless worthy of remark, and affords some ground of encouragement, that this institution, which appeared to us inferior to some, attracted, together with the prison connected with it, the warm approbation of the great philanthropist John Howard, when inspected by him in 1778, on occasion of one of those missions of mercy, in the course of which he visited this city,—

"Not," as Burke very truly as well as very elegantly says, "to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, to compare and collate the distresses of *all men* of all countries. A voyage indeed of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity!"

We did not visit the great Hospital of San Spirito, which is a noble edifice, and receives foundlings and sick persons of all descriptions, from an impression that it would not be safe to do so in consequence of the want of cleanliness that prevails in that extensive establishment. Very unlike Howard, it must be owned: but we had not the plea of the great philanthropist to bear us out. After a call upon our physician, Dr. Clarke, and our friends and bankers, Freeborn, Smith, and Co., we terminated our engagement in the city by inspecting the studio of Gibson, Wyatt, and Macdonald; the two former English artists in sculpture, and the latter a Scotsman in the same department: all apparently unassuming men, and artists of no inferior degree of excellence, especially the first, whose chisel was then occupied in producing a fine group of Mars and Venus for that munificent patron of the fine arts, the Duke of Devonshire, which one of our company has since seen at the superb residence of that nobleman at Chatsworth.

To-morrow we shall bid a final adieu to this great city, which, notwithstanding it is in the direction of return to the social hearths of our beloved

native isle, and to the converse of our endeared connections, we shall do with feelings of regret, in the remembrance of the many happy diversified and highly interesting hours we have spent within the enclosure of her venerable walls, where elegant taste, antiquarian research and classic recollections by turns occupy the mind of the curious and enlightened traveller: a city which, though described by the poet, the painter, and the historian, still exhibits to the eye and to the imagination new and exhaustless objects of interest.

It is impossible to be resident on a spot once so celebrated for the exercise of sovereign and unlimited power, the scene of so many extraordinary events recorded in the page of history, without catching a portion of that enthusiasm which the subject is perhaps too apt to inspire. Who can survey, or who can even remember that he has surveyed, the splendid triumphal arches, the stately spiral columns, the remains of imperial palaces, and the temples of those false deities whose fame is now deservedly forgotten,—who can ascend the once proud Capitol, traverse the Roman Forum strewed with the wrecks of its former grandeur, or muse amidst the awful and colossal ruins of the great amphitheatre through whose time-worn arches "the eyes of past ages seem looking upon us,"

> "While the garland forests, that its grey walls wear
> Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's brow,"

wave gently, but mournfully, on the evening breeze,—without recalling to his recollection "Roman glory, Roman honour and virtue, Roman genius, and Roman cruelty and folly,—forming altogether a spectacle that speaks to the heart, and even bids the eye obey its sad emotion"? (See Williams's "Tour in Italy and Greece.")

"Yet I readily admit," as says a writer in a celebrated modern review, "that an admiration of Rome, when examined by the test of sound Christian feeling, may be deemed one of the worst heresies we bring with us from school; and it cannot admit of a doubt that the elegance acquired from an early intercourse with ancient authors is dearly purchased by the perverted notions of glory and greatness so generally imbibed at the same time. A wise teacher of youth will always endeavour to counteract impressions favourable to the character of the Romans, by representing them in their true colours, as a selfish, perfidious, cruel, superstitious race of barbarians, endowed with the scanty and doubtful virtues of a savage life, but deformed by more than its ordinary excess; and whose original purity of manners and good faith amongst themselves did not endure a moment longer than it enabled them to subdue the rest of the world." (See "Edinburgh Review," no. 42, p. 396.)

But to return to Rome as she now is. From what opportunities we had of judging, though these were from the nature of our occupations limited, I should suppose its society, if properly selected, is excellent; and the circumstance that every man, whether native or foreigner, lives as he pleases without exciting wonder, contributes essentially to the general comfort. It was a saying of the learned and venerable Roger Ascham, tutor of Queen Elizabeth, "that though he was only nine days in Venice, he saw in that little time more liberty to sin than ever he heard tell of in the city of London in nine years;" and referring to Naples, he gives it as his opinion, to quote his own homely phraseology, "that for any yonge gentleman to go there, except under the kepe and garde of such a manne as both by wisdome can, and by authoritie dare, rule him, is marvellously dangerous:" and I think it possible that his remarks might have then applied with equal force to other capital cities both of France and Italy. Perhaps it may be owing partly to a more prevailing sense of decency than was current in those days, combined with a greater vigilance in the police, and partly to the better lighting of the streets of the different Continental cities where our lot was cast, not furnishing so convenient a cloak for deeds of darkness as heretofore,—but our observations of the *surface of society* by no means corresponded with those of our honest Ascham; and I had frequent occasion to observe, when traversing the streets of Venice, Florence, or Rome in the evening, that I saw less liberty to sin, and less of prominent and disgusting vice there, than I have painfully witnessed every evening my affairs have carried me abroad in those of the *provincial town* where I dwell when at home; yet I am prepared to believe that to those whose propensities *to evil* unhappily lead them to the confines of forbidden ground, the temptations to sin are probably greater than with us, more especially as we must in candour admit that the standard of morals with the female sex is much lower, and their sense of delicacy and decorum much weaker, than what is understood and practiced by the women of our favoured isle. It is also due to the inhabitants of this city, as well as the whole line of the Italian peninsula, to observe that instances of inebriety are very uncommon amongst them: indeed I can scarcely charge my memory with having seen *one native* in that disgraceful situation during the whole course of my journey; and as to that complaint of former travellers of the fatal effects resulting from the ungoverned passions and constitutional jealousy of the lower orders, I believe they have in a great measure vanished

with the use of the stiletto, which is an article of defence now entirely prohibited.

There is in the character of the Roman populace a gravity which, however destitute of that *vivacity* and "gaité de cœur" which distinguishes other Italians and even some of their own "contadini," corresponds well with our recollections of ancient Rome in the sterner days of the Republic; but if the likeness holds good in this respect it fails in most others, and we see in these degenerate Romans none of that heroism and prowess, and but little of that unyielding integrity that—

> "Made the proud Asian Monarch feel
> How weak his gold was against Europe's steel:
> Forced e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
> And even the long-contested world at Zama's fatal field."

The people with whom we conversed and were brought into connection treated us with uniform kindness and civility, and in the various purchases we made in Rome we found the tradesmen of *the first class*, generally obliging, without servility, and not disposed to impose on us as foreigners. The population of Rome consists of about one hundred and thirty thousand souls, of which about twelve thousand are ecclesiastics, priests, and *monks*, properly enough divided into "regular and *irregular;*" of the *latter* composing the various orders of Jesuits, Franciscans, Benedictins, Dominicans, Carthusians, and many others, in their respective costumes,—some bare-headed and some bare-footed, and bearing on their persons the different gradations of austerity,—we have been enabled to form some opinion. The *Jesuits* are a numerous body, and they appear to consist chiefly of young men, whose demeanour often struck us as being marked with an appearance of devotion and abstractedness from temporal things peculiar to themselves; but though there are doubtless some pious and virtuous minds to be found amongst them all, taking the members of this strange and unnatural system, whether monks or friars, black, white, brown, or gray, in the mass, I should be disposed, without incurring much hazard of a breach of charity, to include them in the "fruges consumera nati" of their native satirist, not unaptly rendered indeed by some well known lines of our poet Prior:—

> "They soundly sleep the night away;
> They just do nothing all the day;
> They eat and drink and sleep: what then?
> Why then—they eat and sleep again.

If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,—
The morning went, the evening came,
And found these *friars* still the same."

As may naturally be expected, there is much magnificence and display in the ceremonies of the Church in Rome; yet I scruple not to affirm that in disgusting mummeries and superstitions most revolting to common sense, she is far exceeded by many other parts of Catholic Europe. The practices of a Church so fallen from the purity of true worship must always give pain to the enlightened mind; but it is not here that this painful feeling will be most powerfully brought into exercise: and while we deplore the corruptions that have troubled "the living and life-giving stream" of Christianity in the ancient capital of the world, let us remember that however fallen her Church may be she was nevertheless "the parent of our religion," and in that sense the common mother of us all. And oh, with what tender compassion should our hearts be filled towards those, whether priest or people, whose *minds*, possibly through the prejudices of education, have never been effectually irradiated by the pure principles of the Gospel of truth, in the humbling recollection of Who it is that makes us to differ; and what have we that we have not received from the inexhaustible source of all *wisdom* and *knowledge*?

The very principle upon which a commixed ecclesiastical and *civil* Government is founded seems to expose it to abuses, and as may naturally be expected feebleness and vacillation accompany all its proceedings; yet arbitrary power appears to me not to assume a form so decidedly terrific here as even in some others of the unfortunate Italian States: and while Rome is only chastised with whips, Naples groaning under the influence of an imbecile Prince upheld in his authority by Austrian bayonets, unhappy Piedmont restored to bigotry and despotism, long-contested and ill-fated Lombardy, crest-fallen Genoa, and expiring Venice, are literally chastised with scorpions. But I must bid farewell, a final farewell, to this ancient mistress and metropolis of the world; to the awful ruins of her former greatness, to the proud monuments of her early years of glory, to the accumulated memorials of her long ages of vicissitudes, and to those noble works of art and genius,—the combined productions of so many centuries. Yet these wonders can never pass from my memory, and will often present themselves to my imagination, combined with the shades of her heroes, her philosophers, and her poets.

"What though the mouldering column fall
And strew the desert earth beneath,
Though ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine her fatal wreath;"

though even the last vestiges should disappear, the site of that vast theatre on which so many scenes of high importance, both Christian and Pagan, had been acted, could never surely be viewed without interest, either by the historian, the philosopher, or the moralist.

5*th.* Left Rome, and breakfasting at the lonely inn of Monte Rosi, where the undulating surface of the Campagna appeared unusually dreary and desolate, possibly in part from the sombre tinge of our own minds; and repassing the romantic village of Nessi, with the dark ridges of Mount Soracte on our right, arrived at Civita Castellano to lodge.

6*th.* Dined at La Vignia, a decent inn; and passing through Narni, and admiring once more the delicious scenery of Umbria, "whose green retreats" are alluded to in Addison's celebrated letter, arrived this evening at Terni, the ancient Interamna, where we slept.

7*th.* After a romantic ride over Monte Somma, and through much snow, a very unwelcome sight, arrived at Spoletto, where we occupied the same apartments as before. This town is dull, dirty, and ill built, but its ancient castle is of great antiquity, and is supposed to have been repaired by Narses; and after a fine journey through the Vale of Chiana, and by the Temple of Clitumnus, before described, came to Foligno, the ancient Fulgentium, to lodge; where we found our inn under repair, but which when completed promises to be very comfortable. It is situated at an important point, embracing not only the direct road to Florence, but also the two mountain passes by Fano and by Ancona, which unite here.

8*th.* Left Foligno, and at two miles distance commenced the ascent of the Apennines, by the pass of the Col-ferito, which was rendered singularly unpleasant by reason of the heavy fall of snow which had taken place the day before, and was still falling in those elevated regions. By the assistance of two oxen yoked to our carriage, we reached the lonely village of Casa Nova, where they informed us it was utterly impossible to proceed further without having a posse of men to precede us by cutting away the snow. Feeling reluctant to be detained in a spot so forlorn and unpromising as this village, and relying upon our faithful Henri, who sanctioned our going forward, we determined to affix four

oxen to our carriage, and push on to Serrivalle; which we accomplished with some difficulty, the snow driving in large flakes over the long level of the summit of the Col-ferito, and so hiding our track that we were in imminent danger of being overturned. The tedium of this journey may be conceived when I mention that these two stages, a distance of only sixteen Italian miles, took us eight hours to accomplish; and we found a large plum cake we had purchased in Rome, and a few drops of aqua vita, very serviceable, both in keeping out cold and staying the calls of hunger. Serrivalle, where we dined, is a village very romantically situated in the throat of the Apennines, the hills rising abruptly on both sides, and one of them crowned with the ruins of a Gothic fortress; and had the weather admitted, we should have taken pleasure in exploring its mountain recesses. Finding the snow still deep, and fearing that any additional fall would totally impede our progress, we affixed a pair of post horses to our own, and thus descended in style to Ponte le Trave; where we supped, and slept in large, cold, and desolate apartments, through which the wintry blasts found a passage, aggravating the dark and stormy appearance without. In no part of our journey did the miseries of travelling so forcibly address themselves to our feelings as at this lonely village. Overcome with cold and fatigue, we promenaded our spacious and dreary salon, looking back to our charming sejours at Rome and Naples, to the soft scenes we had enjoyed, to the friendships we had cultivated, and to the objects of taste and interest we had left behind, with feelings of tender regret; till "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," came kindly and availingly to our aid.

9th. A romantic ride, with the assistance of a pair of post horses, to Valcimara, and again to Tolestino, where the Apennines degenerate into green cultivated hills. We breakfasted at the latter place, and brewed ourselves some tea we had brought with us from Rome, in an old dirty coffee-pot furbished up by our hostess, who first brought us a small tureen for the purpose; and afterwards visited the Cathedral Church, dedicated to St. Nicholas de Tolentino, but containing nothing remarkable except the shrine of the patron saint, which is hung round with hundreds of votive offerings, an idea doubtless borrowed from their Pagan ancestors. "Your St. Nicholas is in great reputation here," said I to our young Cicerone, as we walked home to our inn. "Si, Signor, é molto stimato nel tutto il Mondo," was his artless reply. We thought, however, we knew a part of it where but little reverence was felt for our worthy saint,

possibly a good man in his day, and little suspecting he should ever be deemed an object of adoration. We came on in the afternoon with our own horses only to Macerata, an agreeable town, very delightfully situated on a commanding eminence, and surrounded with a rich and delicious country. The buildings are neat and regular, the churches respectable, and decorated with some good pictures. Besides the Duomo, or Cathedral, we visited those of St. Giovanni and St. Filippo; the latter having a pretty sacristy, lined with walnut tree, finely carved. We found good lodgings at "The Post," rendered doubly acceptable to us after our dreary quarters of the preceding evening, and our long and heavy drag through the snow. From this place we obtained a view of the Adriatic sea, to which we were now approaching.

10*th*. Descending the steep hill of Marcerata, about seven in the morning, we next proceeded to Reconati, also seated on a very considerable eminence, to which we were drawn by oxen. "Between these two places," as Eustace well says, "the road traverses a delicious plain, watered by the Potenza, adorned with all the beauty of cultivation and all the exuberance of fertility, producing corn and beans, clover and flax, vines and mulberries in profusion." We noticed in our progress some indistinct ruins, supposed to be those of an amphitheatre once belonging to the ancient Roman town of Recina, built by the Emperor Septimus Severus. Quitting Reconati, we soon ascended the hill on which Loretto stands, noticing midway a modern aqueduct formed to convey water from the former to the latter place. The country through which we passed was hilly, and every hill crowned with a town, village, or monastic institution. We breakfasted at Loretto, a small inanimate town, having no trade except in the sale of rosaries, beads and crucifixes, and other baubles connected with the Holy House of the Virgin, of which, like other travellers, we purchased a few, whose chief value consisted in their having been blest in the porringer used by the Virgin herself. After breakfast we went to see the Cathedral, said to be planned by Michael Angelo, which has once been fine but has now a decayed air, and looks neglected, especially within. Several Mosaics copied from great masters yet remain, but are mostly damaged, and the pictures and frescoes are faded and injured by damp. The Holy House, or residence of the Virgin, said to have been brought by Angels from Palestine, and composed of large masses of stone, evidently of great antiquity, stands under the cupola. It is encrusted with a magnificent case of Carrara marble,

richly carved in basso-relievos and statues of prophets and sibyls, the rival works of Bramante, Sansovino, Sangallo, and Bandinelli. The Virgin, like her sister of Eeinsedeln in Switzerland, is black, and stands on an elevated shrine lighted by massive silver lamps, her robes richly studded with jewels and gold, and on her head a crown of pure gold also adorned with jewels, the gift of the late Pope Pius VII., with other costly decorations, having a very glittering effect. The treasury of the Virgin however underwent a cruel spoliation during the invasion of the French into Italy, and is but a shadow of what it once was. This was a recent event when it was visited by Eustace, on which occasion the archpriest pronounced that memorable tirade against the invaders which seems to have distilled like honey into the ears of our classical tourist: "Galli semper rapaces crudeles barbarorum omnium Italis infestissimi." But mark the contrast: "Angli, justi, moderati continentis." Strange to tell, in the midst of all this parade of superstition I thought of the humorous Pindar and his story of "the Pilgrims and the Peas." In the centre of the great court which surrounds the church, and is still fine, is a statue in bronze of Sextus V.; and in the apothecaries' dispensary we were shown three hundred gally-pots of different sizes, painted from designs of Raphael and Julio Romano. Thus all the great artists of their day seem to have contributed to the decorations of the Santissima Casa. But its day is now gone by, and but little reverence is paid to the person, and small are the offerings now laid upon the shrine of our Lady of Loretto. Loretto is about three miles from the Adriatic sea, of which it commands a fine view. A rapid descent from this town brought us into the plain, which we quitted again to ascend the long and sharp hill on which stands the little town of Osimo; soon after leaving which we lost all traces of the snows of the Apennines, and passing a vale watered by the small rivers Musone and Rapido, entered the town of Ancona, finely situated along the margin of the sea; where we once more partook of the warm suns and genial breezes of an Italian climate, and were pleasantly and comfortably lodged at the Albergo Della Pace, near the Dogana.

11th. Ancona, supposed to have been built by a band of Syracusan patriots who abandoned their country to avoid the tyranny of Dionysius, and settled on this coast,—is a commercial town, having more the air of business than any other we visited in the Papal States.

"In reality," says Eustace, "it would be difficult to find a situation more conformable to the temper of the Queen of smiles and sports, or better adapted to health and

enjoyment than Ancona. Seated on the side of a hill forming a semicircular bay, sheltered by its summit from the exhalations of the south, covered by a bold promontory from the blasts of the north, and open only to the breezes of the west, and the gales that wanton on the unruffled bosom of the waters which bathe its feet, surrounded by fields of inexhaustible fertility, Ancona seems formed for the abode of mirth and luxury."

We devoted this day to the inspection of the antiquities and other curiosities of this ancient town, which is a porto franco, or free port, with peculiar privileges, and has a safe and commodious road for vessels.

At the end of the mole we were shown the Triumphal Arch erected by the Roman Senate to the Emperor Trajan, who had improved the harbour of Ancona at his own expense; which is a structure of fine proportions and in good preservation, though stripped of the bronze ornaments that formerly added to its beauty: the order is Corinthian, and the materials Parian marble. A little further on is a modern one, erected by Vanvitelle to Benedict XIV. We then ascended to the tower of the Lanthorn, placed at the extremity of the mole, which has a fine view of the town and the beautiful indentations of the shore; after which, taking a boat across the harbour to visit the Lazaretto, which is a building of a pentagonal form with two handsome portals, and very convenient in its arrangements, we had like to have been run down by a small fishing smack, which bore twice upon us, and was near upsetting our small boat; of which, as evidently the result of design, we deemed it right to turn back and apprize the port captain, and also our Vice-Consul Canning; by both of whom our complaint was courteously received, and the punishment justly due to the delinquents promised. The Cathedral, to which we next ascended, is a low, dark Lombard structure; its situation however compensating its architectural defects. Placed near the point of a promontory, and elevated far above the town and harbour, it commands a magnificent view of the sea coast, with the broad expanse of the Adriatic. It is built on the site of the ancient Temple of Venus: "Ante domum Veneris quam Dorica sustinet Ancon," and sundry columns, probably taken from the original structure, support the present roof. There are some pictures, particularly one of "St. Palatia," attributed to Guercino, besides other antiquities, and in a subterraneous chapel we saw the tomb of the Patron Saint, Ciriacus and others. On our return through the town we visited the churches of the Augustines and the Dominicans, both of which have Gothic or Lombard façades, and the former a fine altar-piece said to be by Titian. The Bourse, or Exchange, has also a Gothic front, and a gallery at the oppo-

site end, pleasantly overlooking the bay. In the interior is a bust of Pius VII., by Canova, and sundry frescoes adorn the roof, the work of Pellegrini Tibaldi. The women of Ancona are said to be very handsome, and we saw some prepossessing countenances. After our comfortable meal this evening, we were regaled with a bottle of sweet white wine, brought from the Greek island of Cephalonia.

12th. We experienced a vexatious delay on quitting Ancona this morning, in consequence of the strict search to which our luggage was exposed at the barrier of this free port, out of which it is not allowed to carry any foreign commodities; and our faithful Henri was subjected to the mortification of losing four shirts and some handkerchiefs, which he had innocently purchased for his own wear. A fine drive along the sea-shore, brought us at length to Sinigaglia, the ancient Galli Semones, celebrated for its great fair, held annually in the seventh month, at which great quantities of raw silk are produced for sale, but containing no object of importance to detain the traveller. In the evening reached Fano, the Famum Fortunæ of the Romans, so called from a temple erected there in honour of that supposed deity Fortune; and where we saw a triumphal arch, originally dedicated to Augustus, but having also a complimentary inscription to Constantine, who appears to have surmounted it with a portico, or gallery of five arcades. In the Cathedral of St. Patermia, we were shown a picture of the marriage of the Virgin with Joseph, by Guercino, which is much esteemed. We found comfortable lodgings here at "The Post."

13th. On quitting Fano this morning, which being first-day we delayed as late as we safely could, our faithful Henri was in danger of having his horses and carriage detained, by accidently throwing down a poor woman in the street, who did not hear the warning he gave to get out of the way. He managed however adroitly to appease and pacify her by a seasonable donation, and so got liberated; but he was so alarmed at the occurrence, that he did not recover his composure till we were quite clear of the town. Rolling over the ancient Via Emilæ, we passed through Piasaro (Peraurus), an old town in the Duchy of Urbino, and came on to dinner at Cattolica, so called from having given asylum to the orthodox Bishops who separated themselves from the Arians during the famous Council of Rimini. We arrived at the latter place, the ancient Ariminium, in good time in the evening to see the antiquities, which consist of a triumphal arch, erected in honour of Augustus, of

large dimensions, but not particularly beautiful, and which forms the entrance to the town on the Roman side; and at the opposite end of it a noble bridge of five arches, over the river Marecchia, formerly the Arminum, having inscriptions to Augustus and Tiberius, and supposed to have been either built or repaired by those distinguished Emperors. It is situated at the junction of the Emilian with the Flaminian Way, and being in fine preservation merits the attention of the passing traveller. As we descended to the margin of the river, and contemplated the large blocks of white marble of which its arches are composed, and through which this ancient stream still weaves its mazy way, one could scarcely forbear reflecting how many centuries have rolled away since the hands that erected this durable and useful structure have mouldered in the silent grave,—how many generations of men have waxed and waned,—how many suns have risen and set,—what vast vicissitudes and changes the world has witnessed,—what treasons, stratagems, and deaths have been effected,—what moral, political, and intellectual night has by degrees overspread this lovely and interesting part of the heritage. This work was commenced during the long reign of Pagan darkness and superstition, though even then the blessed light of Christianity was about to dawn upon the earth. It came and brought life and immortality to light, which nevertheless, obscured by the inventions man has thrown around it, burns at this moment so dimly that the poor traveller towards that city that has foundations, sees "shadows, clouds, and darkness" resting upon his dubious path. But I must not pursue a subject on which meditation might think down hours to moments. We also visited the Church of the Franciscans, and the Cathedral, which latter contains the tomb of Admiral Malatesta, to whose illustrious family this town appears to have been indebted for many of its best structures. We found decent quarters at "The Post," where we supped this evening, as well as the preceding, with two English naval marine captains, Herbert and Cotton, who were very sociable with us; and the latter being nephew to Sir William Rowley, one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Suffolk, the meeting was interesting to me.

14th. Between Rimini and Cesena, a respectable town where we breakfasted, we passed the Pisatello, supposed to be the ancient Rubicon so celebrated in the Roman annals; but its identity is a point not quite settled to the satisfaction of the antiquaries, and perhaps must ever remain doubtful: and passing through Forlum Populi and Forli, the former the

ancient Forum Papolii, and the latter the Forum Livii, and still a respectable town, with a fine public square, arrived at Faenza (Faventia) to lodge,—a town formerly famous for its potteries, to which it gave the name of Faience. We travelled this day and the following much in view of the town and rock of San Marino, a territory distinct from that of the Pope, and which has retained its independence and its republican form of government, with but little interruption, during fourteen centuries. The town is seated on an abrupt rock, and contains five thousand inhabitants, two castles, and five churches; its circumference of territory is about seventeen miles, the greater part of which is of a sterile character, and now appeared covered with snow. I have since regretted that yielding to imaginary difficulties, we did not visit the abode of these hardy mountaineers, who doubtless owe their long term of freedom and tranquility to the circumstance of their poverty presenting no object to tempt the rapacity and cupidity of the surrounding Governments.

15*th*. Passing Mola, the Forum Cornelii of the Romans, we came to San Nicolo to breakfast, and arrived at about four o'clock at Bologna; at which city we had spent two happy evenings on our way down some months before, and whose tall towers and domes, long lines of arcades, and comfortable inn of "San Marco" were not less welcome to our eyes than when then seen for the first time. Before dinner we went out to see the amusements of the carnival, which were in operation here as well as at Fano Rimini and Forli. They consisted in driving up and down the Corso, or principal street, in masques and fancy characters, some of them tolerably well supported; but in my view too senseless a foolery for rational people to be entertained with: all which precedes the celebrated annual fast of Lent, which at its termination ushers in the Holy Week. We dined this and the two following days with our friendly fellow travellers, Captains Herbert and Cotton.

16*th*. Visited the Bologna Gallery of Paintings, which after all we had seen still appeared a most precious and splendid collection: indeed when we recollect that many of the best pieces of Guido, Domenichino, Albano, and the three Caraccis (all natives of this town), are preserved here, it need not excite our wonder that it is so. Without any pretensions to science or virtu it is impossible to survey the productions of these great and justly celebrated masters of the Bologna school without very sensible emotions of pleasure. We also re-visited all the various collections at the studio and the atelier of Rosaspini, a celebrated artist, whose en-

gravings of the works preserved here however disappointed us. On our return we ascended the tower of Asinelli, three hundred and twenty feet in height; from the top of which a charming panoramic view is obtained of the city and its environs. Near it is that of Garisenda, celebrated by Dante,—one hundred and sixty feet in height, and between eight and nine feet out of the perpendicular, but which viewed from its neighbouring eminence only appears a short and *misshapen lump of brick.*

17th. Purchased for three scudi a set of engravings of the chief objects of interest in Bologna; after which we went to the public Library, where we paid a pleasant visit to the learned librarian, the Abbate Mezzofante, by whom we were very courteously received, and in whose interesting society we passed an hour in agreeable conversation; in the course of which he informed us that he possessed a complete and grammatical knowledge of thirty-five different languages, besides a few others less perfectly. He speaks English of course well, which greatly facilitated the freedom of our conversation; during which I took the liberty to remind him of the duty they were under to educate the youth of the lower classes among them, whose animated countenances gave indication that their minds would well repay the culture bestowed, and who would then be able to avail themselves of the immense mass of literary treasure by which we were surrounded, now necessarily confined to a favoured few. He sighed; but could only reply that unhappily the Government would not approve of such a measure. Thus in the *article of mind* is verified throughout this charming country that admired passage of our poet—

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush *unseen*,
> And waste its sweetness in the *desert air*."

We concluded our visit to Bologna by a walk to the elevated Church of Santa Maria di Luca, or the Madonna della Guardia; the approach to which is by a portico consisting of six hundred and forty arches, built at the expense of various individuals, corporations, and ecclesiastical establishments; being three miles in length, and extending from the city to the church, which is magnificently placed, and somewhat resembles the Superga at Turin, to which it is however very inferior in altitude. Within we were shown by an attendant priest the miraculous image of "The Virgin," said to have been painted by St. Luke; but probably by

some dauber of the middle ages bearing the same name: very splendidly decorated with gold, jewels, and votive offerings,—a sort of religious ceremony accompanying the display.

On our return to our hotel we were treated amongst other dainties with a dish of frogs, fried in oil, which are an article sold regularly in the markets; and however some may be disposed to doubt it, we found a very excellent dish, their limbs much resembling those of a delicate spring chicken.

18*th* Quitting Bologna, we continued our journey on the Via Emilia, constructed by Marcus Emilius Lepidus one hundred and eighty-seven years before the Christian era; but which, having been kept in good repair, is still excellent. Indeed we remarked generally that we found no better roads than those which were laid upon the old Roman substructions. At Castle Franco we bade adieu to the territories of the Pope and his Cardinals, of whose treatment of us while resident among them, notwithstanding the assertions of former travellers, we have had no reason to complain.

After feeing the Modenesa Dogana with a trifling gratuity, and crossing the river Panora by a fine bridge recently constructed, we entered Modena, the ancient Mutina: a small but handsome city, capital of the duchy of that name, and situated amongst luxuriant pasturages. While the horses rested, we took a walk round the town and saw the Ducal Palace, which is rather a fine edifice; having a centre ornamented with four different orders. It contains a small but choice collection of pictures, which for want of better information we did not visit, and from pure ignorance neglected to inquire for the famous bucket of Tassoni preserved here; though as a modern poet has assured us, "*'tis not the true one*," we may the less regret it. The Cathedral is a singular old Lombard structure, built of marble, with a campanile, or belfry, reckoned the highest in Italy. It contains however nothing remarkable (the pictures being removed to the gallery), except a tomb erected to the memory of the late Duke, and a curious old bas-relief, representing in rude sculpture some circumstances in the history of our Saviour's life. We were however much amused with the singular conduct of a superannuated old verger, who conducted us about, and was very solicitous not to lose the anticipated "douceur," and a priest who seemed by his manner and muttering to think us heretical intruders amongst their holy things.

On leaving Modena we passed a column built in honour of Napoleon,

and passing the Secchia by a fine bridge, came on in the evening to Reggio, the Roman "Regium Lepidi:" a town of respectable appearance and character, situated upon the Cristolo, and containing about sixteen thousand inhabitants; where we found quarters at the Monton, inferior however to what we saw at "The Albergo Reale" at Modena, which is esteemed a very excellent inn.

19*th*. We saw but little of Reggio, but that little gave us a favourable impression, leaving it early this morning. Near our lodgings, in the Grand Place, is a statue of Hercules placed on a pedestal, and not far from it the Cathedral, into which my companions strolled while the horses were putting to; but the most interesting circumstance connected with this place is that it gave birth to that greatest of Italian poets, Ariosto. Indeed the soil seems to have been prolific of genius, as Antonio Allegri, commonly called Corregio, and an exquisite painter, was born at no great distance from this spot. At St. Hilario, about a post from Reggio, we quitted the Modenese, where a slight gratuity cleared the Parmese dogana, which appeared to be under the direction of a female, and well managed; and crossing the Lenzaliz, a fine bridge, traversed a rich and beautiful country to Parma. This city,—now the residence of the ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, which, with the States of Parma, Placentia, and Gaustalla, she governs under the title of Duchess,—is a cheerful and thriving town of about thirty thousand inhabitants; and possessing, I judge, many charms for the man of taste, literature, and science, as well as the lovers of the fine arts: the Government of which, from all we could learn, was conducted by a broader and more liberal policy, and with less of jealous surveillance than most others of the small Italian territories. After breakfast we repaired to the Ducal Palace: a dull, inelegant, and unfinished building, that must often remind its mistress of the lost glories of the Tuilleries and the Louvre, of the magnificence of Versailles and the Trianons, and of the gardens, the fountains, and the exquisite decorations of the Palace of St. Cloud. Sufficient however remains for happiness, if there is but a cheerful acquiescence with her lot; and perhaps after all a greater portion of it may be found here than when towering with her ambitious partner to the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur, or trampling in their mighty march upon "thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers." We were shown here a magnificent toilet, presented to her by the good city of Paris on her marriage with Napoleon Bonaparte; consisting of a superb table, with a rich glass, a massy arm-chair, two

upright stands, each furnished with ewer and basin, a large and lofty upright dressing glass in frame, and a cradle covered with a lace quilt worked with golden bees,—all of *solid silver gilt*, beautifully carved and decorated with lapis-lazuli and mother of pearl. This noble gift, than which we have seen nothing more rich or splendid, cost near three millions of francs, or about £120,000 sterling. "Vanity of vanities," we may well say with the royal preacher.

We then proceeded to the chambers of the Royal Academy, where we saw a chaste and valuable collection of paintings, chiefly from the school of Parma, which is seen to the *best advantage here*. *Four* by Corregio are in that master's sweetest and most attractive style; they represent "The Martyrdom of two Saints," "The Repose in Egypt," "The Descent from the Cross," and the fourth, a fresco, has the Saviour, the Madonna, and St. Jerome, and is very highly esteemed. A "Holy Family," by Parmigiano; an "Ascension," by Raphael; and others by Caracci, Procaccini, and Schidone,—all deserving the attention of amateurs. This precious collection will soon be arranged in a gallery worthy of it, as we were shown a new and elegant suite of apartments judiciously lighted, nearly completed, to which it was intended soon to translate them. Connected with it is the Library, also worthy of note, and containing about eighty thousand volumes, excellently arranged, and in the finest order and preservation; the ceilings decorated in fresco by Corregio and Ludovico Caracci. Near it is the great Theatre built by Vignola, of wood,—the most spacious, and in point of architecture deemed the most perfect edifice of its kind in Italy. This fine specimen, erected upon the ancient models, is now upwards of two hundred years old; and so out of repair, having been long disused, that a few years more may reduce it to ruins,—a result as it respects this and many others not much to be regretted. In consequence of the recent death of the custode we were not able to visit the chambers in which are deposited the antiquities drawn from the ancient Roman city of Velleia, distant from hence about thirteen leagues, which was overwhelmed by the sudden fall of a neighbouring mountain, as is supposed about the fourth century, and excavated first in 1760,—a work still continued by Maria Louisa, in which she feels great interest: a few statues, fragments, and inscriptions taken from this spot were however shown us in a contiguous antechamber.

The Cathedral is a spacious Gothic structure, and like all the other public edifices here built of brick; but within has some rich altars, and

some fine paintings and frescoes. The cupola, painted by Corregio, is cruelly injured by damp and time; but over the organ are the families of Corregio and Parmigiano, painted by themselves, and tolerably preserved. There is also a monument to the memory of Petrarch, with whom every capital city seems to consider it an honour to have been in any way connected. From the roof we obtained a charming panoramic view of the city and its environs.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, built with majestic simplicity, also attracted our attention; and with the stoccata, designed by Bramante, contains many fine paintings and faded frescoes from the above mentioned masters of the Parmese School, and other curious antiquities. In the cupola of the former, in particular, there is an admirable fresco by Corregio, representing "Christ amongst His Apostles in Heaven;" "the figures of which," says an ingenious author, "are remarkable for grandeur of design, breadth, and simple colouring." Lastly, in a chamber of the religious of the Convent of St. Paul, we were shown a fresco ceiling, by the last named artist, esteemed the most beautiful work of its kind he ever executed: the subject seems to be "Diana Triumphant," attended by genii or children, and being in better preservation seems to give one some idea of the powers of this celebrated painter. However, after all I have seen, however pleasing the effect of frescoes may be, I am inclined to wage war with them on account of their perishable nature; and as they cannot generally be removed from the walls to which they are affixed, they have not only to contend with the silent and gradual inroads of time, but are exposed to innumerable casualties, from which it is impossible to defend them, and which do not attend painting on canvas. Had Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Da Vinci always painted after the latter mode, which it seems they affected to despise, in how different a state would their sublime productions have descended to us to what we now witness in their faded and ruined frescoes!

We found here good accommodations at "The Paon," where, after a fatiguing day, we were glad to rest and enjoy the luxury of a comfortable repast; which however refined and exalted spirits may make light of it, is no undesirable termination to a day wherein the eye is almost tired with seeing and the ear with hearing.

20th. About five miles from Parma we passed the Taro,—a dangerous torrent after heavy rains, but exhibiting to us little more than a vast bed of stones and sand,—by a magnificent bridge of twenty noble arches, and

in length about six hundred and seventy paces, or one thousand seven hundred feet: commenced by Napoleon, and recently finished by Maria Louisa, till when it was crossed by a pont volant; and near it stands Castel Guelpho, celebrated for having given its name to the Guelphs,—a powerful faction, whose strife with the Ghibelines cost Italy so much blood during the middle ages. At St. Donino we noticed a large Convent, converted by Napoleon into an hospital and poor house. At Firenzuola, a small bourg, where we breakfasted, we found comfortable and decent accommodations; after leaving which a journey of twelve miles enabled us to reach Placentia (or as it is here called, Piacenza) by about four o'clock. This fine and cheerful town, containing about thirty thousand inhabitants, and situated in a rich plain watered by the Po, is celebrated for its antiquity; of which however no monuments remain, and it is now built entirely of brick.

We visited here the Cathedral, an old Lombard structure, and curious both within and without, and were shown on the sides of the high altar two fine paintings by Landi, a modern artist of deserved celebrity, representing those two popular but imaginary fabulous subjects of "The Assumption," and "The Burial of the Virgin;" in the body of the Church, a small picture by Sacchi, and some copies from Corregio. The frescoes over and behind the great altar are from Francheschem, Guercino, Pivaccini, and others; and being in better preservation than such works generally are, deserve particular attention. In the Church of St. John Giovanni, we saw also two large and splendid pictures from the rival pencils of Camuccini and Landi, both excellent: that of the former, "The Presentation of the Infant Saviour in the Temple;" and that of the latter, "The Bearing the Cross to the Crucifixion." The grouping of both is fine, and the colouring soft and mellow. And at the Church of St. Agostino, the façade of which, by Bagarotte, is of fine proportions, we were shown a picture of "The Last Supper," by a Flemish artist, whose name I have forgotten. The great square, which is spacious, and inclosed on one side by the town hall, constructed of brick by Vignola, and having the Saxon arches of its windows very curiously wrought, contains the equestrian statues of Alessandro and Ranuccio Farnese, mounted on fine pedestals, the work of Francesco Mola. They are of brass, and are much admired for their spirited attitude, and for the elegance of their draperies. After a pleasant promenade in the environs, we returned to our comfortable inn of "The Croix Blanc."

21st. Left Piacenza at six o'clock, and at about a mile from the town crossed the Po by a pont volant; the river at this place exhibiting only a low, marshy, and willowy shore, anything but interesting, while the trees, far from "weeping amber," as the poet fancifully expresses it, were literally dripping with the effects of the damp and unwholesome fog by which they were surrounded. Here we quitted the Duchy of Parma, and on our landing encountered a troublesome Austrian custom house, where they insisted upon dismounting our luggage; but on opening the trunks, were satisfied with a slight investigation. A fine ride through a rich but level country, brought us to Lodi, a town seated near the Adda, of about twelve thousand inhabitants, where we breakfasted at "The Soleil." This district is, as Gray humourously expresses it, "the happy country where huge cheeses grow." In fact, the little province of which Lodi is the capital, usually gives food to thirty thousand cows; and its cheese, improperly called Parmesan, is, as we proved it, all through Italy, most excellent. This town is also rendered famous by the circumstance that at the bridge of Lodi Napoleon gained one of his memorable victories over the Austrians. The ride from this place to Milan traverses a luxuriant pasturage, abounding with rice fields and every other kind of grain, vineyards, and streamlets for the purpose of irrigation, and exhibiting scarcely a patch of fallow ground. This last is a thing however rarely seen in Italy, where the husbandman no sooner reaps one crop than another succeeds, to the number of four or five in a twelvemonth. The road is however generally flat, and bordered with towns and villages. We reached the city in good time, and entering it at the Porta Romana, were soon set down at the Croce di Malta, where we engaged the same suite of chambers we had so pleasantly occupied five months before. The table d' hote we found was now held at "The Gran Bretagna," whither our landlord was about to remove the whole of his establishment.

22nd. After breakfast called at Vallardi's, and purchased select views of Milan, Genoa, and Turin, and afterwards visited the College of the Brera, now the gymnasium, or palace of arts and sciences; where we saw again the public library, large and well arranged, and the noble school of paintings: "that subject with which," as one well observes, "the true traveller never tires." Guido's two Apostles, "Peter and Paul," in his latest and highest style of finish, is an admirable picture, as are many of the Venetian, Florentine, and Bologna schools, preserved here. Of the former, "The Supper of our Saviour at the House of Simon," and "The

Marriage of Cana in Galilee," both by Paul Veronese, par excellence. This collection is dispersed over a grand suite of apartments, and amongst other treasures has some frescoes by Luini, and paintings by other artistes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that are very curious.

We next ascended to the top of the magnificent Duomo, by a staircase of four hundred and sixty-eight steps, where we enjoyed once more the sublime panoramic view over the city and the Milanese; and without making this ascent to the roof, it is impossible to form a just idea of the exterior decorations of this immense and venerable marble pile, for here alone the fretwork, carving, and sculpture, can be viewed to advantage. A fine view is also obtained from it of the stupendous range of snowy Alps. On our return, we inspected the Church of St. Fideli, and then repaired to our hotel to dinner, where we found a gentleman we had left there when we were at Milan, besides a few other interesting persons.

23rd. After breakfast, walked to the Church of St. Alessandro, a building of considerable merit as it respects architecture. Its interior is decorated with frescoes, and the high altar is particularly rich in *pietra dura*, such as agates, chalcedony, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, and jaspers of different colours. And thence to that of Santa Maria in Celso, built in a very florid and ornamental style, but very rich in the interior in precious stones, and having some good pictures; and afterwards to St. Lorenzo, situated behind the ancient range of columns supposed to have belonged to the baths of Maximian, which has nothing remarkable except its singular octagonal shape. In the afternoon, purchased of Artaria, No. 1,110, Contrada Santa Margarita, the first number of a new work on the Churches of Europe, being illustrative of the Basilica Vaticana in Rome. Afterwards took a turn in the Duoma, and revisited the Ambrosian Library and Gallery; and in the latter, "The Crucifixion," by Guido Reni, still pleased me much.

24th. Bade a final farewell to the pleasant and interesting city of Milan, and taking the road to Turin, quitted the Austrian barrier at the canal called the "Naviglio Grande," which we afterwards crossed, and also the river Ticino, by a bridge of boats, but over which they are constructing a noble and substantial one of stone; and about the distance of eighteen miles encountered the Sardonian "dogana" of Bufalora, where they insisted upon a very vigorous search of our baggage, and the principal "douanier" behaved with great rudeness, opening and disarranging our trunks and bags in a very uncourteous manner: not content

with which they insisted on detaining our copies of Matthews' "Diary of an Invalid," Forsyth's "Italy," and Milton's "Paradise Lost," and a tin case containing views of Bologna, the work on St. Peter's, and sundry other drawings; promising however to forward them after us to Turin, where they engaged for their return to us, if on an inspection by the public censor they appeared not to be works prohibited by the King of Sardinia, and to this decision we were compelled reluctantly, and not without much murmuring and expostulation, to submit. After this very vexatious detention we proceeded in *high dudgeon* to Novara, an episcopal city of great antiquity, to dine; but where we found nothing worthy of note, except the Cathedral, which is however a plain edifice within. Between this place and Vercelli, where we lodged, the country is flat and marshy, and rice is the only grain cultivated in the neighbourhood. Vercelli, situated at the conflux of the Cerva and Sesia, is a considerable town; we visited the Church of St. Andrew, an ancient edifice of red brick and stone, of curious form, and also the Cathedral, which has been refronted with a modern portico; but neither containing any object of interest to the traveller.

25th. On our route this morning to Chivasso, a small village where we breakfasted, we passed, at Cigliano, the river Dora, by a newly constructed bridge, and reached Turin by about six in the evening. Some snow fell during the early part of the day; but in the afternoon the weather improving, we obtained, as we approached the capital of Piedmont, delightful views of the fine hills which surround it, the white summits of the distant Alps, and the beautiful plain in which the city is built, watered by several rivers which descend from them; the elevated Church of the Superga forming a very prominent object in the landscape for several miles. But on entering Turin we were obliged to submit to another search. The other inns being pre-occupied, we repaired to the "Buona Fama," where we were moderately lodged; it being apparently only a voituriers' and waggoners' inn.

26th. We lost nearly the whole of this day traversing the city from the police to the dogana, in the hope of recovering our property, so unjustly taken from us at the barrier of Bufalora; and though supported in our claim by a kind friend, Signor Nasi (to whom we were specially introduced), we could not succeed in obtaining its liberation without submitting to a detention here of an additional day. And though we had eventually no reason to regret the delay, yet this tells nothing in

favour of a Government which can thus load with vexatious impediments the progress of travellers, visiting either for purposes of business or pleasure the territories of the Sardinian Monarch, certainly one of the greatest "imbeciles" now filling any of the restored thrones of Europe. This day two unhappy wretches suffered death on the wheel for the premeditated and deliberate murder of an unfortunate banker of the city, which was perpetrated at noon-day, at his own banking house, near the Bureau de Poste, in the Place Carignano, one of the most frequented parts of Turin. Our Henri saw them led to execution, and described them as already half dead with the terrible apprehension of their dreadful doom. This mode of punishment, though still sufficiently appalling, is not so terrible to the sufferer as when it was lengthened out through several lingering hours of agony. The culprits were placed upon their backs on an elevated platform erected for the purpose; their bodies and limbs being laid hollow by means of small pieces of wood, and the *coup de grace* was first given by dropping a heavy wheel on the stomach of each, which deprived them either of life or feeling; after which their throats were cut by the executioner, and all their limbs broken in succession. The whole city was drawn together to witness this affecting and monitory spectacle; the anticipation whereof, with the bare recital of its particulars, as may easily be imagined, filled our minds with painful reflections all the day.

First-Day, 27th. At home in the morning. In the afternoon made an excursion to the Superga, a church placed on a very commanding eminence about five miles from the city; in the way to which we crossed the river Po by a bridge erected by the French, and esteemed one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture of its kind in Europe, and saw the old Palace of Valentino, the royal villa called la Vigne de la Reine, and the romantic eminence of Camaldoli. We ascended one half of our journey in the carriage, and the rest on foot. The Church, whose general aspect is imposing, is very rich in marbles, and has some good pictures and statuary; and in a magnificent vault underneath we were shown the mausoleum of the royal ashes of Sardinia, from Victor Amadeus II. to those of the late King. On ascending to the top of the dome we had a sublime prospect of the fine range of hills by which we were surrounded, crowned with white villas; while below us lay the domes and turrets of Turin in the midst of a fertile and smiling plain, through which meanders "the King of floods," while the vale seems to open before him: the whole backed by a crescent of Alpine mountains,

amongst which the snow-capped cone of Monte Viso towers proudly pre-eminent.

"This magnificent edifice," says Gilly, in his interesting narrative of a visit to the Vaudois, "was erected by Victor Amadeus II., on this elevated spot where Prince Eugene, in 1706, reconnoitred the position of the French army then besieging the capital, and in memory of the successful campaign which delivered the Ducal States from the invading enemy. Nothing can surpass the grandeur of the design or execution, and pages might be filled with a description of the treasures that have been exhausted in completing this 'basilica reale,' in producing the dazzling effect caused by its marble columns and pavement. As an object of curiosity to the traveller it is beyond all praise; but as I rambled through the superb cloisters and terraces and the proud arcades of this glorious Cathedral, as aspiring in its magnificence as it is towering in its situation, I could not help reproaching the ostentatous devotion of its founder, who might have made thousands and thousands happy by a better application of his treasures. Had he built an hospital for the widows and children of those who fell in his service, or a retreat for the brave men whose blood sprinkled the laurels he had won, it might still have been the Superga, and commanded the admiration as well as the wonder of those who visit it."

Returned to our inn to dinner, and spent a comfortable evening by our quiet fireside in reading and conversation.

28th. A visit after breakfast to Signor Nasi, after which we visited the Church of St. Filippo Neri,—a fine edifice, and rather rich in the interior; also the Academy of Fine Arts, where we saw a good Museum of Natural History: the minerals large and well arranged, the birds numerous and in fine preservation, a few of the beasts interesting, and particularly those found amongst the mountains of Savoy; fishes, insects, shells, fossils, and a complete series of fungus imitated in wax.

In the Royal Palace, which occupies one corner of the Great Square, we were shown a magnificent suite of apartments and cabinets, handsomely painted, gilt, and decorated with mirrors; containing a choice and valuable collection of paintings of the old masters, and particularly from the Dutch and Flemish schools. Amongst those most attracting our attention were two pictures by Vandyke, representing "Charles I. of England and his Family," and "Oliver Cromwell and his Wife;" heads of "Calvin," "Luther and his Wife, Catherine Bora;" two beautiful Landscapes by Claude Lorraine; some Flower pieces by Vanhuysum; and Cattle by Paul Potter; but Guercino, Guido, Maratti, Schidone, Rosa, Francia, etc., etc., are all contributors to this gallery; which is also graced by productions from the pencils of Rubens, Veronese, and Bassano. Adjoining the palace is the famous Royal Chapel of St. Suario, or the holy hand-

kerchief of Santa Veronica, constructed by Guarini: very singular in its style of architecture, and very lugubrious in its appearance, being lined throughout with black marble of the country. It is esteemed by some as magnificent as it is "bizarre," but I own the character of it did not please me. The Cathedral of St. Giovanni, connected with it, offers nothing remarkable. The Church of St. Lorenzo, constructed I think by the same artist, is very similar to it in appearance, except that in one the effort of the architect was directed to turn every part into sharp angles, and in the other to render them all obtuse. The last is perhaps rather the more inviting of the two, by being relieved with a few gildings and paintings: that of "The Consolata," though much cried up, presented nothing worthy of observation. Turin, the ancient Augusta Taurinorum, was made a Roman colony by Augustus; before which period it was the capital of the Taurini, a Gallic tribe: it is now the chief city of the King of Sardinia,—one of those weak and worthless despots who rule this portion of Italy with a rod of iron, and from "whose puny hands" it would be a blessing to mankind "to wrest the truncheon." It contains about sixty thousand inhabitants, and is justly admired for the regularity of its plan, for the cleanliness of its streets, the symmetry of its squares, and the general elegance of its houses; though I think the extreme uniformity of the latter is rather monotonous, while the material being plaster and not stone is a great abatement from its grandeur. The traveller cannot, however, fail to be forcibly impressed by the neatness as well as the imposing length of the Strada del Po and the Strada Dora Gussa, as well as by the vast scale upon which the Piazza del Castello and the Piazza di St. Carlo are constructed; although in general beauty, display of wealth, and apparent comfort these squares yield vastly in effect to those at the west end of our own metropolis. The centre of the former is occupied by the Palace of the old Dukes of Aosta, the best front of which is modern, composed of a Corinthian perystile, raised on a plain basement; justly esteemed by Forsyth the best elevation in Turin,—a city certainly not remarkable for the magnificence or good taste of its public buildings, as witness the Palace Carignano, the residence of the heir apparent, equally distinguished for its oddity and its ugliness. By some mistake we did not visit the University here, and consequently missed seeing its antiquities: mostly of a local character, and the celebrated Egyptian relic called the Isaic table. It was, however, with feelings of much deeper regret that we learnt, on our return home,

our proximity when at Turin to the Protestant vallies of the Vaudois, which it would have given us very sensible pleasure to have visited, and to have witnessed for ourselves the situation of a Church which has maintained the simplicity of Christian worship and belief, in a great measure uncontaminated, through the long night of papal error and superstition; from age to age contending for the faith once delivered to the saints through bitter and bloody persecutions, and manifesting in the midst thereof the heroism and constancy of the earliest martyrs of Christianity. I am almost ashamed to add that our faithful Henri did indeed remind us of them, but for want of information on the subject of this Church in the wilderness we did not as usual catch at the hint he so seasonably threw out; but till the publication of Gilby's narrative this would have been the case with the generality of our countrymen.

3rd mo., 1st. Quitting Turin, and crossing the Po, we came to breakfast at the small bourg of Villa Nuova; and the weather being clear, enjoyed during the whole morning's ride an unclouded view of the sublime range of snowy Alps, including the lofty summits of Monte Rosa and Mont Cenis, and the spiral peak of Monte Viso. We had also a pleasing view for many miles of the lower range of the Apennines, crowned with the proud and towering dome of the Superga. The afternoon's drive lay through a pleasantly diversified country to Asti, where we found comfortable quarters at the Albergo Reale. This town, containing only ten thousand inhabitants, occupies a great deal of ground, and is encircled by extensive walls in a ruined condition, its famous one hundred towers being now reduced to thirty, and these nodding to their fall. We traversed a part of these ramparts, and some of the principal streets, which are dull and sombre in their aspect, before dinner, but found nothing worthy of note.

2nd. On quitting Asti, we crossed the Itirone, traversed a vale richly cultivated, and after having passed the village of Annone, were presented with a fine view of the river Po. Here, indeed, this noble river accords with Addison's description:—

> "The King of floods, that rolling o'er the plains
> The towering Alps of half their moisture drains;
> And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
> Distributes wealth and plenty where he goes."

We arrived to breakfast at Alessandria, a strongly fortified place, and having a citadel esteemed by some the finest in Europe. We entered it

through long lines of bristly palisadoes and angular redoubts, crossing the Tamaro, here a wide and handsome stream, by a covered bridge remarkable for its length, height, and solidity. This city is computed to contain eighteen thousand inhabitants, and is celebrated for the many sieges it has sustained. Some of its streets and squares are spacious and handsome, but there is something so revolting to my feelings in being barricaded up within the sullen inclosure of these war-promoting fortresses, that I survey them with less interest and pleasure than I should otherwise have done. On leaving Alessandria, we crossed the rapid torrent of the Bormida, and in the course of the afternoon's drive passed over the large open plain, and through the village of Marengo, famous for the decisive victory obtained here by Napoleon over the Austrians. No ground can be better calculated for the strife of armies, "the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood," than this, being not only extensive, but flat, and equally devoid of trees and fences. It bears abundance of fine corn, the soil being rendered additionally fertile by the blood of the slain. No monument now records this fatal and sanguinary conflict. Well may we exclaim, on such occasions, with the poet of freedom and Christianity,—

> "My ear is pained, my soul is sick of every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage, wherewith earth is filled."

We had a rainy drive into Novi, a town of about six thousand inhabitants, formerly belonging to the old Republic, and now to the province of Genoa, placed amidst vineyards at the foot of the Apennines, and containing some handsome houses of the Genoese nobles, who spend the autumn here. Before supper we ascended the hill commanding the town, where still stands a single tall tower of the ancient castle of Novi, once the formidable protector of the dependent vassals congregated around it.

3rd. On leaving Novi this morning, we quitted the road over the Bocchetta, through Gavi and Vottagio to Genoa (which by reason of its extreme roughness has long been an annoyance to travellers, and has very recently been exchanged for a new one), through Serrevalli, over a much lower part of the Apennines than that traversed by the old road; and after a drive through vineyards, orchards, and groves of chestnuts, arrived in a heavy rain at the solitary inn of Ronco to breakfast, which we partook of in one of those large and dreary salons so common in this part of Italy. After which, continuing to ascend for awhile, we descended by the newly-formed road, which winds in a zig-zag manner amongst

verdant hills and very picturesque and romantic scenery, into Genoa. Delighted as we approached the city with the view of the proud eminences crowned with the country houses of the rich Genoese, with the gardens and villas that skirt the left bank of the Polcevera, ornamented with orange and olive gardens, fruit trees now in full blossom, and that peculiar ornament of Italian scenery, the round topped maritime stone pine, the pinus pinæa of Linnæus; and also with the magnificent drive by which you enter Genoa, by the side of the great Lanthorn and along the margin of the sea, defended by palisadoes, strong gates, and drawbridges, in rapid succession.

"Only figure to yourselves," says Gray, in one of his interesting letters, dated from this spot in 1740, "a vast semicircular basin full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes sailing out, coming in, or at anchor; and all round it palaces and churches, peeping over one another's heads; gardens and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees; fountains and trellis works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres."

And this picture, in its main points, is still tolerably correct, although since the fall of the ancient Republic of Genoa, called the "superb," abandoned I fear by broken English faith to the merciless and iron grasp of Sardinia, the naval power of this country, once so formidable, is reduced to little more than a few gallies, employed in fetching corn from Sicily; while her proud importance in the scale of nations is dwindled down to the subordinate condition of a dependant province. We found comfortable quarters here at "The Quatre Nations," with apartments looking out on the beautiful sweep of this noble bay.

4th. After breakfast, having had the satisfaction to receive letters with good accounts of our friends in England, we proceeded to the mercantile house of Gibles and Co., where we found a very seasonable supply of cash, which had been lying for us some days; and then commenced our inspection of the wonders of this justly admired city, which is, I think, as strictly Italian in its appearance as any we have visited, and may be compared to Naples on a smaller scale. It appears however to greater advantage when viewed from the sea, about a mile distant from the shore, for then its numberless and stately edifices represent the seats of a vast amphitheatre placed on a declivity of the enormous Apennine. The interior rather disappoints one's expectations, as, with the exception of the Strada Nuova, the Strada Balbi and the Strada Novissima, which are uniformly handsome, and lined with magnificent palaces rivalling *any in Europe*, the

streets are not wide enough to admit the use of carriages. We first visited the Palace Durazzo, in the Stradi Balbi : a superb structure, richly furnished, and worthy the residence of any monarch in Europe; where, amongst a variety of valuable paintings from the pencils of Rubens and Vandyke, we were shown a chef d'œuvre by Paul Veronese, representing the "Supper in Simon's House," and "The Magdalene washing the Saviour's feet." From a terrace of this palace we also obtained a good view over the port and part of the city. The Palace Doria, in the Strada Nouva, is also a magnificent edifice in point of architecture, but contains nothing remarkable; while that of the University, a fine structure, is principally famous for its noble staircase and its vestibule, decorated with two lions of marble, which are much admired. The Doge's Palace, of modern erection, is a plain building of a quadrangular form; but the interior façade of Carrara marble is very rich and imposing. The great Hall of Audience is of large dimensions, with a tolerable fresco ceiling, and once contained statues in marble of persons eminent for their liberality and public spirit; but these were destroyed in the fury of the revolution, and have been replaced by copies, composed I am told of plaster and straw, and, "mirabile dictu," draped in calico; but which nevertheless look better than might have been expected.

The Palace Brignole is also rich in fine pictures, well selected from the best masters, and has also some very splendidly furnished apartments; but which yield in that respect to the Palace Serrar, whose principal attraction is a grand and elegant saloon, the quintessence of carving, gilding, and polished mirrors, and the richest thing of this sort we have seen, and which is said to have cost the amazing sum of 1,200,000 francs, or about £50,000 sterling. The columns which adorn it are of fine proportions, of the Corinthian order, richly fluted, and composed of Carrara marble; yet are nevertheless gilt, and the like profusion prevails in every other decoration. We turned from all this useless splendour, idle ostentation, and lavish expense, to contemplate the noble owner of this mansion,—himself an idiot!—which brought a train of pensive reflections over our minds. If the Almighty sees fit to withhold from us the power of enjoyment, vain are all our acquisitions, and pomp and state *then* seem but an idle mockery; yet even when the powers of the mind are mercifully continued, if men of rank and consequence do not adorn their situations in life more by their worth and virtues than by the fancied importance which the fortuitous circumstance of their birth confers on

them, they cannot expect to command the suffrages of the wise and good, the only suffrages of any real value; and as it regards *riches*, "one may sometimes perceive," as the eminent Richard Baxter sententiously says, "the estimate God sets upon them by the people He gives them to."

We next visited some of the most celebrated churches, beginning with the Annunciata, built entirely at the expense of the noble family of Lomellini, and one of the most costly edifices in Genoa, containing a fine picture of "The Last Supper," by Procaccini. That of Santa Maria, in Carignano, built in conformity with the will of Bendenelli Sauli, a noble Genoese, is an elegant piece of architecture, placed in a most commanding situation. The interior, which is rich and plain, is adorned with a noble cupola, and has an interesting picture by Piola, representing "Peter and John curing the Paralytic;" an exquisite statue of St. Sebastian, by Puget; and another of Alessandro Sanli, by the same artist, but of inferior merit. From the top of the dome a most glorious prospect is obtained of the city and harbour of Genoa, and of the hills which environ it, crowned with redoubts and fortifications; furnishing altogether a scene not easily to be forgotten. The approach to this church is by a lofty bridge thrown over the ravine, at the sole expense of the son of the founder; the effect of which is very similar to one I remember noticing in Edinburgh, as from it we looked down on houses of five or six stories high. The Church of Ambrosia is also richly decorated with fine marbles and statues, and contains two celebrated pictures: viz., "The Assumption of the Virgin," by Guido, and "Ignatius Loyola curing a Demoniac and raising the Dead," by Rubens; both of which pleased us. And, lastly, St. Cyro,—a church ornamented with a series of columns of white marble, and some fresh and elegant frescoes on the roof, illustrating the lives of the Apostles.

5th. Visited the Cathedral Church of St. Lorenzo,—a Gothic structure, singularly encrusted within and without with stripes of black and white marble, which have an effect more curious than pleasing, or indicative of good taste. In the interior there is a fine picture of "The Crucifixion," by Baroccio, and several altars much ornamented with statues,—some pretty good, particularly a modern one of white marble, with a Grecian temple, and two angels of excellent expression. The ashes of John the Baptist are said to be deposited in one of the chapels, but how they obtained them does not very clearly appear. We next inspected the

Albergo du Poveri, or grand workhouse, originally founded by a nobleman of the Brignole family; placed in a fine and healthy situation, where nine hundred women and girls and four hundred men and boys find shelter and employment. The women's side, where we found the occupants employed in weaving linen and silk, working embroidery, and making artificial flowers, had a neat, cheerful, and orderly appearance, and exhibited an interesting display of activity and skill. The men's side appeared to be worse conducted, and the boys begged alms of us as we passed. The food provided was good and wholesome; but the salons not so neat, nor the dormitories in equal order to some we have seen. No attention appeared to be given to the article of education. The poor person, when he or she chooses to withdraw, is paid the balance due to them, if any, after deducting the expense incurred for food, lodging, and clothing, of which a regular account is kept. The institution appeared to us, on the whole, an interesting one; yet we thought under a more active superintendent that great improvements might yet be effected. In the Great Hall, or antichamber, we observed sundry large and ill-executed statues of benefactors, either in a sitting or standing posture, as the extent of their munificence dictated. The chapel is fine, and contains a fine alto-relievo by Michael Angelo, representing a Pieta, or the Virgin contemplating the dead body of Christ, and esteemed one of the chef d'œuvres of this great master.

We next inspected the Porto Franco, where goods which arrive at this port are housed *duty free;* but are not permitted to enter into the city for home consumption without being subjected to taxation. The warehouses appeared to be very convenient for the stowage of the different commodities, and the vessels lie alongside the Quay, which connects with this establishment. The houses which skirt the bay are generally very lofty, with pleasant terraces in front, planted with oranges, jessamines, and other odoriferous flowering shrubs in pots, which look very beautiful. Our inn, which is thus situated, charms us every time we go to the windows with the fine views it exhibits of the bay, the Fanale, or light-house, and the fine semicircular sweep of the city and the adjoining hills.

First-Day, 6th. At home in the morning, which we spent in quiet retirement and reading; after which we took a very pleasant walk along the lower ramparts, which encircle the bay in an amusing series "of angles, curves, and zigzag lines," and are always dry and clean; and in the afternoon took a delightful drive along the shore, of about eight miles,

towards Spezzia, exhibiting superb marine prospects, and fine gardens full of oranges and lemons, with the hills above them crowned with villages, churches, and convents. The delicious scenery and the balmy gales here enjoyed seemed to compensate in some degree for the rough passage of the Col-ferito and the chilling air of the capital of Sardinia.

"Horridos tractus, boreæque linguens
Regna taurini, fera, molliorem
Advenor brumam, genuæque, amantes."
Litora-soles.

I want expression to set forth the various charms of this lovely scene: imagination must supply the defect.

7th. Visited the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb,—a very interesting institution, admirably described by my excellent friend John Griscom, in his "Year in Europe;" and who I have often regretted did not visit the south of Italy, as thereby his friends and the public have lost the benefit of his powers of description, as well as of the train of instructive observations which accompany and illustrate his pleasing pages. It contains about twenty seven pupils, and is under the direction of some Franciscan monks, the necessary funds being supplied by the Government. The lads readily answered questions put to them on a slate in *English*, *French*, *Italian*, *German*, and *Spanish; wrote* well, and calculated difficult sums in arithmetic. I need scarcely add that we were highly gratified with this exhibition, and not less so with the conductors of it, who condescendingly admitted us to visit them at a time when by reason of the illness of their principal it was somewhat inconvenient, and certainly not seen, as they assured us, to the best advantage. We now crossed the harbour in a boat to the great Lanthorn,—a lofty tower, built on an insulated rock on its western side; from the top of which obtained one more delicious view, and perhaps the best, of the city, the mountains, and "the basin full of blue sea." How charming were some of these scenes to the vision, while contemplated! They live in memory's unfading tablet, and one is obliged to remember how many moral and religious charms attach to our cherished "natal solum" before we can allow her to be brought into comparison with this land of enchantment and perpetual smiles; but—

"'*Tis liberty* that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile."

On our return, we visited the residence of the famous Genoese Admiral

Andrew Doria, a name immortalized in the records of patriotism. It is an antiquated marine villa, the gardens of which are also laid out in the old style, with fountains, porticoes, and marble terraces, the lowest of which extend quite to the sea. The interior of the house contains now nothing remarkable, except the recollection that it was once honoured with the presence of that great and patriotic chief. In the afternoon we visited the Palace Marcello Durazzo, formerly Rosso, which contains very fine pictures, especially some portraits, by Vandyke; a "Judith and Holofernes," by Paul Veronese; an "Old Man reading," by Spagnoletto; a "Cleopatra," by Guido; and others by Bassano, Caravaggio, and Perodi. In the evening we embarked our carriage and trunks in a felucca for Nice, intending ourselves to pursue the mule road to that place (called the Riviera di Ponente) on the following morning; which we adopted in preference to accompanying our luggage (a mode preferred by many travellers), partly from a fear of being subjected thereby to a detention from want and variableness of the wind, and partly to enjoy a ride justly esteemed one of the most magnificent in Europe; and were the road, which is only passable for carriages at intervals, entirely completed, it would be traversed, I think, by tourists in search of the romantic and sublime, in preference to any other route into Italy.

8th. We quitted Genoa after breakfast this morning, with those feelings of natural regret which the contemplation of such interesting scenery is so calculated to inspire; and having sent Henri forward with our horses, came on in a hired voiture of very singular construction to Savona; the road *cotoyant la mer* all the way, and conducting through pleasant villages, enlivened with the agreeable villas of the Genoese, while on our left the proud domes and turrets of the city we had quitted, rose conspicuously on our view. At Regli we stopped awhile to examine the gardens of a Signor Lomellini, which are extensive, laid out with great taste, and most delightfully situated: I doubt if the gardens of Armida, or the fabled residence of Calypso, could be more enchanting. On parting, they proffered us fresh gathered oranges, and other fruits. To this and other objects of the like character, one might apply the beautiful lines of the Odyssey, as somewhat more than poetically true:—

> "Through every season blooms the tender rose,
> The sheltered violet here for ever blows,
> And wintry suns, with more than vernal power,
> Mature the fruit and court the opening flower:

Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows;
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
The branch here bends beneath the mighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruit to grow."

We reached Savona,—a respectable town, and said to be the birth-place of Columbus; having a small port with shipping, and defended by a fortress, which has a formidable appearance,—in time for a late dinner, and found decent quarters there at "The Post," Henri having arrived some time before us, and carefully looking out for the arrival of the "Messieurs." In good truth, it was always pleasant to us to greet the honest and open countenance of this our trusty domestic; and to listen in the evening to his artless yet sensible remarks on men, things, and places, was always an unfailing source of pleasure to us, and broke in upon the monotony of many a lagging minute,—and such will occur in so long a journey, even amongst friends as affectionately banded together, and as much united in taste and sentiment as we were.

9th. Finding there was a good road to Noli, we determined to continue our hired voiture so far, which was a pleasant relief to the day's journey; and we had another charming drive round a small bay to the latter place, which, though a bishop's see, is but a little fishing town, most romantically situated on the sea shore, with an ancient castle crowning the rude rocks that overhang it. Several singular Lombard towers of red brick are also scattered through the town, the purpose of which I am at a loss to define. Here the mule road begins; and having hired a third horse, with a mule for Henri, and a boy to attend us, we commenced our mountain excursion in as gallant a trim as our poor horses, decorated with antique saddles of half a century, and bridles that would have disgraced Don Quixote's "Rozinante," would admit, while a large proportion of the idle population of Noli was assembled to witness our departure. But how shall I describe the road through Finali and Abbengua to Alassio, where we lodged that night. It combines every species of magnificence, united to the most delightful cultivation, to which both the nature of the soil and its southern aspect contribute: abundance of orange and lemon trees, olives, figs, and almonds, greeted our eyes at every turn. The Mediterranean is also in view all the way to Nice, and the road sometimes traverses the sandy shore, and sometimes rises to the height of one thousand to two thousand

feet above it. On one of these eminences, soon after quitting Noli, we paused to take a farewell view of Genoa, whose ranges of palaces glittering in the bright beams of the morning sun, were conspicuous even at this distance. The inn at Alassio is but moderate: but what can one expect on a route where there is no regularly formed road to invite travellers.

10*th*. We quitted Alassio at six o'clock, with the expectation of reaching Ventimiglia that night, and came to Oneglia to breakfast: to me rather a fatiguing excursion, as I got little or no sleep during the previous night. At this place, a small walled town situated amidst groves of venerable olive trees, the inn was pleasantly placed in a garden planted with fruit trees, now in full blossom; after leaving which, a grand and very interesting ride brought us to Saint Remo, a tolerable town, delightfully situated in the centre of a small but beautiful bay. Here we found the "felucca," with our carriage and trunks, driven into port by distress of weather, having encountered one of those storms, between this place and Genoa, to which the Mediterranean is so subject. Feeling thankful, as well we might, that our captain had not in his fright and hurry thrown our property overboard to lighten his vessel, a case not uncommon with the timid sailors of these seas, we felt anxious to disembark it here, rather than venture it upon another voyage to Nice; and a grand consultation was held with several knowing ones of the place, whether in so doing we should be able with it to reach Ventimiglia, a distance of about ten miles, and from whence there is a good carriage road to Nice. This evening a gentleman, on his way from the latter place to Genoa, proposed supping with us, to which we consented, and he proved agreeable. We afterwards learnt that it was Sir Charles Gordon, brother to that "travelled Thane," the Athenian Earl of Aberdeen.

11*th*. On rising this morning we determined to venture upon the disembarkation of our carriage and effects, which passed the Custom House of Saint Remo pretty well, though our little library of books was obliged to be brought on shore by stealth. We had however to traverse a road certainly not usually effected *en voiture;* and though our friend Captain Coltan had performed the journey a few weeks before, he informed us that he was overturned three times during the operation. Our landlady also assured us on quitting the inn that we should certainly be obliged to return, which opinion was re-echoed by the tribe of idle fellows assembled to view, what was certainly a wonder in Saint Remo, a car-

riage; and even Sir Charles Gordon doubted of the success of our attempt. But in spite of all their prognostics we accomplished the ten miles tolerably well,—I walking part of the way, and my companions the whole of the way to Ventimiglia; while our trunks were carried, slung across mules, to lighten still further the load. We noticed during this morning's drive curious plantations of fan palms, such as we had seen more sparingly in the south of Italy, and which are very ornamental, giving to the scenery an air of Eastern grandeur and stateliness: they gather from them the palms used in the Pope's Chapel on what is called "Palm Sunday." The prospects are generally sublime, particularly from the long and ancient bridge which you pass just before entering the town, whence you see the snowy summits of the "Col de Tende." After a comfortable breakfast at an inn most romantically situated, where we experienced very civil usage, we again quitted Ventimiglia, and soon after passed Mentone, a town in the territories of the Prince of Monaco; but directing Henri to drive briskly past the "dogana," while we noticed the douaniero with an "*air of consequence*," we escaped the customary tribute paid by travellers on such occasions to this small but "Serenissimo Principe." The road from hence does not, as formerly, pass through the wretched town of Monaco; but is now laid over a lofty mountain, the ascent of which, as we were not able to procure any assistance to our tired steeds, took us two hours and a half to accomplish; and which would have been tedious had the prospect been less sublime and magnificent. Below us lay Monaco, romantically seated on a rock in the midst of a verdant and smiling plain, occasionally well wooded; while the boundless expanse of ocean was only broken by the distant mountains of Corsica, the white summits of which were glistening in the beams of the setting sun. A rapid descent soon brought us into Nice, through the charming village of Villa Franca; but which, being dusk when we passed it, was entirely lost upon us. Here we found good quarters at Madame Battista's, in the Grand Place, where the accommodations were excellent, and the table d'hote extremely well served and very moderate. The airy apartments we occupied looked out agreably on the spacious square, called, I think, that of Saint Domenique.

12th. A delightful walk after breakfast to survey the town and environs of Nice, which is pleasantly seated in a small plain, bounded on the west by the Var, which divides it from Provence, on the south by the Mediterranean, and on the north by the Maritime Alps, which seem

designed by Nature to protect Italy from her Gallic neighbours. The situation of Nice is cheerful, and its neighbourhood agreeable; the climate soft, when not visited by that cold and searching wind, the "Bise," and the sea views, as well as those of the distant mountains, which rear their snow-capped summits as if in strong contrast to the warm and summerlike feeling below, very delightful. It is abundant in fruits, in fine oil, in excellent wines; and provisions here are also good, plentiful, and at moderate prices.

We ascended a steep hill overlooking the town, crowned with the ruins of an old castle, which well repays the toil by its agreeable prospects. The fashionable drive is constructed in defiance of all the rules of propriety; being precluded from a view of the sea by a long range of shops, on whose roofs is constructed the grand promenade or terrace, which indeed is very airy, pleasant, and always dry. In the old part of the town the streets are narrow and dull; but what is called the English Quarter is open and agreeable, and good lodgings are, I should imagine, to be procured at an easy rate. We called before dinner upon a Mons. La Croix, who is the English Vice-Consul here, and who politely offered to walk with us to the English burial ground, about two miles from the town; which, on arrival, we found in excellent order, completely walled round, and planted with cypresses, which have considerably overshot the enclosing wall. Here we saw the tombs of three of our friends (viz., Rachel Gurney, of Norwich, Thomas Cropper, of Liverpool, and Edmund Hatcher, jun., of Bristol), who had closed their mortal career at this sad distance from the "natale solum,"—an affecting memento, and calling for a renewed feeling of gratitude to Him who has preserved us thus far on our "lengthened way," and given us a prospect of once more joining that dear domestic circle, which was denied to these our languishing and afflicted fellow countrymen.

Near this we also visited the English Chapel, a neat edifice, built by that benevolent and religious character, the Lady Olivia Sparrow, whose qualities, by the by, rather create terror and alarm than confidence or approbation in the bigoted minds of the King of Sardinia and his counsellors. Over the pulpit I noticed this appropriate inscription, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them:" a very needful remembrance for a lonely and despised *few* planted amidst corrupt and superstitious *practices*. In the adjoining burial-ground we were shown the tombstone covering the remains of the

Earl of Mount Charles, son of the Marquis of Conyngham, which had lately been deposited there. At dinner we joined, at the table d'hote, a Mrs. King and her nephew, whom we had met during the preceding summer at Chamouni, in Switzerland, and afterwards on the road to St. Bernard, on their return from the tour of Mont Blanc; also an Italian baron and an English officer,—when we spent a pleasant evening in agreeable recollections of past adventures.

First-Day, 13th. After our usual exercise to-day we determined to quit Nice, a circumstance which with a few other similar ones when the call was not imperative to travel on that day, I afterwards regretted; and accordingly leaving our comfortable quarters at about twelve o'clock, and crossing the Var by a long wooden bridge, instead of fording the river, as was formerly the practice, were soon at the Douane of France, where the trunks were dismounted and examined, but not rigorously, and we paid no duty, except fifteen francs each for our horses; but we lost here, though I think it must have been by accident, a set of Lord Byron's Poems, purchased at Venice by our friend William Janson, jun., which of course we could never recover, and of which we regretted the loss more from the associations with which they were connected than their intrinsic value or importance.

And now having brought our Italian tour to a termination, I pause awhile, gratefully to commemorate the numerous pleasures we have enjoyed, the various interesting objects we have visited, the wonders both of art and nature we have inspected, the kindnesses we have received, and the manifold preservations we have experienced during our residence within the confines of this land of soft scenery and unclouded skies. By the assistance of a Swiss char-a-banc and a pair of horses, conducted by our faithful and justly valued Henri Trabaud, we have made the grand tour of Italy, commencing from the sublime pass of the Simplon, and terminating over the Maritime Alps at Nice; and in the course of six months, nearly two of which were spent at Rome and one in Naples, have visited almost all the cities and towns of any importance comprised in the various kingdoms of this extended peninsula; and in none of them, that I am aware, omitted to inspect the objects of interest usually in request with travellers, besides many others which do not so generally attract their attention. Our eyes have rested by turns with delight and admiration

"On fair Parthenope's delicious shore,
Where slumbering seas forget their wonted roar,
And ocean daily sends his freshening breeze
To sweep the plain and fan the drooping trees;
Or *there*, where *Arno* curled by many a gale,
Pours freshness o'er Etruria's vine-clad vale;
Or where proud Rome's majestic domes ascend,
Pantheon's swell and time-worn arches bend;
Or Tiber, winding through his desert plains,
Midst modern palaces and ancient fanes,
Beholds, with anguish half and half with pride,
Here ruins strew, *there* temples grace his side."

To have visited that venerable soil where Camillus and Scipio, Brutus and Cicero had trod, at any time and under any circumstances, must be esteemed a privilege to any whose minds are warmed with a spark of enthusiasm, or animated with a particle of classic taste; but visiting it as we did, under the happiest circumstances, without care, and during a period of great political tranquility, in safe and congenial society, and with excellent and protecting recommendations, which rendered our sojourn in the different cities particularly comfortable, constituted a privilege of no ordinary character; and I shall have cause, while memory remains, to look to the time spent and the scenes witnessed there, with feelings of unmixed satisfaction; and they will probably furnish my mind with themes of delightful contemplation during the remainder of my sojourn in this mortal pilgrimage, so justly compared by the poet to—

"A sunny island in a stormy main,—
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky."

And I desire now and ever gratefully to acknowledge the goodness of Divine Providence for the unmerited mercy of His protecting care, dispensed to myself and my beloved companions from the first commencement to the very last day of our interesting tour. We might indeed say with the pious Addison—

"Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please,
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhean seas."

It is remarked by the late Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, "that in Italy the memory sees more than the eyes,"—which is very true; since for realities the noble prospects obtained from the terrace of

Windsor Castle, or that rich and wooded vale watered by the meanderings of the Thames, which we survey from the summit of Richmond Hill, are preferable to all we see at Albano or Froscati, and yet these are also very beautiful.

"But to abstract the mind," as Dr. Johnson finely observes in his "Tour to the Hebrides," "from all local emotions, would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Far from me and my friends," adds he, "be such frigid philosophy as would conduct us unmoved over any ground which has been distinguished by wisdom, bravery, and virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plans of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer amongst the ruins of Iona."

It is with feelings of this sort that we visit the vine-clad plains of Italy, the cultivated vales of the classic Arno, the fine acclivities of the Larian, or the reedy margin of the Mantuan lake,—that we traverse the fatal defile of Thrasymene, examine the Cyclopean basements of Cortona's walls, or hang over the foaming torrent of the restless Velino. It is with minds replete with the glowing recollections of the past, that we contemplate the proud ruins of majestic Rome, and the flowings of that yellow Tiber, which still laves her time-shook walls, and rolls through her pestilent and desolate Campagna,—that we ascend to "Tiber's olive shade," and listen to the loud roar of the unchanging Anio,—that we linger amidst Formia's citron groves, and catch perennial zephyrs on the soft shores of neglected Baiæ,—that we wander pensively through the solemn solitudes of resuscitated Pompeii, explore the dark caverns of still buried Herculaneum, or muse beside the silent and venerable temples of Pæstum. The very soil we tread on is sacred ground, and we can scarcely forbear re-peopling it with those master spirits, whose names, even from our childhood, have been associated, though I doubt *not always correctly*, with the most exalted wisdom and the most heroic virtue.

"The Cæsars, Catos, Scipios rise,
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
In solemn state advance:
They raise the philosophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The lightning of the lance.
But chief that humbler happier train
Who knew those virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of time or pain,
Secure the historian and the bard."

Farewell, thou land teeming with corn, wine, and oil,—thou country abundantly blessed by heaven, as well as improved and adorned by man,—thou scene of classical as well as Christian recollection,—thou patron of the muses,—thou nurse of the sister arts of painting and sculpture! Often shall I think of thee,—long shall I remember thy attractive scenery, thy cloudless skies, and thy wonders of creative art. Farewell! and may the blessings of civil liberty, without which "suns may shine, and soils may teem in vain,"—a liberty not founded in faction, nor degenerating into licentiousness,—be permitted once more to visit thy shores. May sound learning and true science dispel the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition, and may the glorious light of the Gospel that once shone with unclouded lustre within thy borders, again break forth upon thee as a morning without clouds, "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

To conclude: "It may be useful," says an ingenious writer, "to inquire how far the generality of those who visit this region of blue lakes and perpetual sunshine,—this storehouse and treasury of ancient and modern art,—bring away with them any substantial addition to their stock of knowledge, or any valuable improvement to their morals." I am satisfied with knowing there are some who in the spring and morning of life, and with an ardent desire to explore every laudable object of curiosity, have returned from it not only with their minds enlarged by much useful observation, but uncontaminated by all the blandishments of this residence of the "Court of Circe."

The country between Nice and Antibis in Provence, is an extensive plain near the Mediterranean sea, embellished with hedgerows of pomegranate and myrtle. The latter, the first French town after quitting the Sardinian territories, is a well fortified place, with a port adorned with circular arcades, supposed to be somewhat in the style of the ancient port of Ostia, and has a small but apparently strong fort on the side nearest to Nice. We did not stop here, as we ought to have done, to have our passports changed agreeably to the French regulations, which proved a temporary source of trouble and inconvenience to us on our arrival at Marseilles; but drove on to Cannes, passing through the village where Napoleon Bonaparte landed from Elba, when he re-assumed the reins of government during that ill fated hundred days that led eventually to the dreary solitudes of St. Helena. Cannes is a small but cheerful town, defended by an ancient castle; and at "The Post," a neat

inn, a little out of the town, we found comfortable quarters, and from our windows had a fine view of the island and fortress of St. Marguerite, celebrated for having been the first place of confinement of the "man with the iron mask," whose history has caused so many strange and improbable conjectures, but who has recently been determined to have been an ambitious and deceitful minister of one of the small Italian States, not altogether undeservedly consigned to punishment, though perhaps this was too protracted and too severe. Our landlady, as she served up our cheerful evening repast, recounted some anecdotes connected with Bonaparte's landing from Elba, an event which however unfortunate in its issue, she seemed to remember with satisfaction.

14*th*. Left Cannes, and having traversed the shore for a short distance, ascended for two hours a fine range of mountains called *Les Estrelles*, which may almost vie in height with the lower Alps, and are richly clothed with myrtles, arbuti, and other flowering shrubs, amongst the beautiful scenery of which we enjoyed a varied and romantic ride; and then descended to Frejus, the ancient Forum Julii, seated in a rich and well wooded country, where we breakfasted, and saw the remains of some Roman works, particularly an amphitheatre, which though much dilapidated, still marks clearly its original design, some aqueducts, gates, etc., and also an antique head of Jupiter, dug up at the Port Doré. One arch of the ancient naval port still remains, constructed by Cæsar, at which Napoleon landed on his return from his unsuccessful campaign in Egypt, and from whence he also embarked when banished to Elba. This neighbourhood, therefore, though now so quiet and deserted, has been the scene of three notable transactions connected with the history of this great scourge of Europe. Arrived in the evening at Vidanban.

15*th*. A long ride to Cuers, through a valley surrounded with low mountains, planted with olives and fruit trees. Here we noticed a practice in reference to the former tree that seemed peculiar to Provence, and which consists in cutting down the old tree to the stump, and engrafting thereupon sundry young plants; and it occurred to us that the Apostle had probably his eye upon a similar practice in the land of Judæa, when in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans he exhorts the Gentile converts thus engrafted upon the old Jewish stock. After dinner we had an agreeable ride through the charming village of Hyeris,—the well known resort of valetudinarians, and adorned with plantations of orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, which flourish luxuriantly there in

the natural ground,—to Toulon, a fine seaport of France, surrounded with a double wall: famous for its marine arsenal and dockyards; the mountains which form its background being lofty and rugged, and crowned with strong fortresses, which doubtless enabled it to withstand so long a siege at the early part of the last war. The interior of the town contains nothing remarkable, except that the Town Hall has two colossal caryatides by Puget, which support its front.

16*th*. Rose early this morning, and surveyed the town of Toulon,—the ports, the arsenal, and the whole "rade," from a fort placed on a fine eminence commanding them all, and embracing an agreeable prospect both by sea and land, bounded by bold ranges of lofty mountains, than which it is difficult to imagine anything more magnificent and impressive. After breakfast, having purchased for six francs permission to do so, we visited the interior of the arsenal, round which we were conducted by a gendarme, to whom we gave three francs for his trouble. This establishment is considered the finest in France, but inferior to ours at Portsmouth and Plymouth. The rope house is, however, a long and fine building; and we saw several ships on the stocks, besides many laid up in the different wet and dry docks. *Convicts* sentenced to imprisonment either for life or for a term of years, are employed in all the different departments of these works: they are all ironed, and the former clothed in red, and the latter in yellow dresses, by way of distinction. One daring ringleader, who has assumed to himself the title of "Count," was chained to an elevated platform, where he was occupying himself in basket making; by means of which, together with straw-plat and other fanciful devices, some of which we bought of them, they procure to themselves a few comforts over and above the gaol allowance. This plan of employing the convicted prisoners in public works of various kinds, which we have also observed elsewhere, though it naturally enough brings a painful feeling over the mind to contemplate, is in my opinion more salutary than confining them in gaols, where a season of idleness begetting mischief and leading to fresh vices, commonly terminates in sending the unhappy subjects of it again abroad upon the community, fitted to perpetrate fresh injuries on their fellow creatures.

After a slight refreshment we set off for Cuges, where we slept, passing through a rude and romantic defile, between savage rocks, soon after quitting Toulon; and the whole ride, altogether fine and hilly, winding amongst mountains of still greater magnitude.

17th. During the night there arose a very cold and piercing wind from the North-East, called the Bise, to which this part of the coast of France is very subject; in which we left our lodgings at Cuges, which contains nothing remarkable, and arrived at Marseilles about one o'clock. But this terrible wind continuing with increased severity we were able to walk but little, or to see more than the quays surrounding the Great Basin, which is uncommonly fine, and to obtain a view of the rudely agitated sea from a high parapet overlooking it. I remarked that under shelter from the wind the warm sun gave us the feeling of summer; while exposed to it the air had a piercing effect, to which we are strangers beneath our generally less indulgent skies; and the waters of the fountains thus exposed to the operations of the Bise were driven back, congealing in masses as they fell on the stone-work over which they flowed. Lodged here at the hotel "Des Empereurs."

18th. Marseilles, situated at the base of an amphitheatre of mountains, may be considered next to Paris and Lyons the finest city in France. As regards its situation perhaps it may even take precedence of the latter: it is supposed to contain about one hundred and eleven thousand inhabitants. The approach to it is rendered singularly animated and interesting by a numerous assembly of small houses, called bastides, with each its separate garden, presenting the appearance of a town scattered over an immense space; the pale verdure of the olive and almond trees, which flourish round these rural dwellings, is strikingly contrasted with the shining whiteness of the houses themselves.

The harbour, which is very spacious, and supposed capable of containing nine hundred sail, is secured at its entrance by rugged rocks and two strong forts; which protect it not only from the tempestuous elements, but also from the foreign foe. The city, which is built round the harbour, is divided into the old and new town: the former, occupying the western side, is upon rising ground, and its streets are narrow, steep, crooked, and dirty; while the latter presents an imposing spectacle of massy houses, uniformly constructed, and of wide streets that intersect each other at right angles, several of which are decorated with fine rows of beautiful plane, elm, and ash trees, particularly that called "Isle des allèes," which is also terminated by a fountain shaded with willows. After breakfast we ascended a ruined fort near the harbour's mouth, where we had a fine sea view, including the island of Pomaqué, on which is placed the Lazaretto; the old church and font of Notre Dame, on the eastern side of the

harbour, from the roof of which a most magnificent sea view is also obtained; and also the Jardin des Plantes, newly laid out and very judiciously placed on the slope of a hill, overlooking at a pleasant distance the sea, the islands, the quays, the basin, and the town disposed around it. On our return, traversed a noble and extended street, crossed at one end by an ancient aqueduct, and near it the Cathedral, a low Lombard structure of no particular note, but placed in a bold and elevated situation.

At table d'hote to-day we had the company of an intelligent young English officer, lately returned from America, who afterwards took tea with us in our apartment.

19th. Detained almost all day by having omitted to get our passports properly "viséd" at Antibes,—a species of vexation to which travellers are sometimes liable; and on this occasion, as we hourly expected our liberation, we could engage in no pursuit. The necessary forms were not however completed till five o'clock; when we started for Aix, where we arrived in time for supper, and were lodged at the Auberge "*Du Cours*," which we found imposing in its charges. This town, of which we were able to see but little, is considered fine. The Cours, in which our inn was situated, is particularly pleasant, and adorned with fountains.

20th. On quitting Aix we ascended a hill, commanding a bold view of the town and its surrounding scenery; after which a drive through an open and not very interesting country brought us to Orgon, a small place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, to breakfast. Here we saw a canal, formed apparently to take off the waste waters of the Durance, and carried eight hundred feet through the solid rock,—a fine work. We walked twice through it, and counted four hundred and twelve steps. Arrived in the evening at Tarascon, diverging a little from our route at St. Remi to see two Roman relics, situated on the high road now leading from Nismes to Marseilles, which well deserve the attention of the curious. They consist of a triumphal arch and a tomb; the latter a more perfect specimen of its sort than anything Italy can produce. They are only about fourteen feet apart, and have been thence presumed by some to have been erected in honour of the same personage; though this is by no means certain, as there is little doubt but that an ancient Roman town was placed on this spot. The upper part of the arch is wanting; but it has been covered with a roof to preserve it from further damage. The vault is highly ornamented: two Doric pillars and sundry fluted ones, more or less injured by time, support it, and the cornice is decorated with a small

fillet of ivy and olive leaves; while between the pillars are placed figures in basso-relievo, expressive of victory and triumph.

The Mausoleum is in good preservation, and may be esteemed one of the finest works of its period: its height is fifty-five feet, resting on a square pedestal of large hewn stones. This monument consists of three stories: the first and second square, like the pedestals, and the third round, terminating in a small cupola. The first stage is supported by pillars, and has bas-reliefs on all its sides of battles and triumphs, more or less perfect; the second compartment, which is rather smaller, is pierced on its four sides by beautiful arcades, and supported by fluted columns with Corinthian capitals, surmounted by a frieze of arabesques; a small rotunda, or circular temple, crowns the whole, formed by ten Corinthian columns, the cupola surmounting which is bound round with a fine wreath of leaves. Under this cupola are two statues in fine preservation, habited in Roman robes, apparently as large as life. An inscription runs round the middle of the Mausoleum, of which the following letters only can now be deciphered: "SEX. L. M. JVLH. C. F.—Parentibus suis." And it is thence supposed to have been erected by Sextus, Lucius, and Marcus, sons of Caius Julius, to the memory of their parents, whose statues remain.

These interesting antiquities are romantically placed on a gradual eminence, commanding a fine view of the surrounding vale, backed on one side by a range of rugged rocks of curious and fantastic forms; and we were particularly delighted with an examination of them, without which our conception of the grandeur of a Roman tomb, such as I judge formerly lined the Appian and other Ways, and of which only rude and misshapen fragments now remain, must have been imperfect; and on this ground I have been a little minute in the detail. There is no house near these edifices, except a "Maison des Foux et des Folles,"—an extensive establishment, and celebrated, as we were afterwards informed at Paris, by the Baron de ——, for its excellent management.

21st. Tarascon. This morning we visited the fine old Castle of the Counts of Provence, a noble specimen of the style of ancient Gothic baronial fortifications, completed in 1400. My friends also saw the celebrated tomb of St. Martha in one of the churches, and a large tin figure of monstrous and hideous form, which was formerly carried in procession through the streets, but is now discontinued, called the Tarasque.

Tarascon is nobly situated on the Rhone, here a broad stream, which

is crossed by a bridge of boats connecting it with Beaucaire, another town also guarded by a stately Castle, and famous for the great extent of its annual fair. Being informed that the ancient town of Arles also contained some remains of Roman grandeur, we determined to visit it on our way to Nismes,—a journey performed upon a level flat at no great distance from the banks of the Rhone,—and where, after breakfast, we were introduced to the antiquities; consisting of an amphitheatre of large dimensions, but built up with houses both within the arena and around the outer walls, that prevent its being viewed to any advantage,—but which the inhabitants, at last sensible of the interesting relic they possess, are beginning to clear away, and when this is completed a very curious remain of antiquity will be unfolded to view; a small obelisk dug up in the reign of Louis XIV., and placed in the centre of the Grand Place; and near it, deposited in an old church, are various ancient monuments found at different times here,—as altars, sarcophagi, milestones, figures, and inscriptions, both Pagan and Christian. The Town Hall has a plaster cast of the celebrated Venus of Arles, also found here; but now transported to the Louvre. A part also of the outer wall of a theatre still remains, and two fine columns of Egyptian brescia that once decorated its interior, as did likewise two elegant pillars of black marble, now placed in the Cathedral,—a building whose façade is of ancient and singular architecture. In the Place des Hommes, near our inn, we also noticed part of the front of an ancient temple, with a mutilated inscription, incorporated in a modern house; and near the Rhone some ancient ruins, supposed to have been a palace or pretorium of the age of Constantine.

On leaving Arles we quitted Provence, and crossing the Rhone, that washes its walls, on a bridge of boats, entered Languedoc and traversing an island, passed another arm of the river in like manner; to this succeeded a rude ride partly over an open and unfrequented common, which brought us to Belgarde, a small town guarded by the ruins of an old Gothic fortress; after which, ascending a long hill, we soon came in sight of the large and populous city of Nismes, known to the Romans under the name of Nemansis, and undoubtedly *then* a place of much greater importance and of considerably larger extent than at present, when it is supposed to contain forty thousand inhabitants. "Its situation," says an ingenious author, "must have been at all times delightful,—on the edge of a vale where rocky hills shelter it from the North-East, and

where it luxuriates in all the fruitfulness of a benign climate and a southern sun." The modern town is built in a very airy, open, and diffuse manner, and planted with fine rows of trees; while the antiquities scattered through it exceed in number and interest those found in any city we have visited, except Rome. Before dinner we sallied out to view the noble Amphitheatre, composed of stones of enormous magnitude; the grand external circle of which is quite entire, with its pilasters, its columns, its porticoes, its corridors, and nearly all the ornaments in a state of perfect preservation, the dilapidations caused by time having been judiciously repaired; and it is seen to the greatest advantage from the space in which it stands being entirely open, except on the eastern side, where some houses too closely abut upon it,—an improvement effected as long ago as the reign of Francis I., on occasion of a visit to this place; but the interior remained covered with mean huts till the time of Napoleon, when this magnificent structure was restored to the condition in which we now see it. To an eye accustomed to contemplate the *grandiosity* of the Coliseum at Rome, its elevation appears low when contrasted with the bold curve of its ellipsis. It is divided into two stories, each consisting of sixty arcades, the ground floor having four entrances answering to the four cardinal points: the order of its architecture is Tuscan. Its interior is highly interesting, as though less perfect than that of Verona, it is not so much dilapidated but that the ranges of marble seats may be ascended with ease in most parts, and the view obtained from the highest of them of the city and its vicinity is pleasing, and the corridors and vomitories being in great measure perfect, it forms an excellent key to the other fabrics we have seen devoted to the like purpose.

This closes our examination of Roman amphitheatres, of which besides the Great Flavium at Rome, commonly called the Coliseum, we have seen in Italy those of Verona, Capua, Pompeii, Puteoli, and Cuma; and in France those of Nismes, Arles, and Frejus, with fragments of several others too much injured by time to be worthy of particular specification. None of them can be surveyed by the contemplative spectator without a feeling of interest and of gratification, mixed however with a proportionate satisfaction in the reflection that if vanity and lightness do accompany some of the amusements of the present day, they are generally at least exempt from that cruel and barbarous spirit which it is evident in strange and unnatural contrast accompanied the diversions of these elegant and accomplished Romans. What do we not owe to the genius of Christianity,

which however in our hands degenerated, is still sufficient to preserve us from some brutalities, and like the liberal arts of the Latin poet—

"Emollet mores nec sinet esse feros."

This evening our friend Captain Cotton, who left us at Bologna, surprised us by joining our party at the restaurateurs of our hotel, and afterwards took tea with us in our own apartments.

22nd. After breakfast, we sallied forth to survey the remaining antiquities. First, that elegant Corinthian temple called the Maison Carrée, which may fairly be reckoned the most perfect specimen that has descended to us of Roman taste, both as regards its fine and beautiful proportions, and the finished character of its ornaments. This edifice is seventy-two feet in length, and thirty-six in breadth, and is surrounded by thirty fluted Corinthian columns, and crowned with a frieze and cornice carved with foliage which bear testimony to the skill and taste of a superior artist. The portico is ascended by twelve steps of marble, and the only entrance to the temple is by a gate under it, the richness of which is in unison with the other parts of this admirable building. In the interior, now converted into a small museum, we were shown a few pictures, statues, and other curiosities, principally the efforts of modern and native artists. The whole exterior is now surrounded with a *grille de fer*, which effectually prevents it from sustaining injury from careless or mischievous hands. By means of a curious process adopted by the Abbé Seguier, but the accuracy of which is still in my opinion subject to doubt, it is supposed that this beautiful temple, which occupies the centre of one of the principal streets in Nismes, was dedicated to Caius and Lucius, sons of Agrippa, and adopted children of Augustus; and admitting this fact, its preservation through so many ages and changes of empire, wars, and intestine commotions, is truly wonderful. Others have concluded it to be an erection of the reign of the classic Hadrian: but we may say in antiquities, as in metaphysics,—

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
Or skilful casuists doubt like you and me?"

We next saw two arches, forming entrances to the ancient city. One, called the Port de Franci, has nothing to boast but its antiquity; but the other, called the Porte d' Auguste, is a double arch, much buried up with soil accumulating about it, and has an inscription denoting that the gates and the walls of the colony of Nismes were the gift of the Emperor Augustus, during his eleventh consulate. The fountain placed in the

public gardens, which form an extensive and delightful promenade, is undoubtedly a Roman relic, restored at vast expense during the reign of Louis XV.; and near it are the ruins of a temple appropriated to the goddess Diana, the walls of which are formed of enormous stones, united by cramps. The interior is decorated with pillars of the composite order, and has a fretted cornice, above which is the remains of the vaulted roof, and has twelve square niches, wherein statues were formerly placed. Ascending the upper terrace of the same gardens, recently laid out and planted with shrubs, which looks finely over the city and its environs, we came to the Tower Magne, or great tower, also a Roman antiquity, of very curious construction, of a pyramidal form, and in height one hundred and twenty feet. It was originally surrounded with a circle of open columns, which were probably adorned with a cupola; but the interior is now a hollow cylinder, without roof or staircase. Its purpose is lost in the lapse of ages, and it is supposed to have been a Pharos, a temple, a public treasury, a magnificent tomb. I incline to the first of these conjectures. The view around it is interesting, extending to the shores of the Mediterranean sea, which have possibly receded somewhat in this quarter, but surely never sufficiently so that Nismes could ever have been, as some imagine, a seaport.

This was a very interesting morning to us, and while contemplating the many splendid remains of Roman magnificence which render this city such a centre of attraction to the classic mind, we seemed to forget for a moment the long chasm of ages which lay between us and that extraordinary people, whose works will probably remain to charm and surprise future generations, when we who, now gaze upon them with admiration, shall have mouldered in the silent grave: a sentiment not easy to adjoin from the salutary and affecting inquiry of the poet,—

> "Ah, where will then my spirit be!
> How shall I spend eternity?"

The man of classic taste should remember that this city gave birth to the Emperor Antonius Pius; nor should the man of piety forget that the eloquent Saurin first saw the light within the inclosure of its venerable walls.

On our return in the evening to our inn, we found the sister-in-law of our friend Lewis Majollier, of Congenies, waiting to see us, when she informed us that her residence was at St. Gilles. Determined to proceed next day to Congenies.

SECTION V.

Contains the visits to Congenies, to Montpelier, and Avignon—excursion to the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse—journey thence to Lyons—visit to that city, and journey to Paris—with a few brief observations on some objects of interest there—return home, and concluding reflections. To which is appended some fragments of a descriptive poem relative to the same subjects, briefly referring to Rome, to Naples and its vicinity, and to the country intervening between those two cities: illustrated by a few notes.

1825.

3rd mo., 23rd. Drove to Congenies, about the distance of twelve miles, through the vales of Languedoc, which, though open and affording at times extensive views over plains covered with vineyards and planted with fruit trees now in full blossom, presented a picture quite disproportioned to the ideas we had previously formed of the beauty of the scenery in this quarter. Few forest trees of any magnitude meet the eye, and the fields are universally parted by stone walls, much resembling those in some parts of Derbyshire. The cultivation of the vine seems to exclude much attention to some other branches of husbandry: hence we observed few of those green pasturages which delight and cheer the eye so much in the verdant vallies of our native land; though occasionally the little flocks of sheep were seen obsequiously following their shepherd, reminding us of that beautiful figure of our Divine Master, evidently borrowed from a similar practice in the countries of the East: "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow Me; but the voice of a stranger will they not follow." But to return. On our arrival we experienced a warm and hearty welcome from our worthy friend Louis Majollier and his family; at whose house we dined, and where, after dinner, we had the company of Elizabeth Walker, from the continent of North America; her com-

panion, Ann Knight, of Chelmsford; and James Charlton, wife, and sister, from Bristol. After so long a separation from our friends in religious connection, this was to us a very interesting and cheering meeting; and we determined to return to them again on the First-Day, intending to spend the interval in a visit to the celebrated town of Montpelier, which we reached that evening through Sommieres; above which there is a fine old castle, commanding a view over some of the loveliest scenery we have seen in Languedoc; and also through another small town, whose name I have forgotten, where we noticed a large range of aqueducts, connected with a neighbouring eminence, apparently Roman; but concerning which I gather no account. It was quite dusk when we entered Montpelier; and we were obliged to take such accommodations as we found at "The Palais Royal Hotel," certainly not the most comfortable we have met with in France.

24th. Called on M. de Lessignol, a Protestant clergyman and friend to Dr. Steinkopff, the valuable Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and also known to William Allen, to whom we paid an agreeable visit. This amiable and benevolent pastor appeared to possess a mind governed by sound Christian principle, considering all men without distinction of names as brethren; manifested in his school upon the new system, which we visited and found well conducted and in good order, and the scholars instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, drawing and singing. We learnt that out of one hundred and thirty boys, twenty-five were the children of Catholics; and were this spirit of conciliation more cultivated in those CALLED PROTESTANTS in this quarter, I think its good effects would be visible in an increasing disposition to brotherly kindness between the members of the two rival Churches. But I very much fear that lukewarmness and indifference to religion, want of love to the brethren, and attachment to the world and the pleasures of it, equally mark both Catholic and Protestant in this part of France: and what will a name to live only do for either of them?

The weather proving wet to-day, we could do no more than take a turn in the famous "Place de Peyrau," which we had the mortification to learn presents, in *fine clear* weather, a view of the bold ranges of the mountains of the Pyrenees, as well as the more distant Alps.

25th. The morning being a little more promising, we walked to the Botanic Garden, laid out in 1590 during the reign of Henry IV., and said to be the first of its kind established in Europe. It is small com-

pared with some we have seen, but pleasantly situated, with agreeable walks, and the conservatories are in respectable order. We saw here the coffee plant, the sugar cane, and the papyrus, besides many other tender and tropical plants in a very flourishing condition. Under the shade of some venerable trees we found the tomb of Narcissa, daughter-in-law of the celebrated Dr. Young, whose death and burial he so feelingly laments in the third canto of his admirable "Night Thoughts;" where, for the sake of our common humanity I would fain hope that it is with a little of poetic license, he says,—

> "For there the dark ungodliness of zeal
> Denied the charity of dust, to spread
> O'er dust,—a charity their dogs enjoy;
> While nature melted superstition raved:
> *This* mourned the dead, and *that* denied a *grave.*"

The following inscription, however, now marks the spot, and would seem to favour the idea of a previous indignity: "Placandes Narcissæ Manibus."

We afterwards visited the School of Medicine and Surgery, and a small but select collection of preparations in wax, and also the Church of St. Pierre, remarkable for nothing but its singularly lofty and antique Gothic portal. Returned home by the Place de Peyron, before alluded to; in the centre of which is a reservoir of water, covered with a very elegant open temple, and supplied by an aqueduct from the neighbouring hills, and other ornamental buildings of the age of Louis XV.

We saw Montpelier to so great disadvantage under a dense fog, and rain with but little intermission, that I can scarcely from personal observation be expected to give an opinion on its merits or its attractions. The town itself is respectable, and is supposed to contain thirty thousand inhabitants. The climate, at all times subject to the Bise, it is said, has latterly altered so much for the worse that I judge it will gradually cease to be the resort of invalids, particularly in pulmonary cases. Finding the weather too unpromising to induce us to proceed further in the direction of Toulouse, we returned this evening as far as Lunel, where we lodged, and at supper tasted its celebrated "vin muscat," certainly a delicious flavoured wine, of the character of a cordial, of which we brought into England six bottles, purchased here.

26th. Morning again wet. Returned to Nismes, where we occupied a portion of our time in a fresh inspection of its *rare antiquities;* and

also called on M. Roux Amphoux, a merchant and banker of the city, of whom, on inquiry, we learnt that in their two schools were educated between three and four hundred boys, all of whom were Protestants; and, unlike our amiable Lessignol, he informed us they did not desire to admit Catholics to a participation of their privileges. From all we could learn, a jealous and exclusive feeling prevails amongst both parties here, which are nearly balanced in strength; and it would seem, on a candid examination into the merits of the case, that the persecutions and massacres which disgraced this otherwise respectable city in 1815, were as much, the result of political phrensy as of religious rancour, and shared equally by Protestants and Catholics,—a lamentable acknowledgment to be made amidst the light, knowledge, and liberality so generally prevailing in the nineteenth century.

27th. Rose at five in the morning, and drove to Congenies, which we reached in good time for Meeting, where we were glad to unite with our valued friends, who received us with great kindness and cordiality. Louis Majollier appeared acceptably in a short testimony in French, and Elizabeth Walker in supplication in English, to which no interpretation was offered. The meeting lasted about an hour. We dined at James Charlton's; E. Walker, A. Knight, and L. Majollier giving us their company. After dinner we saw the burial-ground adjoining the meeting-house, which latter was reared in three months, by the common exertions of the Friends of Congenies, aided by a contribution from those of London, and is really a roomy and commodious building. At two o'clock we adjourned to the Protestant Temple, where a large concourse of people (suppose about five hundred persons) were assembled, in order to form a Sunday-school for the young people of Congenies and the neighbouring villages. After the business of the day had been opened by the minister in a speech not distinguished by much eloquence, E. Walker addressed the company at large, and in affectionate terms, on the subject of the proposed institution, which was well interpreted by James Charlton, though in somewhat too feeble a voice for the size of the company, which both myself and my dear young friends regretted, and would most cheerfully have offered to relieve him had we felt ourselves sufficiently fluent in the French tongue to have adventured upon the task: after which the resolutions were put and agreed to, and some other observations offered thereupon by the pastors of Congenies and of Calvison; the latter supposed to be the birthplace of that veteran in philanthropy Anthony

Benezet, many of whose name yet reside in its neighbourhood. After a cup of tea at James Charlton's, we attended our Evening Meeting at six o'clock. I think there were present about forty men and forty women, and generally very orderly in their conduct, and for the most part vine-dressers by occupation. J. Charlton again interpreted, at whose house we supped, and then returned to L. Majollier's to lodge, where I occupied a room in conjunction with Edward Brady, an interesting young man I had previously known in London, and now here for the benefit of his health.

28th. Breakfasted at E. Walker's, lodging with A. Knight and M. Boissier, when we were kindly and hospitably received. After breakfast I read a chapter in the French Bible, and E. W. offered a few words in the line of exhortation, which were rendered by our F. J.; after which we took our leave of our kind friends,—first at this house, and then at that of our valuable friend Louis Majollier's; who greeted us at the moment of our departure with their cordial and affectionate "bien te soit," which indeed in our simplicity we at first mistook for "bon soir."

This was a visit replete with every variety of interest,—a Church of Christ planted in the wilderness,—poor, simple, lowly, despised; supported and upheld principally through the example and influence of one excellent man. What will become of it when it pleases Infinite Wisdom to remove him I shall not venture to predict. If it is His good pleasure to promote His own glory and the good of souls through *this* medium, we are assured that He can never want instruments.

We reached Nismes by about one o'clock, where we dined; and in the evening proceeded to La Foux, an interesting ride of about three hours, where, though a small place, we found decent quarters at "The Poste." Before supper we took a walk of about two miles, to visit the remains of the ancient aqueduct called the Pont du Gard; certainly one of the most impressive monuments we have left of Roman magnificence. It crosses a deep ravine between two lofty hills, through which the river Gardon forces its way, and is supposed to have been erected for the purpose of conveying water to the city of Nismes. It consists of six arches of large span, thrown immediately over the river, and over them eleven more of the same size, which are surmounted by thirty-five of much smaller dimensions; on the top of which, but covered with a stone coping, the ancient water-course still remains. The whole of this stupendous structure is in fine preservation, and it forms a support for a

modern bridge, which in 1747 was laid to the height of its first row of arches. After surveying it leisurely from below we ascended by a steep path to the top, and walked along its whole length,—an operation not to be performed with safety when the wind is high. The view from hence through the rocky valley, both up and down the river, is highly picturesque. We noticed different figures and marks of initials cut in the stone foot-path, probably most of them of very ancient date. By the time we had descended again the moon had risen in unclouded majesty, and sitting down on some fragments of stone near the bed of the river, which, except at certain seasons, occupies but one of these vast arches, contemplated in silent admiration this proud monument of antiquity, whose reality, unlike some other wonders, does by no means disappoint expectation; and we withdrew at last from the imposing spectacle, now silvered over by the "pale moonlight," wondering not only at the magnitude of the work, but at the resources of the people by whom it was accomplished.

29th. A fine ride through verdant vales brought us to Avignon, which we reached about noon, crossing a long bridge over the Rhone; from the middle of which a striking view is obtained of this ancient city, with its walls and battlements, the Cathedral, the Papal Palace, etc., etc.; the entrance to which is by a modern gateway into an open square planted with fine trees, prepossessing a stranger more in its favour than comports with the general inspection of its interior. We are prepared to annex to Avignon some importance as connected with Papal history, it having been the residence of the Popes during the great schism between *the rival infallibilities* for near a century: it contains, however, now few things worthy of note. On arrival we took our "dejeuner a la fourchette" at the table d'hote, an Irish gentleman and his family being of the company, whose son, a youth of sixteen, kindly accompanied us about the town. The ancient Palace of the Popes is converted into a Caserne; but the exterior walls being tolerably perfect present an imposing appearance of the stern and fortress-like character of the middle ages, when neither clergy nor laity were secure in their domiciles from the incursions of armed banditti. Its situation is grand, commanding the city and the surrounding country, enlivened by the meanderings of the Rhone, *here* a broad and rapid, but somewhat shallow stream, divided by a long narrow island. The Cathedral is a plain Gothic structure, and has nothing interesting within; the sumptuous tombs of the Popes and other curiosities that once adorned and rendered it remarkable having been destroyed

during the iconoclastic fury of the Revolution, which raged to a prodigious extent in this infatuated city, and spared neither age, sex, nor rank, neither the abodes of the living nor the sanctuaries of the dead. This was exemplified in the Church of the Cordeliers, which was almost totally destroyed, and the remains of the celebrated Laura, the admired friend of Petrarch, displaced from the honourable cemetery they had long occupied, were thrown with sacrilegious barbarity into the public street. A small cenotaph, or column, placed in a garden occupying I suppose the site of the church, marked the spot where the body was first deposited: and to visit this we had to contend with the exactions of an aged and somewhat obstreperous female, who calculating, as many others of her countrymen and countrywomen do, upon the inexhaustible wealth of Englishmen, wished to extort for her exhibition ten times its value. The chapel of the hospital of La Miserecorde contains some good paintings and a very beautiful crucifix, exquisitely carved in ivory, with which an interesting circumstance is connected. This crucifix was the production of Giullermin, whose name it bears: "I Giullermin invintit et sculpsit, A.D. 1539;" and was presented by him to the Convent of Penitents Noirs, as the price of their interference to save the life of his nephew Adolph, condemned to death for having murdered Valentino, a brother artist, who had attempted to gain the affections of his wife Elise.

The streets of Avignon are narrow and gloomy, and they are encircled by walls of about three miles in extent, exhibiting the solidity, grandeur, and taste of the fourteenth century. In the afternoon we drove over a fertile plain to Lisle, a small town seated on the banks of the green and rapid Sorques, a stream which takes its rise at the famous fountain of Vaucluse. Having ordered supper and beds at the comfortable inn called "The Petrarch and Laura," we lost no time in proceeding to that romantic and justly celebrated spot, distant about four miles, the road to it lying through gardens of almond and plum, peach and apricot trees, now in full blossom. The last mile, not being a carriage-road, we accomplished on foot. The rocks in the immediate vicinity of the spring are very sublime and imposing, being of a rude and sterile character, and rising abruptly to a magnificent height. The water throws itself over a shelving rock, at the foot of a wide and dusky arch, overshadowed in summer by a fig-tree growing out of the precipice above. On a considerable eminence to the right, are the ruins of a Gothic fortress, or chateau, said to have been the residence of Laura, and probably the scene of many of "the

Loves and Ditties" so quaintly alluded to by our friend John Griscom, who seems only to recognise in the illustrious Petrarch the harmonious sonneteer, forgetting his claim to our admiration and our gratitude as the restorer of learning and the preserver of so many of the classical works of antiquity, the revived knowledge of which "formed a new era in the civilization of man, and in the history of the human mind." A small pillar, not in very good taste, and harmonizing but ill with the wild grandeur of the scene, is placed near the mouth of the cavern; but they told us the Duchess of Angoulême had in a recent visit ordered its removal. In consequence of the fountain being at this time very low we could enter into the cavern, and examine the deep basin of water contained in it. In full seasons the stream flows over the shelf, or lip, that forms the entrance, and falls in a fine cascade, vying with the emerald in its vivid green. In the high winds that occurred a week before our arrival, a young man of twenty-six years of age, employed in pruning some trees on the summit of these rocks, was unfortunately blown over and killed on the spot,—an affecting memento of the very uncertain tenure by which we hold this life. On our return to the village we were shown a house, which they informed us had once been honoured with the presence of *the poet;* and without any undue reverence for his "Loves and Ditties," there was something calculated to excite a feeling of enthusiasm in tracing a spot venerated and trodden by *one* who had shone like a bright *but solitary star* amidst a surrounding night of darkness, ignorance, and barbarism, and whose memory on that account must ever be dear to the lovers of literature.

On our return to Lisle we partook of a supper, in which, according to custom, we were regaled with the productions of the classic Sorques, consisting of scolloped cray-fish, eels and trout cooked in various ways, and with all the perfectibility of the culinary art.

30*th*. We left Lisle at half-past seven this morning, and by a cross country but tolerable road, in the course of which we wound round the walls of the old town of Carpentras, whose castellated towers at equal distances had a commanding appearance, reached Orange to breakfast, the scenery through which we passed being in general of a quiet and pastoral character. Our quarters here were at "The Grisson d' Or," at no great distance from which stands the triumphal Roman arch generally attributed to Marius, but with so much uncertainty both to its object as well as the period of its erection, as to leave on the mind, as one says,

"a forcible impression of the vanity of posthumous renown." It is however in fine preservation, consisting of three arcades of the Corinthian order, decorated with an exuberance of architectural ornaments, such as vases, vine-leaves, branches of laurel and fruits, warlike trophies, etc.; basso-relievos, pourtraying the varieties of military conflict. To the foot of this arch numerous victims of the sanguinary revolution were brought to be massacred, in the name of freedom and humanity, in 1793. Mirabile dictu! In the town, the streets of which are narrow and dirty, we saw also the remains of a large Roman theatre, probably for tragic representations,—much dilapidated in the interior, and cluttered up with the mean houses of artizans; but its façade still tolerably perfect, being about three hundred feet in length and one hundred in height, although stripped of all its ornaments by the hand of time. The view from the hill behind it, yet covered with the ruins of the ancient Castle of the Princes of Orange, is very magnificent, taking in nearly the vast entire semicircle of the theatre, the town, the triumphal arch, and the distant country, watered by the Rhone and bounded by the bold fronts of the mountains of Dauphiné. The afternoon's ride brought us again to the banks of the river Rhone, and under the romantic Castles of Mornas and Mont Dragon, so celebrated in the chivalrous history of the middle ages; proudly seated, and particularly the latter, on elevated and rugged rocks, which cause them to form prominent pictures in the landscape for some distance:

> "Like mouldering towers by lovely Rhone,
> Cresting the rocky shore."

In the evening we turned a little out of the road to St. Esprit, where we lodged, in order to visit the celebrated bridge called "The Pont St. Esprit," which crosses the Rhone at this place,—in length three thousand feet, and set for greater strength in an angular form against the stream. Near this spot we entered the ancient province of Dauphiné, but these provincial designations are now lost in those of the departments.

31*st.* The morning foggy, an unusual circumstance; but the day afterwards broke out fine and clear, and rejoining the high road at La Palude, we had a delicious ride through the valley of the Rhone, with fine ranges of mountains on either side of us, and the river flowing between them, its immediate banks decorated with plantations of mulberry, vine, and fruit trees. Passing through Pierre Laté and Donzere, and leaving Grignan, formerly the residence and now the burial-place of the celebrated

Madame de Sevigné, on our right hand, reached Montilement, a town seated in a rich and fertile vale, to breakfast, which we partook of at "The Poste," an excellent inn outside the town, which is on the whole charmingly situated, and from its ancient citadel we enjoyed views of the most pleasing and picturesque character. Came on to lodge at Loriol, through scenery much of the same description. Here it is supposed by some that Hannibal crossed the Rhone on occasion of his famous invasion of Italy, and previous of course to his passing the Alps.

4th mo., 1st. Proceeded through La Paillasse to Valence: the ride very pleasant, and the mountains soon after leaving Loriol coming so closely into contact as to leave room only for the river and the road. At Valence, the Valentia of the Romans, where we breakfasted, is an old castle and a fine and ancient cathedral, in which latter is a monument to the unfortunate Pope Pius VI., of the House of Braschi, who, expelled from Rome and deprived of the Pontificial power, terminated his days in this place. Matthews well says, "There was nothing in his life became him like the leaving it; that his pious resignation under misfortunes attracted more respect than he could ever have commanded in the Palace of the Vatican." And I may add that while we lament the foibles which shaded the character of this eminent prelate, we must do justice to his munificence, to his public spirit, and to that taste for the fine arts which prompted him to increasing activity in the recovery, and jealous care in the preservation of the rare and elaborate monuments of antiquity. The situation of this town is on a slope descending to the river, which is covered with gardens, and the promenades round it are delightful. Soon after leaving it we crossed the Isere, which here falls into the Rhone, by a bridge of boats; the permanent bridge built by Bonaparte having been destroyed during the last effort for the recovery of his authority, and not yet replaced, though we saw preparations for the completion of a new one. In the course of this afternoon's ride we passed through Tain, celebrated for the wine called Hermitage, of which they make both the white and red; though I think it may justly be doubted if all the wine going under that name be really the produce of these small vineyards! This little town is romantically placed, and between it and La Vallier the road coasts delightfully the banks of the Rhone, skirted with rude rocks, and enlivened by turns with meadows of luxuriant orchards. We next passed St. Rambert, and arrived to lodge at Peage de Roussillon, a small place, where Charles IX. gave the famous "Edict of Roussillon."

2nd. Passed through Auberive, where we noticed on an eminence an ancient Gothic castle in ruins; between which and Vienne, where we arrived to breakfast, lie the hills producing the famous Cote-rotie, a wine much in esteem. The entrance to this city, the Vienna of the Romans, the capital of the Allobroges, and referred to both by Martial and Pliny, presents agreeable prospects; and the Rhone forms a fine bold semi-circular sweep close to the town. We noticed here a very curious Roman tomb in high preservation, consisting of a pyramid seventy-two feet in height, standing upon four open arcades, and supported by massy pillars. The period of its erection is however quite unknown,—probably of the lower ages, as there is nothing about it indicative of good taste. Within the town we were shown several antiquities, consisting of an arch, said to have been dedicated to Augustus, which though encumbered with buildings is still tolerably preserved, and combined with some elegance presents the massy character of Roman architecture. Also a Basilica, or Temple, in appearance not very unlike the Maison Carrée at Nismes, but in a much worse condition, having unfortunately been walled up between the columns, which are thirty feet in height, in order to form a chapel; but as they assured us it was in project to remove these walls, the structure will then present a fair specimen of the skill and taste of the ancients. Its interior contains many Roman relics dug up in and about Vienne,—such as altars, tombs, busts, statues, torsos, and a few pieces of ancient armour; a bas-relief of Apollo, and statues of two Infants, exquisitely carved, pleased us most; and, lastly, the Cathedral,—a magnificent Gothic edifice, comprehending also sundry Roman remains taken from the ruins of the old city, and applied to the construction of this Christian temple,—such as marble columns, friezes, etc. There is also a fine tomb, erected to the memory of Cardinal Archbishop Montmorin.

We reached Lyons, after a very hilly ride, by about half-past four. The approach to this fine city by the bridge that crosses the Rhone, and in view of the noble and lofty range of buildings which line its banks, presents a magnificent and imposing spectacle. We found here comfortable quarters at "The Hotel des Ambassadeurs," in the "Place de Belcour,"—one of the best squares we have seen in the course of our travels, two sides of which are new, and erected by Bonaparte. This city, the Lugdunum of the Romans, contains about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is considered for wealth the second in France; and certainly two of the finest rivers in Europe, flowing through it in parallel lines,

contribute to render its situation without comparison in point of commercial advantage. It is distinguished for an extensive manufacture of broad silks. It is said that the Emperor Augustus resided here for three years, and both Claudius and Caligula are known to have distinguished it with marks of imperial favour; yet it contains but few remains of its pristine grandeur.

First-Day, 3rd. At home, enjoying a season of quiet, after our long journey from Congenies. In the afternoon, took a walk through the city, and ascended the hill of La Fourvieres, where is a celebrated Church dedicated to the Virgin; which commands a fine view of the town, as well as of the rivers and the neighbouring country, covered with villages, mansions, and vineyards, and bounded by the distant mountains.

4th. After some calls of civility, we this morning inspected the public Library, said to be next to that of Paris, the largest in France, and estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. These are contained in a fine apartment situated on the quay of the Rhone; from the balcony of which we obtained a prospect not only of the objects in its immediate vicinage, but of the white and glittering summits of Mont Blanc, and others of the majestic range of snowy Alps.

Of manuscripts, the most precious we saw here was an illuminated Bible of the tenth or twelfth century. Here is also a pair of large globes, one of which was shattered by the bursting of a shell, during the famous siege of the city by the Republicans. This library struck us on the whole as having a dull and unfrequented appearance, not very creditable to the taste of this thriving and mercantile city. At "The Hotel de Ville," a noble building, said to be inferior only to that of Amsterdam, we saw the statues of the Rhone and the Soane, formerly accompanying that of Louis XIV. in the Place de Belcour, and saved when the royal effigy was destroyed during the fury of the revolution.

In the Museum we were shown some ingenious works of art, and many interesting remains of antiquity. Amongst the former a groupe in painting, representing the principal personages constituting the eminent school of Port Royal, and all portraits; a fine Perugino, given by Pope Pius VII., and several of the productions of Jean Jouvenet; also three pictures by modern Lyonese artists, small, but of great merit in their execution. Amongst the latter, drawn from the ruins of the ancient city, we were shown three fine Mosaic pavements, one of which, exhibiting the

manner of the chariot races in the ancient circus, was very interesting; also the celebrated bronze tablets containing the speech of Claudius to the Roman Senate in favour of the colony of Lugdunum; and a great variety of bronze and marble statues and busts, inscriptions and sarcophagi, penates, or household gods, some of them of very diminutive size; armour, implements, utensils, etc., many of which were very curious. The Cathedral Church of St. Pierre, across the Soane, is a fine structure of Gothic or Moresque architecture, and of large dimensions. The Botanic Garden, and public walks, which are curiously arranged on the slope of a hill, have been but recently laid out, but promise when the trees and shrubs are grown up, to form a very agreeable promenade. These institutions seem becoming more and more popular in France, few towns of any consideration being without a "Jardin des Plantes." From the dome of the great hospital, we obtained a fine panoramic view of the city. This noble institution, which is under the sole direction and superintendence of the devoted Sisters of Charity, is well conducted: the lodging-rooms appeared clean, decent, and in good order; also the refectory, kitchen, medicine-room, and laboratory. The hospital embraces fevers and other diseases, as well as accidents; and at the time we saw it, they had sixteen hundred beds occupied, including both male and female. Patients somewhat superior to the very lowest class, are entertained here at two francs a day; and a few of a still higher class, even at twelve francs a day, who have separate chambers allotted to them.

The two quays of the Rhone and the Soane are both very magnificent, and there are two bridges over the former, and six over the latter river. The streets of Lyons are many of them handsome and regular, and the two most prominent squares are the Place de Belcour, to which I have before alluded, and the Place des Terreaux, in the latter of which the guillotine was kept constantly going during the sad and guilty period which succeeded the surrender of the city to the republican army; and not content with the slow operation of which, these infuriated patriots had recourse to cannon loaded with grape shot, which were played off without mercy upon hundreds of these devoted and miserable victims at once. We saw, from the windows of the library, a pyramid raised on the opposite side the Rhone, on the spot where the remains of those unhappy persons were interred, who perished by this terrible mitraille.

5*th*. Visited a manufactory of rich silk, worked with gold and silver embroidery and rich damask flowers: very curious, and destined for the

seraglios of Persia and Turkey; after which we determined to proceed on our route to Paris through the Bourbonnais, in preference to making, as we at first intended, an excursion to the wild and romantic solitudes of the Grand Chartreuse, and so came on that afternoon to Tarare to lodge. The road on quitting Lyons is fine, and the prospect interesting, particularly towards the lofty hills that border the Soane. Tarare is a neat manufacturing town, at the foot of the great mountain of the same name, and seated on the river Tordine.

6th. On leaving Tarare this morning we ascended for two hours the mountain at whose base it is seated, by a gentle and gradual ascent; the summit commanding an extensive prospect, with the white and glittering peaks of the Púys de Dome and Mont D'Or visible for some time. We arrived by a succession of mountain scenery at Roanne, a neat town seated on the river Loire, where we breakfasted at the old "Poste," overlooking the bridge, and came on in the evening to La Pacandiere to sleep, through a rich and fertile country abounding with vineyards.

7th. A fine ride to Varennes to breakfast, through a rich and undulating country sprinkled over with small pools of water, which from their number gave a pleasant diversity to the scene; the views occasionally opening agreeably over the valleys of Burgundy and the Borbonnais; the corn rapidly advancing, the fruit trees in full blossom, and the weather warm. We noticed in this department the very curious costume of the women's bonnets and the men's hats. In the evening a fine ride to Moulines, the scene of Sterne's "Maria," a neat and pleasing French town of thirteen thousand inhabitants, situated on the river Allier, which is here crossed by an ancient and fine bridge, surrounded by extensive boulevards well planted with rows of poplars. It once possessed a noble castle, now in ruins. At the Lyceum, formerly the Church of the Visitation, we were shown the tomb of the gallant Henri Duc de Montmorenci, who was beheaded at Toulouse in 1632, through the influence of that implacable minister Cardinal Richelieu. It was erected by his widow, the Princess Ursini, and is indeed a magnificent monument, comparable in beauty of execution, though not equal in design, to that of Marischal Count Saxe in the Protestant Church of St. Thomas at Strasburg. It fortunately escaped the fury of the Revolution which destroyed or mutilated so many churches, public edifices, and ornamental buildings in all parts of France, but particularly in the South. We were accommodated here at "The Poste," a good inn, where we purchased a few trifles in cutlery, for which article

Moulines is famous, though quite outrivalled herein by the manufacturers of our country.

8th. Came on to Pierre le Montier, situated on a neck of land between the Allier and the Loire; and afterwards passed through Nevers, an ancient town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, finely seated on the declivity of a hill washed by the latter river at its confluence with the Nievre. The principal church, a large Gothic edifice, has a fine rich tower, besides which we noticed no object of any interest. Reached Pouques in the evening, where, from "The Poste" being full, we were obliged to take shelter at a small village inn.

9th. Coasted pleasantly by the banks of the "murmuring Loire," adorned on either side with interesting scenery; through La Charité, a small manufacturing town of apparent antiquity, part of which is built on an island of the river, and connected by two stone bridges with the main land: here is a large hospital, which may possibly have given name to the town. We also passed Pauilly, another town of like character, and reached Cosne to breakfast. During this morning's ride we had in sight for some time on the opposite side the river, the hills of Berri and the town of Sancerre, famous for the stout resistance of its Hugenôt inhabitants against Charles IX.; and latterly, for the residence of Lady Austen, the amiable and enlightened friend of the poet Cowper, and to whom we are indebted for the first suggestion of his noble and comprehensive poem "The Task." Reached Briare in the evening, a small town also on the Loire, celebrated for its canal connecting that river with the Seine.

10th. On quitting Briare we left the high road to Paris for that of Orleans, which follows the direction of the Loire, and proved so excessively bad as to ruffle the mind of our obliging and tractable servant Henri. Came first to Gien, a small town very pleasantly situated on that river, with a fine bridge. It is very ancient, as the houses generally denote, and as we traversed its streets we seemed carried back to the age of Francis I. The church and castle, seated on an eminence, have a romantic and picturesque appearance, corresponding with the chivalrous character of all about them. With difficulty we reached Chateau-neuf to dine, and found there a good village inn, near the site of the old castle, which was destroyed at the time of the Revolution and is replaced by a small modern mansion. Arrived in the evening at Orleans, the road passing through several pleasant villages, and being in rather better order

than that we traversed in the morning: the two majestic towers of the Cathedral of that city forming for miles an interesting object on our route.

11th. This fine city, the Aureliani of the Romans, does not possess much to detain the traveller. We saw in the Great Square a statue of the famous Pucelle, or Maid of Orleans, and the bridge over the river Loire, which is esteemed fine, as is also the quay and the principal street connected with it. The Cathedral, said to be one of the most magnificent in France, is a Gothic structure of a rich and florid style; but has suffered much in its decorations by Republican violence, though now under reparation. We were not able to stop long enough to ascend the towers, which are said to command extensive and beautiful prospects. After breakfast we came to Touri, over a long and tedious pavé, which accompanied us with very little interruption to Paris; and in the evening reached Etampes, a large, populous, and very straggling town, where we were lodged at "The Hotel du Grand Courrier."

12th. A charming ride through the rich vale in which Etampes is situated, adorned with luxuriant forest trees and fruit trees in full blossom, brought us to Lonjumeau, and from whence we reached Paris in good time in the afternoon; re-entering once more this celebrated city by the side of the stone quarries, and through the Barrier d'Enfer, and found quarters at "The Hotel de l'Amirauté." Having all been in Paris before, it felt like being at home once more to take up our quarters within its inclosure; and I trust it is with a degree of gratitude, however inadequate to the measure of mercies received, that I pause again a moment to commemorate them. So soon to have a prospect of rejoining my own endeared connections, and also to restore my valued and beloved young friends to the arms of their tender and anxious parents, is indeed exhilarating; and in recurring to the various blessings and preservatious we have experienced, we may well say with the Psalmist, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits to us?"

From the 12th to the 21st instant we spent in Paris, occupied in a fresh and more deliberate inspection of the works of art and other curiosities there, than we were able to bestow upon them on our former visit; but upon which it is not my intention here to enlarge, so much having been already written and said on these topics. We also attended the anniversary of the French Bible Society, and that of the Society of the "Morale Chretienne," both held in a music gallery, No. 21, Rue de

Clery. In the first, which was large and respectably attended, the President, the Marquis de Jaucour, took the chair, supported by the Baron de Stael and several other noblemen and gentlemen, besides the deputations from the several Branch Societies. The President read his speech sitting, which had an ungraceful effect, and most of the other speakers followed his example, as far as regards reading their speeches; and though the details were important and interesting, a very evident want of animation appeared to me to pervade the whole assembly, and gave it a character inferior far to most of our Provincial Auxiliaries. But a Protestant Bible Society in the heart of a large Catholic capital can never be viewed with indifference by the Christian spectator.

The anniversary of the "Morale Cretienne" proved likewise an interesting meeting. The Duc de Broglie in the chair. At the conclusion of it our friend Elizabeth Walker, from North America, who had arrived in Paris before us from Congenies, attempted to offer some observations, which the meeting at first hesitated to receive, but after some unpleasant parleying, she was allowed to proceed; and her remarks were well interpreted by Charles Cottrell, an animated and intelligent young Frenchman of the liberal order, and nephew of that ingenious writer, Helen Maria Williams.

I have some doubts of the propriety of this interruption to the regular routine of the business of the day from a female, and a foreigner; but it was some satisfaction to observe that the communication of our friend was on the whole well received, and appeared to leave an agreeable impression on the auditory. The same evening we saw said friend and her companion into the "Diligence," for Cherbourg, on their way to the Island of Guernsey.

The Royal Gallery of the Gallery of the Louvre must, after all we have seen, still be pronounced a magnificent collection, both of statuary and painting; and though despoiled of such a surprising number of chef d'œuvres in both arts, which have been restored to their original proprietors, does not present any appearance of vacancy; their places having been judiciously filled up by contributions from the palaces of the King and of the "Noblesse." Eight rooms on the ground floor, of good dimensions and rich in marbles and Mosaics, are appropriated to the efforts of the chisel; many of which are from the collection of the Prince Borghese, sold to Bonaparte, and a few from those of the Vatican, the Capitol, and the Villa Albani in Rome,— which we may presume, as so

many were restored, were permitted by their respective owners to remain. I shall enumerate a few prominent objects only. In the "Hall of Peace" are fine statues of the Emperor Trajan, of the orator Demosthenes, and of the philosopher Posidonius. In that of the "Romans," one of the largest and most beautiful Candelabras of antiquity. In that of "Diana," the much admired statue of this heathen divinity, called the Diana a la Liche, found in a temple dedicated to her, between Gensano and Aricia, in the Roman States; the Venus of Troas; and a Minerva, supposed to be a copy of one executed in bronze by Phidias, called "the beautiful." In the "Hall of the Candelabra" is another magnificent specimen of this sort, of singular shape and very excellent workmanship, of white marble; a tripod of the Delphic Apollo; and a noble statue of Marsyas. In the "Hall of the Tiber" is a colossal group representing that river god, found at Rome; which, like the Nile in the Vatican, is represented in a recumbent posture, resting on an urn, and near it the wolf with its nurslings, the founders of Rome. These two fine subjects ought never to have been separated. In the "Hall of the Gladiator" is the famous Gladiator from the Borghese Villa, supposed to be one of the first masterpieces of the Grecian chisel, the work of Agasias of Ephesus, whose name it bears: it was found at Antium, as was the celebrated Apollo Belvidere. Here is also the Venus of Arles, found in that ancient town. The "Hall of Pallas" is so called from a much admired statue of Minerva, of Greek workmanship, at Villetri. The goddess is here represented as possessing that *dignified beauty* which accords with *wisdom*. The "Hall of Melpomene" has a floor of modern Mosaic, finely executed, and is adorned with a colossal statue of the tragic muse, supposed to have once been placed in Pompey's theatre. In the "Hall of the Caryatides," is the fine Hermaphrodite from the Gallery of the Prince Borghese, supposed to be an antique imitation of that of Polycletus, found near the Baths of Diocletian. Here are also statues of Alexander the Great; of Silenus with the infant Bacchus (a favourite Pagan subject), found in the gardens of Sallust, in Rome; of Jason, called Cincinnatus; and of another, called Germanicus,—both from the Villa Negroni; and some magnificent Roman vases, all of which are fine specimens of the art, and with many more not easy to enumerate, well deserve the attention of the curious.

Of the grand Gallery of Paintings, and its splendid antechamber,—*the former* in size one of the longest apartments existing, and adorned with

columns, mirrors, candelabra, altars, busts, ancient and modern vases of the most costly description, besides the vast collection of paintings of the great masters that line its walls, and *the latter* appropriated to the works of modern artists,—I might be prepared after four visits to the French metropolis, to say something; but I forbear entering into detail on a topic now worn *threadbare*. There are several works replacing the pieces restored after the peace of Paris, which are of unequal merit; amongst which I class the large allegorical and historical series of the "Life of Marie de Medicis," by Rubens, brought from the Luxembourg Palace; and the "History of St. Bruno," by La Sueur, brought from the Chartreuse. Vernet's fine collection of the "Seaports of France," must ever command admiration; and the splendid "Last Supper," by Paul Veronese, most of the personages of which are portraits from the life, may be reckoned amongst his best performances. "The Deluge," by N. Poussin, is a particularly fine and interesting picture; and "The Dropsical Woman," by Gerard Dow, is deemed one of the very best productions of his pencil. Amongst the specimens of the Italian school which yet remain, is a "Saviour Crowned with Thorns," by Corregio; a double picture of "David Vanquishing Goliath," by Daniel de Volterra; "The Infant Jesus in His Mother's Lap," by Murillo, in the sweet, tender, and natural style of this interesting artist; and "A Young Beggar seated," by the same, similar in character to those at Dulwich College; "A Holy Family," by Raphael, and painted for Francis I. only two years before his death; and another, called "La Belle Jardiniere," of which I purchased a fine engraving; also sundry portraits and Scripture pieces from the pencil of that great master of the Venetian school, Titian.

Of the splendid collection of the works of modern French artists, contained in the Galleries of the Luxembourg Palace, it would not become me to say much. The designs are generally grand aud impressive, and the execution very finished and delicate; yet the colours are too glowing to comport with the notions of excellence we borrow from the old masters, and their effect is somewhat too fine and flashy. How they would appear when mellowed by the hand of time, I know not. Improved in these respects, they would be quite captivating, especially as the subjects are usually much more interesting than the monotonous succession of Madonnas, Magdalens, St. Jeromes, and St. Sebastians, with the endless repetition of which the eye is perpetually fatigued in the great productions of the Italian schools. But to broach a sentiment

like this I am aware would be considered a species of high treason against the decisions of taste and virtû, and expose me to a *probably just charge* for total deficiency in *either*, in the *eyes of one* at least of my intelligent *fellow travellers*. So must we only reason secundem artem. Some of the smaller cabinet pictures in these rooms pleased me much at the time, and I look back upon the minuteness of their detail, and the delicacy of their execution, with pleasure.

We enjoyed a sensible advantage during our stay in Paris this time, in the society of our kind and agreeable friend Thomas Hodgkin, of Tottenham; in whose company we dined several times at our restaurants in "The Palais Royal," and by his interest we were introduced to a sitting of the Institute, or Royal Society of Paris, where we had the privilege to hear different philosophical subjects handled by some of the most celedrated savans of this enlightened city. Cuvier was not present, but we had a learned harangue from that well-known traveller, naturalist, and philosopher, Count Humboldt.

By a written application to the Baron Denon, to which he kindly favoured us with a reply, we were admitted to see the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities collected by this celebrated traveller from Thebes, Cairo, Heliopolis, when in quality of savant he accompanied Bonaparte in his expedition into that country, many of which were very original and interesting. We were politely received by their owner, who apologized to us for not being able to converse with us in our own language; and he also exhibited to us a miscellaneous assemblage of curiosities collected by him during the troubles that in his time had agitated France, and brought invaluable relics of taste and antiquity to the hammer, when they were sold as baubles of no worth. Many of these were whimsical, —such as a tooth of Voltaire, and part of the moustachios of Henri IV., etc., etc. Some pictures and drawings also grace this collection, and several bronze and marble busts of Napoleon, to whom Denon seems to have been entirely attached, and under whose auspices he had arisen to rank and opulence. The visit was rendered additionally impressive to us from the circumstance of the worthy Baron's being called a very few days afterwards from this world to another, by a sudden attack of illness which terminated his life very abruptly, the intelligence of which reached us almost as soon as we arrived in London.

In the course of this visit we were one First-Day in Paris, which we spent with our friends Isaac Sargeant and wife, at their pleasant residence

in the Champs Elysees; and in the morning sat down with them, Thomas Hodgkin, and M. Rayer, of the Royal Garden, awhile in silence, which was followed by reading a portion of Holy Scripture, a practice which throughout our very long journey we have rarely omitted every day, and never on this day of the week, set apart especially for religious reflection and retirement of soul, and have ever found both profitable and refreshing, and is indeed a practice very intimately connected in my mind with all that is lively in religion. And truly when we call to mind that while occupants of this tenement of clay, we are composed of mixed materials, how needful is it that the soul, pressed down as she is by the lagging flesh, should receive every stimulus the tendency of which is to draw our wandering thoughts to a centre, and fix them upon the alone objects of adoration and praise. Lifeless forms are ever to be deprecated, and even Scripture may be perused without life, and without a clear view of its Divine meaning; yet a *care ought* to prevail lest in a righteous zeal to avoid them we part with the precious substance, and become *formalists* under a new name. Never can we be too often reminded of the *inestimable truths* recorded in the Sacred Page, nor of our infinite obligations to that Divine and ever compassionate Redeemer who took our nature upon Him, and though He was rich became *poor*, that we might be enriched with the unfading treasures of eternity.

While in Paris I greatly enriched my portfolio by purchases from the lithographic draughtsmen, of which I bought several choice specimens, the French greatly excelling us in this branch of art. It was originally projected by us that our faithful Henri should have disposed of his horses and carriage in Paris, and accompanied us into England; but finding it difficult to effect this, it was determined he should return with them to Martigny, and afterwards rejoin us in London, which rendered it necessary we should now part with him,—a parting that would have been very sensibly felt by all parties had they not anticipated so speedy a re-union in our own land; and though circumstances arose which did not seem to warrant the adoption of the plan proposed, not in the smallest degree connected with the character of the party, it was nevertheless with very sincere regret that we relinquished the prospect of ever again seeing this trusty and faithful fellow, to whose prudence, integrity, and care we undoubtedly owed so large a share of the comfort of our Italian journey.

We left Paris on the 21st, by the Diligence for Calais, comfortably occupying the coupé, or front chariot, to ourselves; and then passing

through Beauvais, Abbeville, Montreul, and Boulogne, reached our destination the following evening: and the 23rd being First-Day, we determined to spend it quietly there, which we had no cause to regret, it proving a season of renewed and grateful commemoration for countless favours and mercies received during our lengthened and diversified journey, in the course of which nothing in the shape of serious drawback had been permitted to attend us.

On the 24th we crossed the Channel in one of the regular steam packets, and the sea being uncommonly calm and smooth had a very fine passage over, and were ushered into the harbour in gallant style. I want words to set forth the emotions experienced by us on nearing once more the white and weather-beaten cliffs of our beloved native Isle, and on again setting firm foot upon her shingly beach, and finding that we were at last restored to the land of civil and religious liberty, of light, knowledge, and liberal institutions, of Bibles and Christian Sabbaths. I shall therefore content myself with simply transcribing in this place a single stanza, from the pen of a well known and once popular female writer, as expressive of our feeling on this interesting occasion:—

"But he's alone his country's lover,
Who when fresh winds have wafted over,
Can from *full experience* prove *her*
The best he's found since last at *Dover*."
Thrale.

After devoting a portion of the evening to a call upon our kind friend R. Gilbert, whose company we had had at Rome and Florence, and who resides here, we lodged at "The Union Hotel;" and next day, the 25th, were rapidly transported to London by one of the Dover stages, and the same evening I consigned my valued and endeared fellow travellers to their beloved parents at Tottenham.

Having now brought to a conclusion my narrative of our lengthened tour, wherein I have attempted, however faintly, to delineate the interesting objects that engaged our attention in the progress of it,—and which I have lengthened out very far beyond my original design, in the hope of thereby rendering a little additional gratification to the few beloved friends who may incline to favour me with a perusal of it, and may perhaps, from a degree of kind partiality for the writer, be disposed to enter with rather

more than ordinary interest into scenes and subjects that afforded much pleasure as they passed in succession before him,—I shall terminate my labours by the insertion of a simple poetical effusion, commemorating the principal rivers in Europe; but which indeed would require some apology for its want of originality, were it not the avowed aim of the author to avoid using his own language where he could, by a sort of overt and acknowledged plagiarism, borrow from the descriptions of others; and which strictly entitles it, to use the expression of a kindred art, to be called a "composition." The quotations are from Goldsmith, Byron, Whitehead, Montgomery, Addison, Cowper, Pope, and Milton.

LET mountain spirits fix their airy throne
"By the blue rushings of the arrowy *Rhone*,"
Or trace the devious course through Gallia's soil
Where generous wine rewards the peasant's toil;
Let placid *Seine* in sinuous channels glide,
While verdant islands his broad streams divide;
Or swains, reclined in rustic ease, require
Or pipe or dance beside "the murmuring *Loire*:"
Through rich Champagne, with purple clusters gay,
"Let *Marne's* slow waters weave their mazy way;"
Or glassy *Meuse* in soft succession show
Its beauteous banks reflected clear below;
Where snows eternal circle freedom's home
Let the broad cataract, *creamed with whitening foam*,
Or castles crowning wildest crags, combine
With "vine-clad hills" t' embellish "*lovely Rhine*;"
Let *Arno* boast "of Art, the princely shrine"
Replete with wonders, scarce miscalled "divine;"
O'er rugged rocks *Ticino* "madly stray,"
Or *Dora* swift "through flowery valleys play;"
Let "Rome's vast ruins darken *Tiber's* wave,"
Where weeping history shows "a *nation's grave*,"
'Neath Vesta's hallowed fane and classic shade
Resistless *Anio* urge his bold cascade,
Round Capua's ancient walls *Volturnus* flow,
"And trees weep amber on the banks of *Po*;"

Let busy *Thames* with swelling sails impart
The world's rich stores to London's crowded mart,
Or thence meandering midst patrician bowers,
Groves, evergreen, or meads begemmed with flowers,
Reflect proud Richmond's heights or Windsor's regal towers;
Let fair *Sabrina* seek "the western springs"
With health and plenty on her breezy wings;
Let *Cam* and *Isis* rival tributes bear
From cloistered courts where Science' sons repair;
Romantic *Wye* survey with tearful smile
His time-worn Tintern's venerable pile;
Or *Avon* murmur where his favourite child
"Warbled" at will "his native wood-notes wild."

Let these, 'midst rude or gentle scenery placed,
With proud or classic recollections graced,
Awhile detain th' admiring eye, and claim
A passing tribute to each honoured name.
The *patriot* spirit and the generous *mind*,
Affections only lastingly can bind,
And these, howe'er for health or taste we roam,
Concentrate round that spot we call our home:
With these even desert wastes have power to bless,—
Without them Eden were a wilderness.
Let then these prouder streams transcendent shine,
And Art with Nature's softer charms combine;
Though *Mincius* lives in Maro's deathless song,
Or tuneful Horace *Tiber's* praise prolong;
By "*Ouse's* tide" chaste Cower's genius smile,
Or Burns, by banks of *Ayr* and his sweet Ballochmyle:
Give me, fair *Orwell*, thy bright beauteous shore
With virtuous friendships graced,—I ask no more!
O loved in youth! nor less as steals that day
That strews my temples with time's silvery gray,
Admired thy wood-crowned heights. Thy vallies green,
With sloping lawns and villas fair between,
Screened with rich clumps of venerable trees,
Where gay Hygenia sports on every breeze,—
Thy wide-spread waters hastening to the sea,

While o'er them summer suns smile pleasantly;
Or spring's fresh tints, or autumn's changeful hues
Thy banks adorn, and tempt the vagrant muse,
May well with many a far-famed stream compare,
Nor fancy's self depict a scene more fair.
Here, though some change the nerveless frame require,
Here let me learn to limit vain desire,
And taste the blessings Providence has lent,
With Christian confidence and calm content;
Where duty's voice pervades the social camp,
And pure religion holds her hallowed lamp
That marks the peaceful road, to souls perplext
By doubts and fears, from this world to the next;
And leads the widowed heart, by sorrow riven,
To fix sublime its holiest hopes on heaven!
Or should disease or pain that frame invade,
May resignation lend her potent aid,
That shafts, envenomed, faith may shield and guide,
May fall innocuous from the guarded side:
And when this mingled scene of life is o'er,
Its conflicts closed and gained the immortal shore,
Hence let my loosened spirit soar away
Through death's dark portals to heaven's brighter day;
When He "who died below and reigns above
Inspires the song of gratitude and love."

END OF DIARY.

Some Fragments of a Descriptive Poem,

WRITTEN ON QUITTING ROME, IN THE SPRING OF 1825.

DEDICATORY STANZAS,

Addressed to my beloved and valued fellow travellers, FREDERICK *and* WILLIAM JANSON, *junr.*

COMPANIONS of my lengthened way,
Whose ready wit and cheerful smile
Could oft the tedious hours beguile,
To you I tune the votive lay:
You, who in earlier years combined
(When joy nor feels nor fears decay)
With liberal taste and views refined,
The prudent choice, the manly mind,
More apt to adorn life's later day;

Whose active zeal scorned all confine,
Whose keen research no limit knew
Save virtue's modest boundary line,
Or *that* which sound discretion knew.

Whether by Gallia's southern shore
Well pleased with social steps we stray,
Or mark Helvetia's mountains hoar
Where late the lingering sunbeams play,
O'er huge Mont Blanc their radiance pour,
Then fade in roseate hues away;

Whether gay Venice' sea-girt isle,
Whose walls the rippling waters lave,
Or proud Genoa's turrets smile,
Reflected bright in Ocean's wave;

Whether midst Arno's beauteous vale
Fair Florence rears her princely towers,
And softly on the ambrosial gale
Her copious horn of plenty showers;

Whether old Rome, majestic Queen
Of Empires once, our feet detains,
Or Naples' loveliest hill of green,
Cerulean skies, and glittering fanes;

Whether by Leman's placid lake,
By lovely Lucern's bolder shore,
Or where sweet Como's waters break,
Or proud Benacus' billows roar;[a]

Amidst the streams of pure delight
That Nature's varied charms impart,
The mimic forms, the tablets bright
Of ancient and of modern art;
Or while on mouldering piles we gaze,
Proud relics of departed days
That touch and teach the heart,—
Where Mantua's shepherd mused erewhile
Beneath Mæcenas'[b] fostering smile,
Blithe Horace sang, or Plinius brought
His active powers to patient thought,
Octavius tired of regal state
Serenely urged the wise debate,
Aurelius penned his precepts sage,
Or history owned her Sallust's page;

[a] Lake Leman (Geneva), Lake of Lucern or four Cantons, Lake of Como (the Lacus Larius of Pliny), Lake of Garda (Benacus of the ancients.)

[b] An allusion to the ruins of the villa of Mæcenas, the house of Pliny on Lacus Larius, the ruins of the Cæsar's palace on the Palatine, the Thermæ Antonianæ and those of the house of Sallust.

Where old Cortona's turrets white
  Like eyries woo the freshening breeze;
Or Monte Nero's [c] sainted height
(Of mariners the fond delight)
  O'erlooks the Tyrrhene seas;
'Midst Thrasymene's deep defiles
Once famed for Carthaginian wiles,
Or where in days of Roman pride
Fabricius' manly soul defied
  The proud Alacides;

Where Pisan galleys proudly rode
  Beside their wondrous leaning tower,
Or grass-grown streets Ferrara showed,
And vacant once the stern abode
  Of ducal Esté's tyrant power,
Immured in dungeon dark and drear
When Tasso claimed the generous tear;

On Vallambrosa's cloistered mount
  "Whose shades high over-arched embower,"
Or where Vauclusa's [d] classic fount
  Tells Love's soft tale and Laura's power;
In deep retirement's wildest glen
  Where loud the foaming cataract [e] falls;
Or midst "the busy hum of men"
  Pent up in city walls;
In cabins where rude peasants dwell,
In lonely anchorite's silent cell,
Or where, with luxury, pride conspires
To raise unsatisfied desires
  In grandeur's statelier halls:

By Memory's aid, in every place
  Where our united steps have been,
Your persevering minds I trace;

[c] Near Leghorn. [d] Fountain of Vaucluse.
[e] The Vilino, the Anio, the Grisbach, the Smadrabach, the Reichenbach.

And still as Time with ceaseless tread
His mellowing hues has round them shed,
  Shall joyous hail each well-known scene.

Oh, friends beloved! in Life's gay spring
  With all around you fresh and fair
And Hope's bright blossoms clustering
  Nipt by no chilling blasts of care,
As cultured flowers in south parterre
  Brushed by Favonius' gentlest wing
Serenely scent the summer air
  Nor fear the storms rude Winters bring,—

Accept this tribute, justly due,
  In friendship's kindliest influence penned;
Accept my warmest wishes too
  That peace may all your steps attend:

That heaven-born peace, which can supply
  Fresh joys to cheer the drooping heart
When Nature's loveliest landscapes die
  And fade the roseate hues of art.

—o—

FRAGMENTS.

After three months 'midst ruins spent
And many an antique monument,
Beneath St. Peter's princely doom
And all the stores of ancient Rome,
Or where perennial zephyrs play
Round Naples' vast and lovely bay,
And warmer suns their beams dispense,
And wonders rouse each lagging sense,—
Soon as that sun with rays benign
Entered Aquarius' hopeful sign,
Resolved to brook no more delay
Three travellers northward took their way.

Resolved to part they were,—and yet
Imperial Rome with keen regret
They quit: by many a record bright
Of worth and virtue power and might,
To them endeared; of learned lore
And liberal arts the classic seat,
Where long and late the muses wore
Their laurelled wreath, and proudly bore
To distant lands their accents sweet. [f]

These travellers, anxious to rejoin
Their soft and wooded Apennine,
And thence with curious eyes explore
Fair Adrias' rich and fertile shore,
And by the margin of the Main
Rejoin Bologna's towers again,—
Quitted this city proud and fair,
With all the treasures it contains.
Bright shone the sun, and small their care
'Bout wintry snows or stormy rains;
Though these are oft the travellers share,
The wise endure them nor complains.

Three months: 'tis but a speck of time
To spend with objects so sublime!
So mused our travellers as they passed
Along the rude Campanian waste,
Where, throned in dignified distress,
Begirt with towers and turrets gray
The world's imperial mistress dwells,
Majestic even 'midst time's decay,
And through a noxious wilderness
Old Tiber winds his yellow way,
And many a tale of history tells.
Three months: 'tis but a speck of time
To spend 'midst objects so sublime!

[f] These few first stanzas were composed to beguile some tedious hours in the snow on the Col Ferito, a ridge of the Apennines.

Oh, that some vagrant muse would bring
One feather from his eagle wing
  Who boldly swept the trembling lyre,
And o'er Rome's mighty ruins threw,
Her time-worn fanes and temples new,
  His mantle of etherial fire;
And dipped that pen, and purified
In Jordan's deep and hallowed tide,—
Ah then 'twere easy sure to tell
A theme we comprehend so well.

  For with inimitable skill,
With force and feeling all his own,
Around these scenes has Byron [5] thrown
  A halo that enchants us still.
He blends, with flowers of every hue
  That cluster round the Aonian hill,
Descriptions lively, natural, new.
  We bend to genius' shrine alone,
And think the transcript must be true:
But here indeed its truth we feel.

Yet who, by loftier views refined,
But mourns o'er that degraded mind,
That, blest with noblest powers to soar,
  To bid its strains to Heaven aspire,
Sank moral truth and virtuous lore
  In the dark maze of "low desire;"
Or sought the Christian's cheering hopes to rend
And rob his dying hour of its Almighty Friend?

  Oh, ill starr'd genius! that with envious eyes
Viewed the Redeemer's costly sacrifice,

[5] See his descriptions of the antiquities and wonders of ancient art in the fourth Canto of his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage;" most of which are so masterly in their execution and so faithful in their delineations, that the mind is filled, on the perusal of them, with tender regret that such a master genius should have ever prostituted his talents to the worst of all possible causes.

And strove, while angels wept, malignly strove
His name to blot, who "died for us in love;"
And dead to joy, to faith's pure vision's blind,
To the cold sceptic's creed his wavering will resigned.

But though unskilled like him to raise
And swell the lyre with notes of praise,
Touched by the animating theme,
The enthusiast's first and fondest dream,
My muse her humbler task essays;
Yet truth shall guide her trembling hand,
Though taste nor skill can she command.

For there, within that magic sphere,
To learning, taste, and genius dear,
Nature and Art are both combined
To bind the heart in powerful thrall;
There, richly realized, we find
The charms that fired our youthful mind:
Bright fancy lends her airy wings,
The muse her sweet imaginings,
Association reigns o'er all.

The Coliseum there expands
Its giant form, in height and length;
There the sublime Pantheon stands
"August in beauty, grace, and strength:"
Records of ages long gone by,
They stand in simplest majesty.

Swept by three thousand wintry storms,
Vast obelisks their Titan forms
Uprear; which erst on Egypt's shore,
By Thothmes or Rameses planned,
Adorned with hieroglyphic lore,
Did once as proud memorials stand;
'Till Cæsar bore them o'er the tide
To grace "the seven-hilled city's pride."

There, too, the spiral columns shine
Of Trajan [h] and of Antonine,
Where breathing marbles proudly try
To swell the note of victory:
Matchless, unless with him we share,
Ambition's plaything, nearer home,
The honour of such structures rare
In that which graces "Place Vendôme."

There from the Capitol's "proud height"
New glories fix the wondering eyes,
And vanished centuries burst to sight
Where the great Roman Forum lies.
Beside that green and silent sod,
With temples, arches, columns spread,
By heroes, consuls, emperors trod,
Calm history rears her awful head;

And 'midst the wreck, in visions bright
She seems to wake the illustrious dead:
"The Cæsars, Catos, Scipios rise,"
We list to Maro's tuneful strain,
Stern Brutus rends Life's tenderest ties,
Great Tully's voice is heard again,
And Manlius pleads and Curtius dies.

But mark what rude and shapeless mass
Of mouldering ruins bars the way:
Is this the Palatine? [i] Alas,
How human glories pass away!
Here Cæsars bore imperial sway,

[h] The Column of Trajan in his forum, and that of Marcus Aurelius in the Place Colonna, imitated by Bonaparte in his bronze column in Place Vendome, and which last was made of cannon taken from the Austrians at the battle of Austerlitz.

[i] The Palatine hill is now covered with an undistinguishable mass of ruins, presenting a melancholy picture of fallen greatness. The dwelling of Augustus, the aurea domus of Nero, the halls of Titus, and all the splendid appendages made by later Emperors, are now involved in one general and inexplicable wreck.

Here Nero's golden palace stood:
  Now briars deform, and birds of prey
    Tenant the solitude.
Yet Music lent her potent aid
To pomp and power and gay parade,
  And song and wine were there:
'Midst galleries rich in every art,
With marbles, ores, and gems inlaid,
Ambition played his loftier part,
And female vanity charmed the heart,
  And banished every care.

'Tis past: and now the ivy crawls
Along the tottering roofless walls;
And "Vanity" is largely writ
On all, in beams of living light.

There, with the towering cypress crowned,
  Conspicuous stands the Marian Mount:[1]
Ascend and view the prospect round,
  And then its praise recount.
What strange conflicting thoughts arise
Where modern Rome extended lies!
And o'er the Campus Martius spread,
Erewhich where slept the illustrious dead,
Full on the admiring vision pours
Her domes and palaces and towers;
While mixed with works of later days
That well deserve the meed of praise,
  Are seen those ruins grey and hoary,
Where meditation oft recalls
Deeds past, and bids the silent walls
  Recount their own surprising story.

[1] Monte Mario, anciently Mons Marius, from whose summit a noble view of Rome is obtained, comprehending the ancient and modern city: St. Peter's, the Tiber, the Mediterranean in distance, the desolate Campagna di Roma, Toracte, Tivoli, Palestrina, Frascati, and the Alban Mount.

Here old Soracte rears his head,
  Rising abrupt, renowned in song;
And Tiber's oaks and olives spread
  Their tints the Sabine hills among;
Where, creamed with whitening foam, o'er all
Sounds Anio's thundering waterfall;
And smiling o'er her dark domain
Sits sacred Vesta's columned fane.

There ruined Tusculum can show
  In days of Roman power and pride
Where dwelt the immortal Cicero, [k]
  And bravely stemmed the factious tide,
Until beneath the assassin's blow
  He, with his country's freedom, died.

There, at the horizon's furthest bound,
  "Preneste lifts its airy brow,"
And Alba's shades that slope surround
  Where beauteous Nemi sleeps below:
Alba, from whence in earlier time
  Those high illustrious fathers came [l]
Who ruled the world with power sublime,
And spread through many a distant clime
  Their great and glorious name.

But mark the adjacent site, where he [m]
  A tyrant, heartless, cold, embrued
(Scoffing at Nature's agony)
  His hands in martyred Christians' blood.
  Yes: there the murderous crosses stood,
While victims on the "accursed tree"
  With groans the balmy region filled,
  As their slow ebbing life distilled.

[k] Cicero's Villa on the hill of old Tusculum, though placed by some at Grotto Ferrata.

[l] See Virgil's "Eneid," first paragraph.

[m] The Basilica Vaticani, or Church of St. Peter's, is built on the site of the gardens of the Emperor Nero, and was the scene of those barbarities inflicted on the Christians by this merciless tyrant, which are described by Tacitus.

Yet there, in Leo's golden days,
To embellish proud and papal Rome
Did zeal a matchless structure raise,
And reared "the vast, the wondrous dome."
Towering aloft in air sublime,
Behold the gorgeous Vatican,—
Through every age, in every clime,
The noblest temple built by man!
We cry, "Alas, what stones are here"
Built to his praise, who doth prefer
To aid redemption's glorious plan,
The humble mind and heart sincere.

Threading that spacious colonnade,[n]
Now at the sacred porch we stand;
But oh, what thrills each sense pervade,
And how our very minds expand,
As with impatient steps we pass
The ample leaves of storied brass,
And gaze on all within displayed
Of vast, magnificent, and grand!

The ponderous walls, and spacious floor
With costly marbles crusted o'er;
Mosaics[o] rich, that charm the eye
And may with choicest paintings vie;
The gilded ceilings, chapels, domes,
Planned and adorned with purest taste;
The sovereign Pontiffs' splendid tombs,
With "porphyry, agate, jasper"[p] graced;

[n] The colonnade attached to this noble structure by Alexander VII., of the house of Chigi, and which conducts to the grand façade; under the magnificent portico of which are the bronze doors, which are ancient, by which you enter the Cathedral.

[o] These Mosaics are amongst the chief wonders of modern Rome; those in St. Peter's are exquisite, both in their choice of subjects and in the execution of them.

[p] The rich marbles encrusting the altars and tombs are of incalculable value.

The statues of colossal size
  Placed in appropriate niches round:
All that art, luxury can devise,
  Are here in rich profusion found.

The hundred [q] lamps that ceaseless shine
Around the blest Apostle's shrine,
Where wearied pilgrims day by day
Their warm but misplaced homage pay;
The rapturous voice of sacred song
Borne through the listening aisles along,
  Of morning chant or vesper hymn;
The silent, reverent prostrate throng,
  Seen through the shades of twilight dim.

Proud mausoleums, where repose
  In haughty state the dust of those
Whose voice through Europe's Courts was heard,—
  Who, triply armed, with penal woes
'Midst purgatorial fires upreared,
  No more to work men's weal or woe,
Or guide the world's sad destinies.

So changing empires fell or rose,
As each by turns was felt or feared;
Now tears o'er marble bosoms flow
  As Chisius [r] or Farnese lies,
And soft o'er dead Rizzonica
  The Genius breathes celestial sighs.

All, all conspire the mind to raise
To feelings much allied to praise
And reverence; though full well we know,
In spite of "this seducing show,"

[q] These lamps surround the shrine of the patron Saint Peter, who is called the Prince of the Apostles.

[r] Alexander VII. of the house of Chisius or Chigi, Paul III. of the house of Farnese, Clement XIII. of the house of Rizzonica: the tomb of the latter is by Canova, and the Genius of Death is said, by Forsyth, to sigh celestially over the deceased Pontiff.

That He who heaven and earth commands
Dwells not in temples made with hands,
Of marble, bronze, or precious stone,
But with the pure in heart alone.

Yet let not men of purer creed
Who on truth's living substance feed,
Let fall their sterner censures here:
  They feel for suffering Nature's need,
    Nor dare to be severe.
For, from the pure and perfect way
Though priest and people blindly stray,
In chains of common ignorance led,
Yet heavenly love and grace divine
O'er such, in beams of mercy shed,
  May lead through many a mystic sign
    To Christ, the living Head.

But mark those galleries,[a] tribunes, halls,
  With rich Corinthian columns graced;
What treasures round the stuccoed walls
  Are there in order placed!
There statues, busts, relievos, urns
Attract the admiring eye by turns,
  And charm the classic taste,—
And forms, which though miscalled divine,
  In more than natural beauty shine.
Did Rome or Greece in their best days
A more appropriate structure raise,—
Or found those forms of Parian stone,
Consuls or kings, a nobler throne,
  Or Gods a more exalted shrine?

O'er floors of old Mosaic we tread
Through silent ranks of sculptured dead;
And there our well-earned tribute pay
To those who filled Time's earlier day,

[a] Of the Vatican, which are decorated with every species of magnificence, are various in shape and size, and mostly in good taste.

And now in marble semblance here
Adorn the spacious "Belvidere."
Here Jove,[t] the thunder-wielding god,
Yet shakes Olympus with his nod;
And clothed in matchless beauty bright,
Apollo,[u] radiant god of light,
Still seems the avenging bow to draw
And fills the wondering crowd with awe;
Bound with the serpent's coiling train,
The Laocoon [v] writhes with mortal pain,
Himself, though dying, doomed to view
His suffering children's anguish too.

Mercury [w] and Meleager [x] there
The powers of ancient art declare;
While Perseus' [y] light and delicate frame,
Proud of his own Canova's fame,
Asserts the modern chisel's claim;
The Muses, round [z] their proud saloon
Arranged, their silver lyres attune,—
And Wisdom's Goddess,[a] Beauty's Queen [b]
Charm with majestic air and mien.

There Hadrian's [c] classic mind we trace,—
Trajan, beneficent and wise,

[t] The Jupiter from the Verospi palace, now in the Vatican.

[u] The justly celebrated Apollo Belvidere: a composition so beautiful as to defy criticism, in my poor judgment.

[v] The group of the Laocoon, described and admired by Pliny, found in the baths of Titus: an exquisite specimen of ancient art.

[w] The noble statue of Mercury, or Antinous, commonly called the Belvidere Antinous.

[x] Meleager, so-called: another exquisite statue.

[y] The Persius of Canova.

[z] The Muses, found at Adrian's villa at Tivoli.

[a] The statue of Minerva Medica, found near the Temple of that name.

[b] That of Venus, in the Gallery of Statues.

[c] Of the Emperors, the most remarkable are Hadrian, in the round saloon; Lucius Verus, in the Novo Braccio; Octavius, when a child, in the long gallery.

And Lucius Verus' manly grace,
And Caracalla's well-known face
  Dark lowering frown and scowling eyes;
Well-pleased to win a nation's praise
  Round Titus glory's halo shines,
Octavius youthful grace displays,
And wreaths of bright and living bays
  Adorn the virtuous Antonines.

Tiberius [d] seeks in royal state
  His dark and guilty soul to hide;
On Phocion's form mild virtues wait,
  In vain of later Greece the pride,
Like Socrates (thrice honoured sage)
  To all but Christian truth allied,—
Like him, the sport of factious rage,
Pale history's sad and moistened page
  Proclaims the cruel death he died.

Marcellus seems in pensive mood
To sigh o'er Sicily subdued;
Demosthenes, proud Athen's son,
Tells of forensic victories won;
And dignity and learned ease
Announce sublime Euripides.
There attic taste and poesy young
Dwell on Merander's tuneful tongue,
Where he in thoughtful quiet sits
By Posidippus—rival wits;
While might and majesty are shed
Round godlike Nerva's laurelled head.

There, too, in rainbow colours dressed,
  The sister art appears to give

[d] Tiberius sitting, in the Chiaramonte Gallery,—a noble statue; Phocian in his chlamys, in the Chamber of the Chariot; Marcellus Prætor of Sicily, also sitting; Demosthenes, a bust; Euripides, a fine Greek statue in the Nova Braccio; Posidippus, and Meander, two ancient Greek philosophers, sitting in their chairs in an attitude of repose; the Emperor Nerva, in the round saloon,—a figure of imperial dignity crowned with laurels.

To forms inanimate, expressed
On canvas, powers to breathe and live:
Great Raphael's[e] genius soars sublime
'Midst tenderest tints and fancies warm;
And spite of smoke and damp and time
Still bids his glorious frescoes charm;
While faithful to his bright designs[f]
That grace old Hampton's princely halls,
In glowing hues the tapestry shines
Along the lengthened walls.

There, towering 'bove his high compeers,
Domenic's "Dying Jerome"[g] bears
The long disputed palm; and there
Perugia's pride[h] his tribute brings,
And old Foligno's lady fair[i]
(Rich fruit of Raphael's pencil rare)
Still breathes unutterable things.

There forms of melting beauty glow
'Neath thy soft touch, Garofalo;[j]
Guido his ready talent plies,
And Titian with Baroccio vies;
While Buonarotti's master mind,
To every liberal art inclined,
O'er all its deathless radiance flings.

[e] The far-famed Chambers adorned with the frescoes of Raphael, esteemed by connoisseurs the finest of his works.

[f] The Tapestries, copied at Arras from the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, some of which are now at Hampton Court.

[g] The "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino: the only rival of Raphael's "Transfiguration."

[h] Pietro Perugino, some of whose finest works are here, and who came from Perugia.

[i] "The Madonna de Foligno," brought from the Convent of the Contessa at that town: one of Raphael's most admired works.

[j] Two paintings by Benvenuto Tisi, called il Garofalo, adorn these chambers; two or three by Gŭido Reni; "St. Helena," by Titian; "St. Michelina and the Annunciation," by Baroccio; Michael Angelo's genius and talent are displayed in the vast designs of all around, rather than in identical works, as I do not remember a statue or painting by him there, except a Pieta in the Cathedral.

There are who no applauses give
When animated marbles live,
Nor can approving smiles bestow
Where painting sheds her liveliest glow,
Great forms in mimic hues pourtrays,
And calls back deeds of earlier days:
  Unmoved by sympathy's soft charm,
Before their cold and careless eye
  Vandyke and Rembrandt toil in vain,
And Claude Lorraine's [k] sweet landscapes lie,
  Or Ruysdael bids his gay champagne
With Nature's loveliest efforts vie;

O'er Ocean's bosom [l] Vernet throws
Morn's roseate blush and eve's repose,
Or showers warm suns and smiling skies
On ports where busy commerce plies;
To them Salvator's wildest scenes,
Or Poussin's, rich in living greens,
Guercino's magic flowers displayed
In ever varying light and shade,
Murillo's softness, grace, and ease,
The unchanginging hues of Veronese,
Giorgione's chaste harmonious style,
Corregio's heightening beauty's smile,
Or ruined frescoes, breathing still
Great Leonardo's matchless skill,
Albano's beauteous loves and graces,
And Carlo Dolce's charming faces,
Ruben's bright tints, or Tenier's art,
No spark of kindred joy impart:

[k] Claude Lorraine, in the Doria Palace, Rome.

[l] See Vernet's admired "Seaports of France," in the great Gallery of the Louvre; Poussin's green Landscapes, in the Roman palaces; Murillo's "Madonnas," in the Pitti Palace at Florence, and "Spanish Boys," at Dulwich College; Paul Veronese's splendid pictures at Venice; Giorgione's, at the Manfreni Palace in Venice; Corregio, at Parma; "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, but now in ruins, and "Albano," both at Milan; Carlo Dolci, in the Corsini Palace, Florence; Rubens, at Paris, Florence, Antwerp, Cologne, &c. &c.; Teniers everywhere.

Yet nobler gifts may these possess
Than art, taste, genius can bestow,—
Hearts that can feel for all distress,
Hands prompt to alleviate human woe;

The tenderest gush of pity's tear,
Faith mixed with patience calm and even,
The ceaseless search for "truth severe,"
And hopes serenely fixed on heaven.

Yet let not such with rigid brow [m]
Their intellectual choice condemn,
Nor those refinements disallow
Which hurt not Truth nor injure them.

"Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,"
Are robes indeed of heavenly state,
And ever hold the highest place;
And yet to these subordinate
The liberal arts and taste refined
May be in happiest union joined,
As fringes on rich garments wait.

'Tis true the heart renewed must feel
A flame of Christian love and zeal,
Nor dares profusely wear away
Its time in trifles bright and gay;
Yet these may claim their turn to smile,
Or ask their meed of temperate praise,
As flowers Life's thorny path beguile;
And such *our* virtuous Cowper says
"Are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave unstained the wing of time."

[m] The author does not here stand forth as the advocate of the fine arts, only in a limited sense, being sensible that an inordinate love of them is a snare; he pleads only against that narrow and contracted policy which is prepared to exclude whatever is calculated "to polish, furnish, and delight mankind," and however occasionally drawn into the service of religion is, he apprehends, on the whole unfriendly to her interests.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

From where the Lateran's [n] front sublime,
Record of Sextus' power and taste,
Stands where the wrecks of olden time
Bestrew the lonely waste,
And far as vision can descry
Along that still deserted plain
The aqueducts' vast ranges lie,
And many a mouldering tower and wall
To contemplation's view recall
The glories of Rome's ancient reign,—
We pass, with eager eyes to explore
Parthenope's delicious shore,
Where liberal Nature kindly showers
Her blossoms, fruits, and gayest flowers.

And first, with verdant foliage crowned,
The far-famed Alban Hill [o] we trace,
Belted with ancient tombs around,
Where sleep that wondrous race
That held the prostrate world in awe,
And gave barbarian nations law.

Yes: there beside that silent road,
By consuls trod with conscious pride,
Her warriors found their dark abode,
And slumber side by side:
Through these with thoughtful steps and slow
Musing o'er ancient days we go,

[n] The magnificent façade of the Church of St. John Lateran is placed near the gate of the same name, and proudly overlooks the ancient walls of Rome, as well as the ruins of the desolate Campagna. It was built by Sextus V.

[o] The road to Albano diverges a little from the ancient via Appia, which is pleasantly marked by the remains of the ancient tombs which bordered it, and were once very magnificent. The whole scene is an affecting memento of the uncertainty of temporal things.

When farms and gardens, villas fair,
And domes sublimely raised in air,
And rattling cars and jocund strains
Adorned and cheered these vacant plains.

Traveller, approach the site with awe,
And thence thy moral lesson draw,
Since thrones and empires, heroes, kings,
Imperial pomp and sceptred pride,
And all earth's great and glorious things
Are still to dust allied;

Next soft Aricia's [p] wooded hill
The Eneid's Latian scene commands,
And Dian's Mirror, [q] beauteous still,
Embowered its silvery face expands;

Or Linea Pia's [r] arrowy line
(Undaunted Braschi's bold design)
Conducts our feet to Anxur's [s] height,
Where, throned 'midst glittering quarries white,
Theodoric's time-worn fabric stands,
And eyes, renowned in classic story,
The broad Circean promontory.

Skirting that rock's romantic side,
Where myrtles shed their rich perfume,
Old Ocean rolls his gentlest tide,
Glows the bright orange far and wide,

[p] Aricia, now called La Riccia, is reached by a richly wooded ascent, which commands the ancient kingdom of Latium to the sea.

[q] The Mirror of Diana: a sweet and lovely lake surrounded by verdant foliage.

[r] The new road over the Pontine marshes, formed by the spirit and enterprise of Pius VI. of the house of Branchi, is called from him the Linea Pia. It is about twenty-five miles in length, and perfectly straight, shaded by double rows of trees, and having a canal by its side.

[s] Terracina, formerly Anxur, has yet several antiquities, and amongst others the ruins of a palace built by Theodoric the Ostrogoth, which from its height commanded the coast, and consequently the bold projection called the Circæan promontory, described by Virgil in the Eneid.

And towering aloes bloom;
Amidst luxuriant fruits and flowers
Awhile the wondering eye reposes
Where Fondi[t] rears his antique towers,
And dust and wretchedness discloses:

There ignorance wears his willing chain,
Nor intellectual joys can share,
Vice stalks, and guilt's appalling train,
Pale want and squallid age are there;
And suns may shine, and soils in vain
Teem, where disease and pining care
Unpitied to the grave descend,
Nor find one sympathising friend.

Man languishes, though seasons smile
(Sad union here too often found),
And sows in tears the lavish soil:
Can such, alas, be classic ground!

Oh, what avail Heaven's balmy gale,
And all of natural gifts and graces,
When honour, freedom, virtue fail,
And industry no longer braces!

Fruits have no relish, flowers no charm,
While nerveless falls the uplifted arm
Regardless of their country's weal,
When tyrant power and bigot zeal,
With superstition's aid, conspire
To damp each spark of generous fire.

All active energy of mind
To sloth and listlessness resigned,

[t] The ride from Terracina to Fondi is uncommonly delicious, and is in strong contrast with the wretchedness of that ancient but forlorn town, which struck us very forcibly, as it has done many other travellers. It will however be evident that the reflections made here are equally applicable to many other places in the Roman and Neapolitan States.—*Væ Misere.*

No living germ do these contain
That may with worthier fruits be crowned,
Unfelt the precept's moral strain,
Unheard the Gospel's silver sound.

Now past tall Itri's [u] lowering seats,
And Appia's ancient causeway past,
Gay Mola,[v] 'midst her thousand sweets,
Receives our lingering steps at last,
Where softly o'er the unruffled deep,
O'er villas, gardens, wild rocks steep,
Warm suns and gentlest zephyrs sleep:
And whilst in memory's secret cell
One thought on earth's delights can dwell,
One joy her scenes impart,
So long before my ravished eyes
Campania's opening paradise
Shall rise and cheer my heart.

There Tully's [w] injured spirit roves
Through lovely Formia's citron groves;
Or sits, on learned themes intent,
Beside his lonely monument; [x]

[u] The ancient town of Itri is very romantically placed, with its church and castle, on a commanding eminence: the old via Appia, more than two thousand years old, passes through this town.

[v] Mola, the ancient Formia, seated on a beautiful bay, bounded on one side by the old town of Cajeta, now Gaeta, is a most attractive spot. Its gardens of oranges and lemons, its rude rocks, its soft and smiling ocean, its interesting antiquities, its glorious rising and setting suns can never be forgotten by us.

[w] The great Marcus Tullius Cicero had a villa which he called his Formian Villa, and near it he was slain by order of Augustus, who could suffer no talent to exist unchained to his triumphal car.

[x] A ruined monument by the road-side is with some reason ascribed to the memory of that great orator, statesman, and patriot, who might truly be called "the last of Romans."

And guards the spot—oh, mark it well!
Still freedom droops and glory dies
Where he, "the last of Romans," fell,—
Ambition's costliest sacrifice.

There fancy paints at evening's close
When Horace,[7] to Brundusium bound,
A welcome warm at "Capitos"
With great Mæcenas found.

And, oh, behind that beauteous bay,
When sinks the radiant orb of day,
What stream of reddening glory falls
Along Gaeta's ancient walls,
Gilds ocean's breast with parting fires,
And faint on distant hills expires.

Now morning bids the Eastern skies
With sapphires blaze and burnished gold,
We rove to where fresh scenes arise
And all their varied charms unfold.

There Liris[8] winds his easy way
By old Minturnæ's arches grey,
And memory points the inglorious spot
Where Marius bootless shelter sought,
Yet scaped unharmed the assassin's rage
To weep o'er Carthage kindred lot,
And dye with deeper stains the historic page;
There fields are spread whose wine and oil
Scarce asks the industrious peasant's toil,

[7] See Horace's "Her ad Brundusium," where he mentions supping with his illustrious patron Mæcenas at Formia, with their friend Capito. "At Formia, supped at Capitos." —*Cowper's Translation.*

[8] The ancient Liris still winds through soft and slimy banks to the ocean, as described by Horace. Near its banks are the ruins of Minturnæ, in the reedy marshes of which the implacable Caius Marius attempted in vain to find shelter from the enraged people.

And here that deep ravine extends
Round Sessa's [a] walls, with warm delight
Where Virgil joined his noble friends,
And pledged to each, in goblets bright
Drawn from Falernus' cultured side,
Not *now*, as *then*, his country's pride.

Through vallies [b] clothed with living green
Where wave the spreading palms between,
And hedgerows decked with flowrets rare
That ask no skilful gardener's care,
We gain that well-remembered scene
Where seeks Volturnus' [c] swift the main,
And Capua once so great and fair
With mouldering ruins strews the silent plain,
Where he [d] from Afric's rival shores,
Proud Rome's stern foe by earliest oath,
His veteran legions' martial powers
To ease resigned and recreant sloth,
And found on that delicious spot
Luxuries—no modern traveller's lot.

Next, 'midst Caserta's royal vale
Swollen pride assumes colossal size,
And tells her vast unfinished tale
Of cumbrous pomp, to every gale
Where Vanvitelle's structures rise.

[a] Sessa, the ancient Sinuessa, where Mæcenas and Horace were joined by Virgil and others on their way to Brundusium (see Itri); near it is Mons Massicus, the ancient Falernus, once famous for its Falernian wines.

[b] The road through the Campania Felice, as far as the works of Nature go, justifies its name; but bigoted and tyrannical man mars all.

[c] The ancient Volturnus still flows in a bold and rapid stream through modern Capua, near which are the ruins of the ancient city, once famous for its grandeur, and also for having been the winter quarters of Hannibal, after his fruitless attempt to surprise Rome, succeeding to his victory at Thrasymene.

[d] Hannibal, sworn by his father Hamilcar, from his childhood, as the enemy of Rome.

Oh vanity![e] surpassing all
That man by that trite term can call;
To think, alas, what toil and sweat
Were spent, what humbler hopes undone,
How many cheeks with tears were wet,
How large of human sighs the debt,
To please thy proud and pampered *one*
For whom this stately fabric rose,
Where gems and costliest marbles shine;
And now her six feet earth bestows,
And blends with vulgar dust the regal line.

And now along that spacious road
Fenced with tall trees on either side,
Whose boughs sustain the laughing load
Of vines in all their purple pride,
Gaily festooned from tree to tree
Or floating wild at liberty,
We pass where Naples, loveliest Queen
Of Ocean, guards her smiling coast,
And pause amidst the magic scene
In silent admiration lost.

There beauty[f] reigns o'er sea and land,
Heaven's breath smells sweet and wooingly;
And, oh, what visions bright expand,
Unveiled before the mortal eye!
There beauty's loveliest forms expand
Round Baia's soft voluptuous seats;

[e] The magnificent unfinished Palace of Caserta, projected by Charles III., and erected by Vanvitelle, exhibits a striking picture of royal folly and vanity: not however the only instance of them to be found in Europe.

[f] The approach to Naples is by a fine broad road fringed with lofty trees, from which the vines are dependent, or attached in festoons, and through the town of Aversa. The view of the sea and the glittering domes of the city is very pleasing; but the best sight of this charming scene is obtained from the sea itself, about two miles distant from the shore.

There Pæstum's silent temples stand,
Salerno shows her green retreats,
"And many a recollection grand"
Attends Pompeii's wheel-worn streets.

There, fringed with towns and villas gay,
Ranging along that glorious bay
Where soft the vernal breezes blow,
The fruitful source of many a woe,
Vesuvius rears its awful cone:
Dark fields of lava round him press,
While at his base, in loveliest dress,
The purple grape and orange bright
Give to the astonished mind delight.

Of softer tenderer tone
Of curling smoke, thin volumes glide
Athwart the Crater's sulphury side,
Where late[g] amidst the troubled air
Fierce flames and burning cinders rolled,
And issuing from that fearful hold
Red streams of liquid fire foretold
The ruin of the landscape fair.

Pen cannot paint, though pencil may,
The mingled horrors of that day.
Let those who dwell 'neath ruder skies,
'Midst boreal blasts and winter hoar,
Their mixed but moderate blessings prize
Nor sigh for ceaseless sunshine more,
Since Parthenope's genial springs,
Soft gales with balmy odours fraught,
And summers, bearing on their wings
Rich fruits to full perfection brought,

[g] In allusion to the last eruption in 1822, which was an awful one: small columns of smoke issuing from crevices in the crater were only seen by us.

Bright suns, gay flowers, and generous wines,
All that the heart to joy inclines,
  Still found on that delicious soil
Where Eden's glories seem to smile,
Bring, too, the vapour's[h] noxious breath,
  Mephitic; and though wine and oil
The surface crown, still lurk beneath
Earthquake's volcanic fires and death.

Pompeii! theme by bard unsung,
  Scene of past fame and vanished glory,
How shall the unskilful minstrel tongue
  Describe thy sad and tragic story?
Along thy silent streets we stray,
  Thy temples, forums, tombs among;
Thy baths and theatres survey,
Where Romans passed the hours away
  While yet our era[i] was but young.
Soft on thy columns, altars, fanes,
Thy villas fair and "vine clad plains,"
  The glittering sunbeams play;
While on thy polished walls we trace
Frescoes designed with ease and grace,
  And fresh as yesterday.

But, oh, what language can declare
  (Where Pliny's[j] accurate pen has failed)
The desolations witnessed there
  When subterranean fires prevailed;

[h] For noxious vapours, see an instance in the celebrated Grotto del Cane. The whole country exhibits signs of volcanic fires, either spent or in action: of the former, the peak of Ischia, the Astrone, the Solfaterra, the Monte Nuova, are instances; and of the latter, Vesuvius, round which the desolating fields of Lava present an awful picture, the destruction of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabia in old times, and that of Torre del Greco in recent time, bespeak its destructive ravages.

[i] In the year 79 of the Christian era: has been restored to-day as far as about one-eighth to one-fourth of its origènne extent.

[j] See Pliny's celebrated and interesting letter.

And o'er the affrighted city threw,
And o'er her soft and smiling scene,
Destruction terrible as new,
And death of ghastliest form and mien.

Like those in sacred story told,
By wrath Divine consumed of old,
O'erwhelmed beneath the fiery shower
Her living place was known no more;
And so forgotten her overthrow
That long revolving centuries past
Unconscious o'er the desert waste,
Nor guessed what lay entombed below,
Till chance[k] her secret site explored,
And modern art to-day restored.

But who unmoved that spot can view
Where Pæstan temples strew the plain,
Compared with which even Rome were new,
And new each time-shook tower and fane;
Them Cæsars[l] viewed with wondering eyes
(The masters of earth's destinies),
And asked who bade the structures rise,
And asked perhaps in vain.

Those Doric shafts on which we gaze
Did Sybarite or Grecian raise?
No stone records the unhonoured dead,
And even the very names of those
For whom[m] these sacred altars rose
Is with their memories perished.

[k] Discovered by a peasant in 1751.

[l] Visited as celebrated antiquities by Augustus. These temples, or rather two temples and a basilica, are all of the same order of architecture: fluted Greco-Doric, without bases to the columns, and are evidently erected with stones formed by the petrifying waters of the Silarus, which still retains that quality.

[m] Their names of Neptune, and of Ceres or Juno, I consider as merely suppositious, though generally so called.

Yet there in massive strength they stood
As thirty centuries round them swept;
While modern art in pensive mood
By them beheld herself subdued, [n]
And o'er the giant fabrics wept.

There still they stand, and though no more
On them Imperial pomp and state
Along that solitary shore
With fond and curious eyes shall wait;

Though now nor revelry nor song,
Nor much of human footsteps there,
Their solemn quiet break, or wrong
The stillness of that desert air;

Though even their own twice flowering rose [o]
No more around them sweetly blows,
Nor Virgil chaunts in classic lays,
Nor tells the historic Muse [p] their praise;
Yet Pæstum, on thy columns vast,
Girt with their own Cyclopean walls [q]
(Memorials of long ages past),
The same bright sun still warmly falls
As o'er their earlier periods rolled
"On wheels of amber and of gold;" [r]
And o'er thy temples spared by time,
Simple, majestic, and sublime,
Serenely floats the western breeze
That, emblem of thy milder clime,
Yet curls the Tyrrhene seas:

[n] The chaste, simple, and severe style of these ancient structures, have furnished patterns for many modern ones, and to them, as Forsyth says, we return after a thousand revolutions of art.

[o] The "Biferique rosaria Pæste." [p] Strabo.

[q] The walls yet remain, and one portal tolerably perfect, and are composed of large masses of stone laid together, in the Etruscan manner, without cement.

[r] A line of the late Bishop Heber's.

And multitudes unborn shall view,
  When we have found our resting place,
And hail thy ancient structures too,
  And all their solemn grandeur trace,—
Shall muse upon thy fallen state,
And 'midst thy silence contemplate.

And what does Contemplation say?
  The hour is hastening: come it must,
When all Earth's fabrics, grave or gay,
  Shall crumble into dust;
Yea, even the elements decay,
And Heaven and Earth dissolve away.

Yet when Night's curtain drops o'er Time,
  When sinks in shades that glorious sun,
Eternity's career sublime
  Shall be but just begun.

Oh, then, Life's fleeting hours improve!
  Replete with endless love and bliss,
Attach your hearts to things above,
  Nor lose *that* world by grasping *this*.

Fugitive Poems.

—o—

To my Friend M. A., *with a bunch of Aconites.*

WELCOME, bright harbinger of Spring,
Foremost of Flora's lovely train!
Soon may the hours, with gladsome wing,
To soothe our wakening senses bring
Warm suns and cloudless skies again.

Even now, though fall the misty showers
And Boreas shakes the leafless trees,
Hope shows her many coloured flowers
And whispers,—Soon through vernal bowers
Shall float Favonius' gentle breeze.

Thus while through many a tender tear
Past pleasures wake to Memory's eye,
Hope shall dispel each anxious fear,
Shall all Life's opening vistas cheer,
And blessings yet in store supply.

Does pain our trembling frame invade?
Do sorrow's rankling shafts annoy?
Religion, Heaven descended maid,
Comes with her mild yet potent aid,
And points to realms of peace and joy.

Go, then, fair Aconites, and greet
With your young smiles Maria's eye:
Tell her of that celestial seat
Where fadeless flowers, of odours sweet,
Expand through all eternity.

There souls redeemed their Lord shall see
(While wondering angels prostrate fall),
From sickness, pain, and sorrow free,
With Him, their great "First-Fruits"[a] to be,
"And crown Him Lord of all."

—o—

In the year 1808 J. T. SHEWELL *published his "Tribute to the Memory of* WILLIAM COWPER," *and wrote the following lines to* LAVINIA, *on her taking the pains to transcribe the lines with her own hand:—*

TO LAVINIA.

LAVINIA, could our loved lamented bard
From Heaven's blest mansions, now his blest reward,
In shape disguised of some angelic friend
On the joint labours of our hand attend,
Though his pure taste, so critically nice,
Might deem my verses "gewgaws" of no price,
Even such weak lines his gentle soul would see
Not undelighted, when transcribed by thee.

—o—

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Now Night resumes her ebon reign,
And takes her dusky robe again,
Silence and rest their circuit fill,
And all the plodding world is still.

The silver Empress of the Night
Now shines with meek-eyed lustre bright,
And now behind yon passing cloud
Her modest beauty strives to shroud.

[a] 1 Cor. xv. 20.

Hark! something whispers: let me lend
Attention to a warning friend,
And draw the stubborn veil aside
Of passion, prejudice, and pride.

Pause, O my soul, nor fondly dream
Thou canst elude the solemn theme:
It breathes a language in thy ear
Intelligible, plain, and clear;

It tells thee time is on the wing,
Religion is a serious thing,
And though we fritter life away
Unslumbering judgment will not stay;

It tells thee all Life's joys are vain,
And end in discontent and pain,
And calls thee to that rest Divine
Where Heaven's unsullied glories shine.

Oh, Lord, for this Thy gracious voice
Still bids my grateful heart rejoice;
Just and true are all Thy ways,
And all Thy works bespeak Thy praise.

What if, through mercy kept from sin,
I strive the heavenly race to win;
Thy powerful presence under all
Supports me,—that withdrawn I fall.

Whence this unstayedness of mind?
The gross affections unrefined?
These mental clouds that veil the sun
Bespeak immortal hopes undone.

How useful is a soul deprest!
It breaks up our unhallowed rest:
And sometimes while we doubt and fear
We gain new strength to persevere.

Then let us praise Him day by day
Whose hand upholds me on my way,
And still in heights and depths can prove
The wondrous efforts of His love.

Lord, when Thy wondrous works I see,
What am I Thou shouldst think of me?
A wretch unfit Thy joys to share,—
An object quite beneath Thy care.

Ten thousand thousand worlds demand
The strength of Thine Almighty hand:
"An atom in the field of space
Is man and all the human race."

Yet He who hears the ravens cry,
And doth the sparrows' wants supply,
Has proffered mercy e'en to me,
And sealed with blood the blest decree.

My soul dispel each idle fear;
To that eternal fount draw near,
Where yet thy Saviour may be found
To shed His heavenly radiance round.

Obedience to His holy will
Will be my safe direction still,
And humble faith will best secure
My peace and my salvation sure.

Religion is a serious thing,—
I touch once more the solemn string:
An earnest heart-work we must do
Would we the immortal prize pursue.

Not fables cunningly devised,
Nor fading prospects falsely prized;
But living substance, endless truth,
Alone can guide, direct, and soothe.

For 'tis not Learning's pompous rules,
"Nor all the jargon of the schools,"
That ope the sacred gates of prayer,
Or can insure acceptance there;

But 'tis a heart devout, resigned,
That loves its God and loves mankind,—
Assiduous ever to fulfil
The dictates of His gracious will;

Studies each moment to improve,
Dwells in His fear, beholds His love;
And strives, as ever in His sight,
To act and speak and think aright.

Oh, such a heart alone can know
A heaven of peace and joy below,
And feel, when strong temptations fall,
A grace assisting conquer all.

To such a heart the final hour
Comes armed with no terrific power;
It knows no pang, sees no alarms,
But drops into its Maker's arms:

And with a holy confidence
Surpassing all the joys of sense,
Contemplates that sublime retreat
Where Christian triumph is complete;

But human systems, waking dreams,
Nor fine-spun speculative schemes,
Will aught avail us in that day
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away;

But then to experience, and to prove
An interest in redeeming love,
Will stand us in a better stead
Than all our righteousness indeed:

Yet not alone in saving grace
May we our sure dependence place;
Co-operating works in man
Must aid redemption's glorious plan.

To live and reign with Christ, we must
Flee and renounce each sinful lust;
And purity of heart alone
Befits it to become His throne.

Mount, O my soul, on rising wings!
Carefully mind eternal things,
Which can unfading joy supply
Whilst we live, and when we die.

—•—

THE COMPLAINT.

(May, 1805.)

THERE was a time when I could say
The Lord was with me, day by day;
When His good presence crowned my store,
And made my cup of bliss run o'er.

When morning decked the glowing skies
His gentle accents bade me rise,
And when the veil of evening spread
His peaceful mantle wrapped my head.

My heart, in grateful praise employed,
"Nor found a space nor left a void;"
Alternate hours of toil and ease
Possessed alternate powers to please.

Oh, then, when angry passions railed
And o'er my better views prevailed,
Thy heavenly rod did comfort bear,
And chastening bade me not despair.

When mental darkness hedged me round
And doubts and fears an entrance found,
My Saviour's presence soothed my pain
And brought my wonted peace again.

When friends were few or else unkind,
Or casual crosses marred my mind,—
Still to my heart's best Friend I flew,
Nor other succour sought or knew.

But now, no more with hope elate,
I mourn my changed, my altered state,—
Each pious aspiration gone,
And all my first impressions flown.

The gracious Lord of life and truth,
Whose love upheld my earlier youth
And sanctioned every rising vow,
Nor lives nor hears nor helps me now.

And sure, unless His bounty cheer
With beams Divine this dull career,
A tenfold darkness blots the day
And clouds obscure the visual ray.

Say, is my Heavenly Father's ear
So heavy that it cannot hear?
Or, lifeless as the silent grave,
Forgets His arm the power to save?

Or have I, faithful conscience say,
By fell transgressions lost my way;
Blocked up heaven's avenues of prayer,
And marred my hopes of mercy there?

Alas, if such my mournful case,
Then lost to pardon, lost to grace,
This gloomy sentence I obtain:
For me my Saviour died in vain!

Pause, O my soul! can'st thou forego,
For toys and trifles here below,
Thy views of that immortal day
When this frail globe shall melt away!

Can'st thou, while time is gliding on,
And, oh, too quickly must be gone,
Earth's sensual joys so highly prize
And slight thy prospects in the skies!

Oh, Thou that hear'st the rising sigh,
Perhaps of such a wretch as I,
Dissolve the powerful spell within
That binds my soul to death and sin!

From hell's dread chasm, yawning wide,
Preserve my footsteps, gracious Guide!
And aid me, when its snares I see,
To put my joyful trust in Thee.

Teach me to know myself, and know
From Thee what health and safety flow;
And bid me on Thy love depend,
"My God, my Father, and my Friend."

Accept, O Lord, and deign to bless
My poor imperfect righteousness,
With hopes, when every conflict's past,
To attain the port of Heaven at last.

Oh, then my tongue shall strive to tell
My dear Redeemer's praises well;
And still, as endless ages roll,
Proclaim His goodness to my soul!

TO A BELOVED FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

WHY sheds my honoured friend the tender tear?
Why heaves his manly heart the generous sigh?
Alas, he weeps beside that silent bier
Where his loved consort's sacred ashes lie!

That pleasing form, that animated face,
With smiles once dressed, in death's dark chambers sleep;
And o'er each mild and well remembered grace
Affection warm, and cordial friendship weep.

Fraught was her mind with pity's tenderest gift,
Prompt were her hands at friendship's voice to move,
Her feet at duty's sacred call were swift,
Her looks were looks of kindness and of love.

Though racked by pains beyond expression keen,
By pains that bade our stranger bosoms bleed,
In her faith triumphed o'er the suffering scene,
And patience had its perfect work indeed.

Yet, human merit meekly cast aside,
A vessel filled with peace and grace she stood;
Her hopes all calmly fixed "on Him who died,"
And every wound refreshed by Jesus' blood.

Could worth like her's retard the fatal blow
No pang, my James, thy feeling heart had riven:
Oh, seek to bless the Hand that laid thee low,
Nor grudge thy sainted wife her promised heaven!

—o—

Stanzas affectionately addressed to a long and justly valued Friend.

OH, friend, when erst in earlier youth
Thy heart, by Jesus' love subdued,
Bowed at the hallowed shrine of truth,
How were our warm affections wooed!

Oh, still that glorious path pursue!
  Oh, still the world's allurements flee,
And keep that Saviour's name in view,
  Who lives, yet died to ransom thee!

No hoarded manna will suffice,
  No prayers of yesterday are heard;
And, oh, to find the Pearl of price,
  The heart's deep fountain must be stirred!

Go on, go on: nor doubt His love!
  For, faithful to His secret will,
His grace shall every fear remove;
  While those who halt shall linger still.

He calls thee to His mercy-seat,
  He bids thee seek the perfect way,
And breathes, in accents soft and sweet,
  That high monition,—"Watch and pray."

Oh, friend beloved, accept the line!
  To Wisdom's sacred call attend;
So joy and peace shall both be thine,
  And thou, thy Heavenly Father's friend.

—o—

Lines written in the Album of a Young Friend.

SINCE now, dear girl, upon thy youthful ear
  No more a mother's tender voice may fall,
Accept from friendship's pen these lines sincere,
  That would to glory and to virtue call.

Yes, He who called her to her inmost shrine,
  And deigned in life and death her lot to bless,
Would bid religion's hallowed joys be thine,
  And crown thy days with peace and pleasantness.

Oh, then to Him submit thy ardent will,
Whose power alone its wandering can restrain!
Ask: for His hand is filled with blessings still,
And none can Wisdom seek, and seek in vain!

And when to pleasure's dubious course inclined,
Let this the powerful, ceaseless watchword be,—
What most would soothe my father's anxious mind?
What would my sainted mother wish for me?

—o—

TO THE SEA.

Roll smoothly on, thou dark blue sea,
While merchants plough thy waves in hope;
Yet vainly shall they seek from thee
Or blade or ear or golden crop.

"My son," the anxious parent cries,
As round his olive plants with care
He looks: "My son, be early wise,
And warned by others, harm, beware."

Embarked on Life's tempestuous sea
Where many rocks and quicksands lie,
Thy compass sacred Truth should be,
While Faith directs to Heaven thine eye.

May those around your happy band
This word in season oft receive,
And in Life's morning seek the Lord,
Whose grace eternal life can give;

That thus, as days and seasons roll,
Their minds in changeless peace may move,—
Earnest of that which fills the soul
Where all is glorious light and love.

Lines written on the return of a morning in Spring: found amongst the papers of the late SUSANNA CORDER.

WHO can paint the fair Aurora
  Ushering in cerulean day?
Bright-haired Phœbus moves before her,
  Brushing all Night's dews away.

Sweet the breath of matin roses,
  Sweet the woodbine's artless bloom;
Every passing step discloses
  Beauty, melody, perfume:

But more beauteous is Life's morning
  When with heavenly truth arrayed,—
When its noblest, best adorning,
  With celestial gems is made.

Purest thoughts and loveliest actions
  Animate its cloudless sky:
Can a gilded world's attractions
  Such serenity supply?

As the primrose, unassuming,
  Charms us with its early sweets,
So fair Virtue, young and blooming,
  Equal admiration meets.

Youth with Christian graces teeming,
  Tender years with wisdom fraught,
At the footstool of redeeming
  And enlightening knowledge taught.

Rich in that unfading treasure
  Which nor moth nor rust decays,
Early taught the spotless pleasure
  To perform its Maker's praise,—

Is a most impressive leader:
  High its bright example shows,
Towering as Lebanus' cedar,
  Sweet as Sharon's lovely rose.

E'en in Eden's matchless bower,
  Where unceasing odours rise,
Sweet to a Superior Power
  Swells the morning sacrifice.

Soft return of seasons vernal,
  Herbage, flower, and leafy grove,
Speak a Providence paternal,
  Claim our gratitude and love;

But the blossom which presages
  Mental fruits mature to bring,
More our best esteem engages
  Than the beauties of the Spring:

These may flourish for a season,
  Soothe the sense and charm the eye;
But to an inquiring reason
  Still they whisper, "We must die."

Faith, from low pursuits estranging,
  Ardent virtue, sacred truth,
Are the flowers of Spring unchanging,
  And enjoy immortal youth!

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page	1,	line	14	from bottom,	for	Old Hallows, *read* All Hallows.
,,	2,	,,	12	,,	,,	his father, *read* Thomas Shewell.
,,	21,	,,	11	,,	,,	given, *read* giving.
,,	29,	,,	3	,,	,,	Pesident, *read* President.
,,	48,	,,	4	,,	,,	missionary meeting, *read* monthly meeting.
,,	58,	,,	8	,,	,,	1869, *read* 1866.
,,	79,	,,	12	from top,	,,	Gūsbach, *read* Giesbach.
,,	102,	,,	18	,,	,,	Gucia, *read* Græcia.
,,	,,	,,	19	,,	,,	Zerxes, *read* Xerxes.
,,	103,	,,	5	,,	,,	Bavens, *read* Baveno.
,,	111,	,,	9	from bottom,	,,	Plutarch, *read* Petrarch.
,,	112,	,,	3	,,	,,	two, *read* one.
,,	121,	,,	16	,,	,,	Linnœn, *read* Linnæan.
,,	140,	,,	11	,,	,,	Liddo, *read* Lido.
,,	146,	,,	11	,,	,,	Petronis, *read* Petronio.
,,	177,	,,	5	from top,	,,	Frisole, *read* Fiesole.
,,	187,	,,	6 and 9	from top	,,	Ferni, *read* Terni.
,,	189,	,,	1	from top,	,,	Socrate, *read* Soracte.
,,	192,	,,	23	,,	,,	interior, *read* exterior.
,,	196,	,,	4	,,	,,	adificabo, *read* ædificabo.
,,	,,	,,	4	,,	,,	tibe, *read* tibi.
,,	,,	,,	5	,,	,,	Calorum, *read* Cælorum.
,,	198,	,,	7	,,	,,	iagionam, *read* ragionam.
,,	208,	,,	9	from bottom,	,,	St., *read* Septimius.
,,	209,	,,	13	,,	,,	Tullus, *read* Tullius.
,,	215,	,,	21	,,	,,	Septimus, *read* Septimius.
,,	,,	,,	11	,,	,,	mullimammea, *read* multimammea.
,,	217,	,,	11 and 5	,,	,,	Septimus, *read* Septimius.

ERRATA—CONTINUED.

Page	218,	line	19	from top,	for	Septimus, *read* Septimius.
,,	220,	,,	12	,,	,,	Gallio, *read* Giallo.
,,	232,	,,	23	,,	,,	Froscati, *read* Frascati.
,,	251,	,,	4	,,	,,	Andruo, *read* Andrew.
,,	259,	,,	23	,,	,,	Tupis, *read* Tussis.
,,	266,	,,	4	,,	,,	St., *read* Stephen.
,,	271,	,,	10	from bottom,	,,	Pastum, *read* Pæstum.
,,	274,	,,	4	,,	,,	estimare, *read* æstimare.
,,	,,	,,	2	,,	,,	pigus, *read* frigus.
,,	281,	,,	9	,,	,,	Pastum, *read* Pæstum.
,,	298,	,,	2	,,	,,	Reubens, *read* Rubens.
,,	299,	,,	10	from top,	,,	Danæ, *read* Danae.
,,	300,	,,	10	,,	,,	Italian poet, *read* Julian Port.
,,	304,	,,	23	,,	,,	Palluzzo, *read* Palazzo.
,,	309,	,,	22	,,	,,	Pastum, *read* Pæstum.
,,	311,	,,	20	,,	,,	Pœste, *read* Pæsti.
,,	346,	,,	32	,,	,,	Emilæ, *read* Emiliæ.
,,	356,	,,	12	,,	,,	Fideli, *read* Fidele.
,,	367,	,,	6	from bottom,	,,	Natal, *read* Natale.
,,	369,	,,	7	,,	,,	Abbengua, *read* Albenga.
,,	375,	,,	3	from top,	,,	Froscati, *read* Frascati.
,,	385,	,,	32	,,	,,	Antonius, *read* Antoninus.
,,	392,	,,	17	,,	,,	invintit, *read* invenit.
,,	409,	,,	2	from bottom,	,,	Hygenia, *read* Hygeia.
,,	413,	,,	10	from top,	,,	Alacides, *read* Æacides.
,,	427,	,,	22	,,	,,	unchanginging, *read* unchanging.

*** *The principal portion of the above Errata is attributable to the age and indistinctness of the original Manuscript, and for which the Printer is not responsible.*

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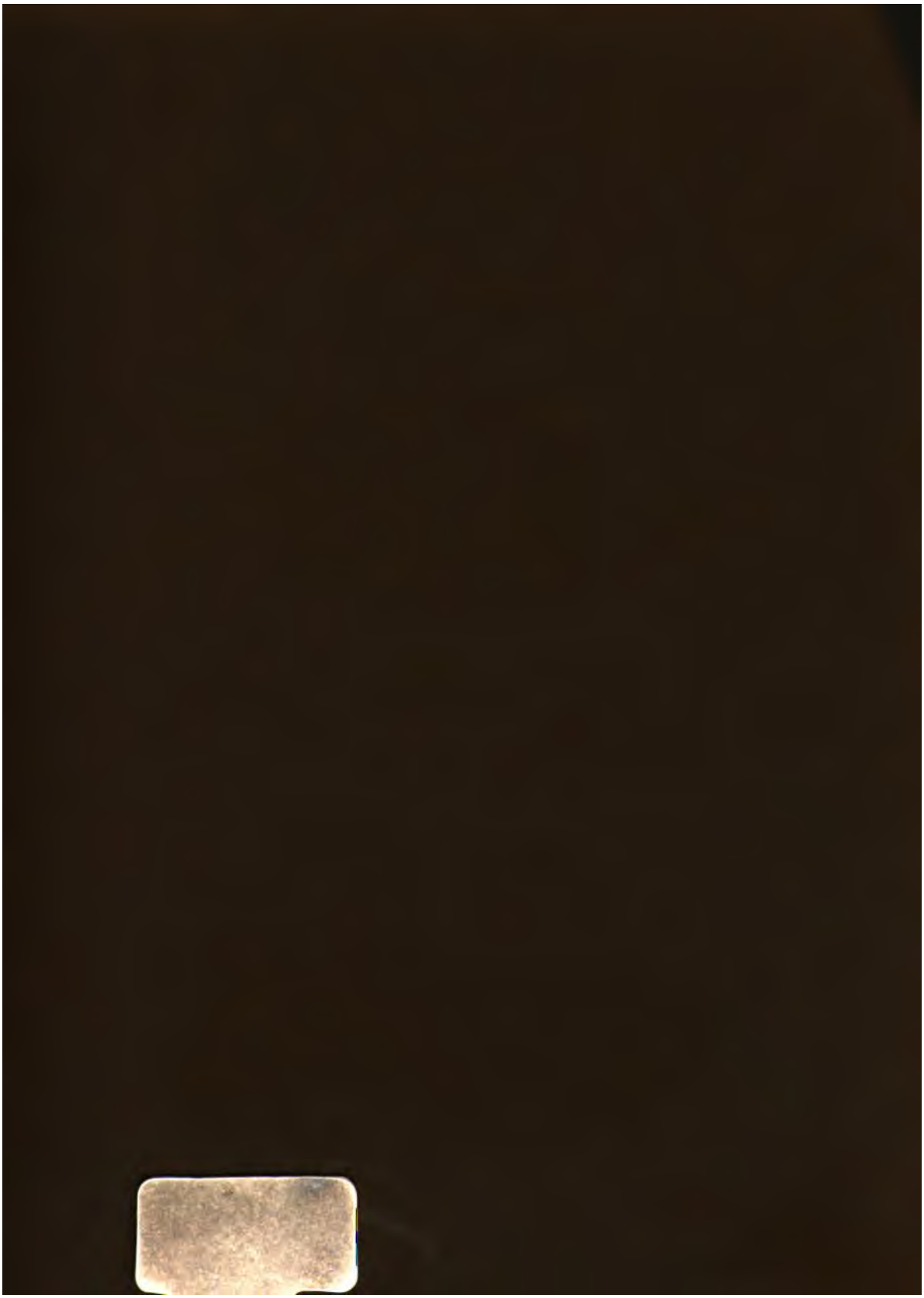

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